THE BOOK OF South Wales, The Wye AND THE COAST.

BY

MR & MRS S.C. HALL.

T. NOYES,
BOOKSELLER

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INTRODUCTION.

THIS Volume, which pictures and describes a considerable portion of South Wales, and the River Wye from Ross to its mouth, is reprinted from the ART-JOURNAL, in the columns of which the Tour has been published, periodically, during the last two years; but the Work has been carefully revised and much enlarged, and the Authors trust it may find favour with the Public.

Generally, they have followed the route of the South Wales Railway, commencing at Gloucester and ending at Milford Haven; but, frequently, making excursions from the line to the valleys and river-sides, that give to the country its attractions of beauty and character.

It is requisite the reader should know that the Tour is limited to the southern part of the southern division of the Principality: it is, however, that which is by far the most interesting, including nearly all the leading and most populous towns, and the districts wealthiest in mines that yield coal and iron—the true jewels of the British Crown; where there are vales and hills, rivers and sea-coasts, abundantly rich in the picturesque; which is full of remains of venerable abbeys and ancient castles, some of them the grandest and most famous of the kingdom; and where the antiquary, the archæologist, and the historian, find frequent and fertile sources of enjoyment and instruction.

The object of the Authors is to act as a Companion-Guide to this district—a district in many ways peculiar, and offering large inducements to the Tourist, in search either of the instructive or the picturesque, or that happy mingling of both which our Islands so liberally supply; and which may render a Home Tour far more productive of true happiness than can result from any tour to any part of the Continent, without the drawbacks to which the continental traveller is perpetually subjected.

In South Wales the Tourist will find all the conveniences that facilitate travelling, in its by-ways as well as its highways.

The Authors have the pleasant duty of acknowledging the valuable aid they have received from many accomplished Artists: it is to them, indeed, the public will be chiefly indebted for the pleasure and profit they may derive from this Book. Both Artists and Authors have performed a task that has been fruitful of reward in the enjoyment derived from the places they have visited; and they hope, while they believe, those who are induced to follow in their footsteps through South Wales, and who may anticipate much instructive gratification, will be in no degree disappointed.

The Illustrations to this Book are chiefly from drawings by the following artists:—

J. D. HARDING,	E. A. BROOKE,
F. W. HULME,	D. H. McEWEN,
E. M. WIMPERIS,	COMMANDER MAY, R.N., and
W. S. COLEMAN,	BIRKET FOSTER.

They have been engraved principally by Messrs. DALZIEL, NICHOLLS, MASON JACKSON, BUTTERWORTH AND HEATH, PALMER, and JOHNSON.

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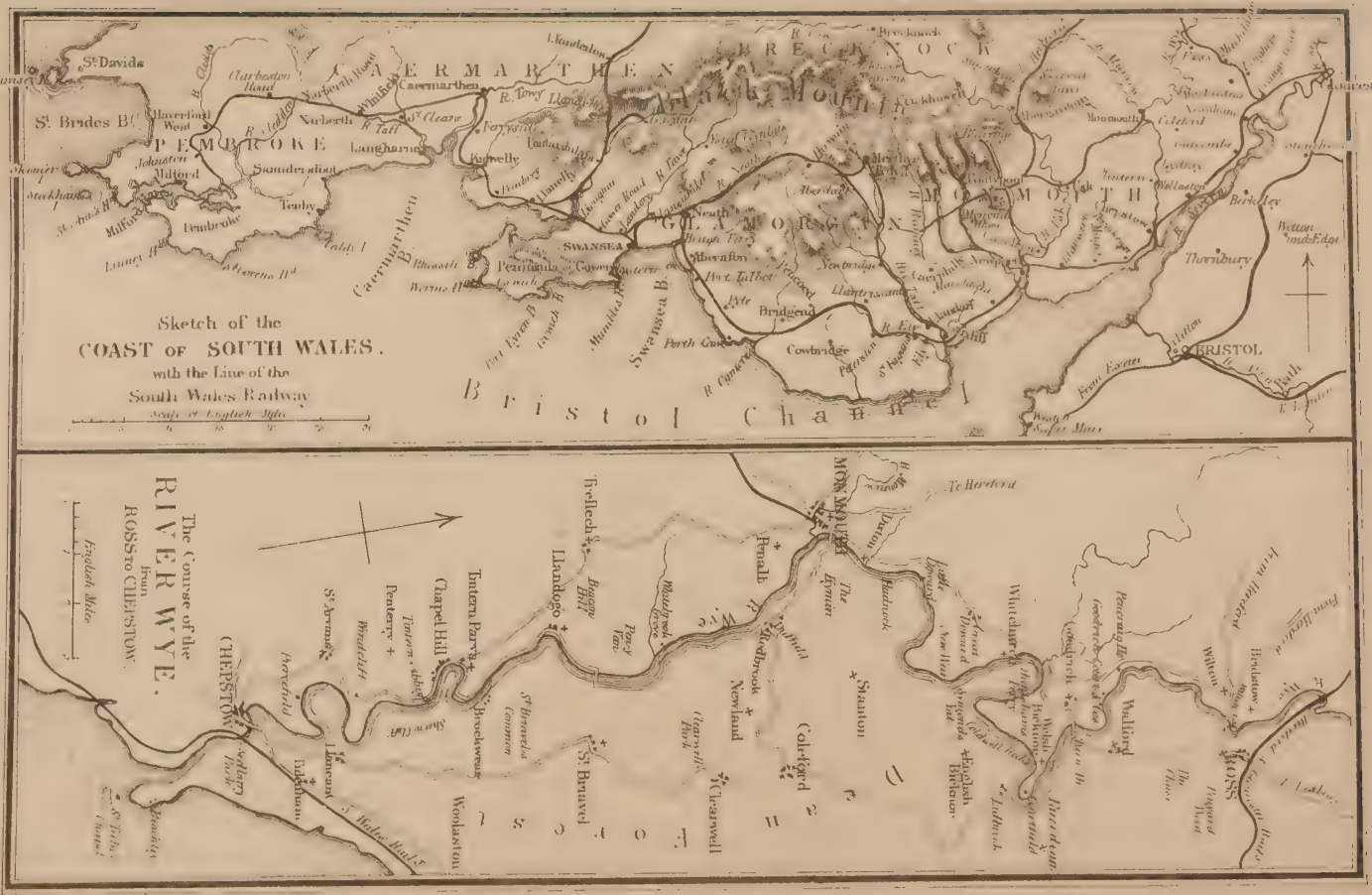
Sketch of the
COAST OF SOUTH WALES.
with the Line of the
South Wales Railway
Scale of English Miles
CARMARTHEN
PEMBROKE
GLAMORGAN
MONMOUTH
BRECKNOCK
St Davids
St Brides B.
Milford
Pembroke
Tenby
Carmarthen
Llanelly
SWANSEA
Peninsula
Neath
Aberavon
Port Talbot
Bridgend
Cowbridge
Caerphilly
Newport
Chepstow
Monmouth
Abergavenny
Tredegar
Merthyr Tydvil
Aberdare
Pontypridd
Llantrisant
Cardiff
Penarth
Thornbury
BRISTOL
Bristol Channel
The Course of the
RIVER WYE.
from
ROSS to CHEPSTOW.
English Miles
CHEPSTOW
Tintern Parva
Chapel Hill
Penterry
Llandogo
Brockweir
Redbrook
Newland
Coldford
Staunton
Monmouth
Te Herefordshire
Whitchurch
Walford
Ross
Wilton
Bridstow

THE

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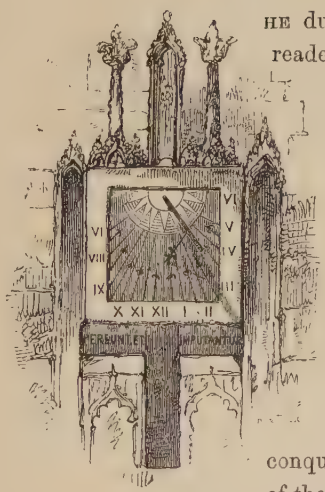
The Wye, and the Coast.



THE duty we have undertaken is to lead our readers through a district that affords abundant materials for the pen and pencil; conducting them, by railway, through South Wales, beginning at venerable Gloucester and ending at Milford Haven; passing through Chepstow, Newport, Cardiff, Neath, Swansea, and Carmarthen—towns of high interest and historic fame, that neighbour many places famous since the Britons warred with the Romans, and the brave and indomitable Welsh struggled, not always in vain, with Norman conquerors, who have left imperishable traces of their contests and their settlements—suggestions for thought and subjects for pictures. The tour, however, will be frequently extended—we trust to the pleasure and profit of the reader—by leaving, occasionally, the railway track, and visiting the valleys, hills, rivers, and sea-coasts, that, although they do not lie immediately *en route*, are easily and agreeably reached by "the South Wales line."

Of late years there has been a very general—a strong and marked—desire to be made acquainted with objects that merit attention, and

reward inquiry, at home; to remove a reproach, not unjustly urged, against the English—of being more familiar with attractions they have sought abroad than with those they may find in their own Islands: such as are associated with glorious memories, and are wholesome and honourable stimulants to Patriotism and to Virtue. Not only are they fair to the eye,—our plains and woods, hills and dales, streams and rivers, rural villages and rich demesnes, spacious harbours and stern or sheltered sea-coasts,—the mind is perpetually instructed and enlightened by remains of past ages that illustrate our History: the cromleach of the Briton, the tumulus of the Roman, the barrow of the Saxon, abbeys, monasteries, and churches, "in ruins eloquent!"

"Time consecrates:
And what is grey with age becomes Religion."

The Artist and the Author find in Great Britain themes more abundantly prolific than they can encounter elsewhere; and may rejoice if it be their destiny to extend the teachings and the influence which any Home Tour is certain to convey.

The South Wales Railway is now not only the road to the extensive and busy district between Gloucester and Milford,—the vast coalfield of the kingdom, and its iron mine, and therefore the true source of its prosperity and power,—it is also the great highway to the South of Ireland, and is increasing daily in value and importance. We shall endeavour to describe and illustrate every point of interest on the way.

But our purpose, as we have intimated, is not so limited. There are ruins, valleys, hills, and river-sides to be visited on this route, by day-excursions from leading stations. They are rich in picturesque beauty, in local traditions, and in heroic histories. Thus "faire Tinterne" is but five miles from Chepstow; while at Chepstow is the fine Norman castle so long the prison of "the Regicide:"

"For thirty years, secluded from mankind,
Here Marten lingered."

At even a less distance from Newport is the ancient city of the Romans, Caerleon, beside the romantic river Usk. From Cardiff there is a

delicious run, by road or railway, up the Vale of the Taff; while the Vale of Neath is more than its rival in interest and beauty; and possibly both will be considered as surpassed by the charms of the Towy, that, running through rich alluvial meadows, under high hills, of which far-famed "Grongar" is one, watering the rock-foundations of many castles, and refreshing ancient Carmarthen, loses itself in the bay to which it gives name,—a bay, however, second in interest and in beauty to that of Milford, the "happiest" of all the harbours of either Wales or England.

We shall, however, lead the tourist a longer distance from "the line" than either of the places we have named; asking him to voyage with us from Ross—a town made famous by the "Man" who dwelt there—down the beautiful and romantic Wye—"sylvan Wye," that

"Wanderer through the woods,"

which receives the homage alike of poet and of painter. It is now easy to reach the spot at which its charm of scenery commences; a train will bear him so far, and leave him to enjoy the delicious solitude of the river, which he will exchange, now and then, for the "hum" of busy towns like Monmouth, and the reflective repose induced by ruined castles, such as those of Goodrich and Raglan.

We shall also be the guide of the tourist to the mountain cliffs that divide land from ocean on the stern sea-shore of Pembrokeshire, and those which environ the primitive peninsula of Gower.

Of all that can inform the mind and delight the eye there is in South Wales a mine of wealth—inexhaustible, yet comparatively unexplored. Although amazingly rich in landscape beauty, and historic remains, little has been hitherto accomplished for making known its many and manifest advantages: the tide of popular favour running northward through the Principality. We shall show, however, that if there be less of savage grandeur in the mountains and sea-rocks, and of "breadth" in its wooded valleys, the South may vie with the North in attractions that reward the lover of nature, the artist, the historian, the ecclesiologist, and the archæologist.

Through this interesting and highly instructive district we purpose to conduct the reader, aided by the many artists with whom we have the honour to be associated in our pleasant task.

Our Tour commences at venerable—*very* venerable—Gloucester. Where its Cathedral now stands, there was a Christian church seventeen hundred years ago; one of those primitive edifices, constructed of clay and wattles, that cradled religion when its missionaries were few, labouring amid difficulties, surmounted only by Divine aid—aid accorded to men of superhuman energy, to whom perils were duties, and who, strong in faith, encountered and conquered.

Gloucester ranks among the oldest of English cities. It was a place of strength and importance before the Roman invasion. The Britons called the city "Caer Gloew," which signifies a fortress bright or beautiful. After the Roman conquest, the word had "a Latin termination, and became Glevum." By the Saxons it was named "Gleawceastre," a name which, with slight variation, it has since retained; and to which, from its situation, in the midst of fertile lands that border "princelie Severn," and surrounded by lofty hills, it is eminently entitled.

It has sustained its prominent position among the foremost cities of the kingdom from that far-off time to our own day. Here the Norman conqueror frequently held his court: here the first Henry assembled the first British Parliament: here Henry III. was crowned: here the second Richard presided over a "factious and unprofitable parliament:" here Edward II. was "entertained;" and here, after his murder at Berkeley Castle, he was buried: hence the third Richard took his ducal title: here Harry of Monmouth held a parliament: here a "stout stand" was made, during the civil war, against a besieging army commanded by the unhappy king in person. In all the conflicts of a thousand years, "old Gloucester" has borne its part—and has ever borne it bravely; increasing and prospering the while, and maintaining its claim to rank among the most powerful, as well as the most beautiful, of English cities.

Gloucester stands on an elevation above the Severn, admirably situate

for trade and commerce by land and sea: it is the outlet of a large and productive district, agricultural and manufacturing; the great river is a highway to all parts of the world; a canal connects it with the Thames; a ship-canal is a valuable aid to its prosperity; and several railroads establish direct and rapid intercourse with all parts of England. Notwithstanding its antiquity, Gloucester does not contain many relics of by-gone times; they are sufficient, however, to provide for the

ST. MARY-DE-LODE: HOOPER'S MONUMENT.

tourist a day's profitable occupation. Foremost amongst them is the venerable and beautiful Cathedral, to which grand object of attraction we limit our observations; adding a few passing remarks concerning the old Priory of St. Oswald, of which a striking view is obtained from the railway as we leave the city; and the renowned church of St. Mary-de-Lode, in the graveyard of which stands a monument

to Bishop Hooper, raised there to commemorate an event recorded in the following inscription :—"John Hooper, D.D., Bishop of Gloucester and Worcester, was burnt on this spot on Saturday, February IX, MDLX., for his steady adherence to the Protestant religion." There is no need to relate the history of this persecution and martyrdom. Hooper was one of many who, in an age of cruelty and bigotry, by their heroic deaths gave vigorous life to that purer faith which, far beyond all other things—princes, parliaments, and powers—makes England a land of liberty.

Tradition informs us that a bishop and preachers were appointed at Gloucester "in the year of our salvation 139," and that Eldad, or Aldate, was bishop of that place in the year 522. It is also said that Lucius, the first Christian king of Britain, by the advice of Fagan and Damian, missionaries from the see of Rome, placed three archbishops in England —at London, York, and Gloucester—instead of the three heathen archpriests who then resided in those "cities."

The missionary "settlement"—for it was little more until a much later period—underwent many changes. It is probable that after at least two "removals" further off from the danger of river inundations, the edifice was placed on the site it now occupies; and that it was indebted to Norman conquerors for the form it eventually assumed of strength and beauty, together with its status and dignity as "a church." The establishment was successively a nunnery, a college of secular priests, and a Benedictine abbey—which latter character it bore until the Reformation. The conqueror appointed his own chaplain, William Serlo, abbot of Gloucester. He found in the abbey only two monks, but soon increased the number to a hundred. The old church and monastery were burned down in 1088, a circumstance that enabled Serlo to increase the magnificence of the abbatical buildings. The main structure of the present cathedral, from the seventh western arch of the nave to the extremity of the choir, is to be attributed to him; and though it is in some places masked, and in other parts partially concealed by the lighter and more elaborate work of a much later period, we still recognise in the massive and rude masonry, in the plain cylindrical piers,

and the rounded arches with their characteristic enrichments of zigzag and billet carving, the solid and almost imperishable work of the Norman architect.

Throughout the entire region, in the midst of which the city of Gloucester is placed, very shortly after the establishment of the Norman rule in England, the churches of the Anglo-Normans arose on every side in massive strength, and on a scale of grandeur truly wonderful. The old church-builders must have felt they were at home in England, and were providing for the religious worship of their descendants through many generations. Their edifices are of vast size, and abound in close proximity to one another; some of them still impressively Anglo-Norman, others either changed or modified in accordance with the architectural changes and modifications of succeeding centuries, or sometimes still thoroughly Anglo-Norman in their ruins.

The Norman architecture of the cathedral is singularly grand. The piers of the nave are lofty, cylindrical in form, and quite plain; they are crowned by the characteristic "cushion-capitals" of the style, from which sprung the half-circular arches of the great arcade. The true proportions of these noble piers are now lost in consequence of the present pavement rising above the level of their plinths, as is the case at York. The ancient roadway at Gloucester, however, is said to be still in existence, and *in situ*, Herculaneum-like, beneath its modern covering. Above the pier-arches is a low Norman triforium, and, still higher, the remains of a lofty clerestory of the same period may yet be distinguished.

Besides the nave there are many other parts of the cathedral of Norman architecture; the entire choir, with its chapels, is also for the most part Norman,—that is, the Norman work remains, though it is *overlaid* with the most elaborate traceries and panelling of a late Perpendicular-Gothic period. This part of Gloucester Cathedral is most remarkable, as an example of *veneering in stone*. In part the Perpendicular is engrafted upon the Norman, and in part the old work is simply revetted or cased. And, unlike the ordinary practice of the Tudor architects, the choir of Gloucester repeatedly shows the original

Norman work *through* the later Gothic; and in the open triforium, the old masonry is left unmasked, in discharge of its original duty. The vault of the choir (which rises to a higher elevation than that of the nave) is one of the most complex examples of rib-tracery in England; and the great east window fills the entire end of the edifice with pierced Perpendicular panelling, with stained glass. The crypt, the remains of the conventual buildings, and all the details of the edifice, with its adjuncts, possess peculiar points of interest. The south aisle of the nave is supreme as a specimen of the decorated Gothic, when revelling in richness of decoration; and the cloisters, with their beautiful fan-tracery vaulting, stand pre-eminent amidst works of their class.

For a long period subsequent to the death of the first Norman prelate, the annals of the church at Gloucester are silent. During the thirteenth century, however, much was effected; and during the century following, a succession of abbots devoted themselves to the architectural improvement and embellishment of their edifices. Several additions were then made to the church, and the enrichments which still remain were executed. In the fifteenth century the same spirit was manifested: the noble tower was then built by Abbot Sebroke (1450-1457); the Lady Chapel followed; and the other Perpendicular works were completed before 1520. It is worthy of note, that large sums were obtained from the offerings of pilgrims to the tomb of Edward II.

William Malvern, *alias* Parker, was the last of the abbots: his monumental effigy, in full vestments, lies in the choir. At the Reformation the church became a cathedral; it was anew dedicated—to the Trinity; but the old name of St. Peter clings to it; it is usually called St. Peter's Cathedral. Time, although it has been more than commonly lenient to this glorious old church, has rendered much restoration necessary, and such restoration is fortunately placed under the direction of Gilbert Graham Scott.*

* Those who delay at Gloucester to visit the beautiful cathedral, may purchase a well written guide-book,—not to the cathedral only, but to the city,—published by Edward Power, Westgate Street. It fully and accurately describes the several points of interest—the tower, the fronts, the nave, the choir, the north and south transepts, the crypt, the chapel of our Lady, "the whispering gallery," the

There are many venerable and interesting churches in Gloucester: such are those dedicated to St. Michael, St. Nicholas, St. Mary-de-Lode, St. John, St. Mary-de-Crypt. The once renowned inn, also, "the Bell," the birthplace of the present Bishop of Exeter, is famous in the annals of the past century.

Our plan does not require us to describe at greater length the beautiful structure, Gloucester Cathedral, which greets the eye as we enter and leave the city: but there is yet another object that cannot fail to interest the passenger by railway, and induce inquiry—the RUINS OF ST. OSWALD'S PRIORY, a few broken walls of which he sees almost immediately after the train is *en route* for South Wales.

The Priory of St. Oswald, commonly called St. Katherine's *Abbey*, was founded by Ethelred, a later Earl of Mercia, and his famous princess Ethelfleda, or Ellida. St. Oswald was King of Northumberland in the year 634: he was a devout and religious prince. Being defeated by the Danes and slain by Penda, the fierce and sanguinary Duke of Mercia, his remains were first carried to the Abbey of Bardney, in Lincolnshire, but afterwards removed to Gloucester, by order of Ethelred and his princess, who "built a college by Severn side," where they richly entombed his body, dedicating the edifice to his honour.

During the Norman period the Priory of St. Oswald seems to have been much enlarged and beautified. We read that Thurlstan, Archbishop of York, pulled down the old church, built a new one at large cost, and repaired St. Oswald's tomb. This building has suffered so much from the hand of time, from the ravages of war, and from neglect

library, and the monuments. The most remarkable of the monuments is the shrine of Edward II., murdered at Berkeley Castle in 1327. It was erected by his son Edward III., and is a work of great beauty. The effigy to Robert Curthose, Duke of Normandy, eldest son of the Conqueror, who died at Cardiff, in 1134, is a singular work, boldly carved in Irish oak; the figure is recumbent and cross-legged, and about the head over the mail there is a ducal coronet. It is not possible to determine its exact date; but it was probably the gratuitous work of a monk long subsequent to the duke's interment, perhaps about the middle of the thirteenth century. The cathedral is filled with monuments, from that of "pious King Lucius," the first Christian king of Britain, who died A.D. 179, to that which honours the memory of Dr. Jenner, and records the comparatively humble name of Dr. Stock, who "planned and instituted the first Sunday school in the kingdom." There is, however, one most exquisitely beautiful work, which all who love and honour "Art" will examine with delight: it is by the immortal Flaxman, and one of the finest efforts of his genius.

in peace, that little is left to attest its former magnificence; its use as an edifice dedicated to the worship of God has long since ceased. The extent of the monastery is marked by a few crumbling walls and disjointed stones, which lie scattered in all directions in the neighbourhood of the chapel, the east and south walls of which are the only

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL: ST. OSWALD'S PRIORY.

parts that retain enough of their original character for us to identify their style.

Towards the close of the last century the ruins and the ground were sold by the corporation, and are now appropriated to "base uses." These broken walls "by Severn side" will, however, attract the notice of all passers by.*

* The Severn is, next to the Thames, the largest and most important of British rivers: its original name was Hafren, of which Severn is a corruption; or, according to some writers, it is derived from

Leaving Gloucester (by railway 114 miles from London), we are in an island at first—formed by two branches of the Severn—Alney Island. Here the Romans, the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans, often fought; and here "the fierce Silures"*—ancient Britons, from neighbouring Wales—waged perpetual war with each of the intruders in succession.

The river is crossed by two ugly railway bridges; gradually we lose sight of the graceful and beautiful cathedral tower; we may, if we please, glance at the masts of tall ships moored at distant quays, and look back on green hills that shelter the venerable city. We run over lowlands, where cows are at pasture, with little to arrest the eye except fertility—and that is everywhere.

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the Saxon word "Sæferne"—sea-flowing. By the Romans it was called "Sabrina:" the legend which accounts for its name is thus given by Milton:—

"There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name; a virgin pure,
Whilome she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame, Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That stay'd her flight with its cross-flowing course."

The Severn rises from a spring on the eastern side of "lofty Plinlimmon," at a considerable elevation, and within a short distance of the sources of the Wye and Rhiadol. It flows eastward about twelve miles to Llanidloes, where it receives the waters of the Clywedog, thence it inclines to the N.E., towards Welshpool, where it becomes navigable for small barges. A little below Welshpool, the Severn is joined by the Vyrnwy, a considerable stream; about a mile below the confluence of the Vyrnwy, the Severn quits Montgomeryshire, and enters Shropshire, inclining its general direction through the vale of Shrewsbury, nearly surrounding the town. From Shrewsbury it takes a south-eastern course, through Colebrook Dale to Bridgenorth, and enters Worcestershire a short distance above Bewdley. From Bewdley it flows southward to Worcester, receiving in its course the Stour and Salwarpe. About two miles below the city it obtains a considerable accession of water by the junction of the Terne. Still flowing nearly due south, and passing Upton, it leaves Worcestershire at Tewkesbury, where it receives the Upper Avon, and enters the county of Gloucester. From Tewkesbury the river again changes its course, gradually inclining to the S.S.W., which direction it chiefly follows for the remainder of its course. One mile above the city of Gloucester the stream divides into two channels; the left, and main branch, flowing by Gloucester, and the right receiving the Ledden, the two branches reuniting a little below the city, forming the rich tract of land called Alney Island. From Gloucester the river pursues an extremely winding course to Newnham, previously receiving the Frome from the left. A short distance below Newnham its channel widens considerably, and although it retains the name of *river* as far as the mouth of the Lower Avon, it is in fact rather the estuary of the river, than the river itself. The width of this estuary between the village of Frethern, below Newnham and the mouth of the Avon, where the Bristol Channel may be said to commence, varies from one to three miles. The total length of the Severn is about two hundred miles from this point to its source.

* "The Silures were reduced to subjection about the year 72 of the Christian era by Julius Frontinus, from whom the Via Julia is thought to have been named."

The rich meadows and blooming or productive orchards of Gloucestershire greet us as we proceed. On one side is the Severn, always to the left of the line; on the other are green fields, backed by cultivated hills, with now and then, rising above trees, the steeple of a village church, round which are gathered pleasant cottages, half-hidden by thick hedgerows, and, here and there, a mansion;—all indicating ease, comfort, and prosperity, and presenting a scene such as England only can show.

And so our FIRST STATION out of Gloucester—GRANGE COURT—is reached, a distance of seven and a half miles from the city. Here com-

THE STATION, GRANGE COURT.

mences the SOUTH WALES RAILWAY; hitherto we have travelled by the Great Western: and we should still do so if we journeyed on to Ross and Hereford; for here their line branches off, and thus we can, if we please, make our way through Shrewsbury to Liverpool and Holyhead; or we may travel round to Newport, through Hereford, Abergavenny, and Pontypool—increasing the distance certainly, but varying the journey much, always a desirable object to the tourist for pleasure: this route

is through a district of surpassing beauty, leading, directly or indirectly, to many of the most charming valleys in South Wales—the valleys of the Usk and the Taff and the Vale of Neath.

Tourists who design to visit the Wye will, therefore, continue the route to Ross or to Hereford, descending the river—obviously the better way—for a voyage down is always easier and pleasanter than a voyage up; in this case, it is especially so; for the Wye is singularly rapid,

THE SEVERN, FROM NEWNHAM CHURCHYARD.

and, as we shall show, in due course, boats can ascend it only by surmounting many difficulties, which need not be in the way of travellers whose purpose is pleasure.

We shall prefer, however, first conducting the reader to the town of Chepstow, below which the river meets the sea; and, having arrived there, transferring him at once to Ross, whence, voyaging with him

gradually downward, we again arrive at Chepstow, and rejoin the main line of South Wales.

The station at Grange Court is pretty and picturesque—as much so, that is to say, as a railway station can be: moreover, it has the charm of solitude; there is no house of any kind near it, and seldom are there any sounds except the railway whistle and the songs of birds from adjacent woods.

We have lost the river Severn for some miles: presently it again comes in sight, affording a pleasant subject for the pencil—of which the

WESTBURY-ON-SEVERN.

artist has availed himself. The distant church is that of Westbury. The station next reached is Newnham; whence we obtain another view of the broad Severn—here nearly a mile in width at high water. Newnham is a market town, and was formerly of some note: it was the place of appointed meeting between Henry II. and Strongbow, when the stout earl returned from his Irish conquest. Remains of fortifications may still be traced—protections against incursions of the Welsh, who rarely

left long at peace any settlement of the English within a day's march of their mountains. The church, dedicated to St. Peter, though not of very remote date, occupies the site, and is partly formed from the remains, of a more ancient structure; it stands on a commanding cliff that overlooks the river.

We have now the Severn always with us, until its junction with the Bristol Channel. Passing the small station of Bullopill, at which few

NEWNHAM.

trains stop, and reaching that of Gatcombe, we take note of "Purton Passage,"—the old ferry across the river. There is no bridge after we leave Gloucester, the Severn soon becoming too wide and too deep; and the only way of reaching the fine, fertile tract of country—in Gloucestershire—we see on the opposite side, is by boats; it will be readily under-

stood that in bad weather the passage is a voyage, and not without danger. If the tide is out, the eye will be continually arrested by huge sand-banks; these are of sufficient importance to have names:—Frampton Sand, Waveridge Sand, the Ridge Sand, Prinn Sand, Sanager Sand, Lydney Sand, Shepherdine Sands, Oldbury Sand, rapidly follow each other between Gloucester and Chepstow.

For some miles we have skirted the famous Forest of Dean: it is on our right, the Severn being on our left. The name is derived, according to one authority, from the Saxon word "dene," a dale; according to Giraldus, "from its early settlers, the Danes;" or, according to Camden, from "arden," a term "which the Britons used to signify a wood." Many Druidic remains are found there; its ancient iron mines were undoubtedly worked by the Romans; the Saxon kings conferred upon it several privileges; the Norman conquerors made it their hunting-ground, and knew its value also as a huge forge and "nurse-ground" for wood. Many castles, in ruins, on its borders, attest the care by which it was guarded. The miners and foresters had peculiar "customes and franchise, time out of minde." And many a tall tree, that sprung from an acorn here, has borne the commerce of Britain over the world, and upheld its glory in a hundred fights. It is recorded by John Evelyn, that when, in 1588, the Spanish Armada was on its way to England, it was "expressly enjoined, that if they could not subdue the nation, and make good their conquest, they should yet be sure not to leave a tree standing in the Forest of Dean." In the civil wars of the King and the Parliament, it bore its part bravely.

The inhabitants of the forest are a singularly primitive people; for centuries they were completely isolated, and had little or no intercourse with the world beyond the shadows of their trees. They are described by historians of various epochs, as "a robustic, wild people:" so indeed they are to this day; still following their old "customes," believing in witchcraft, in the evil eye, in the efficacy of charms and incantations, and, of course, in apparitions. "One half of the forest population is understood to be employed at the coal works; a fourth part at those of iron; and the remainder in quarries and woods." That population, by the

census of 1851, numbered upwards of thirteen thousand, having more than doubled within a century.*

The forest contains about 30,000 acres: there are now large and flourishing towns within its boundaries; its mines of coal and iron are richly productive; and the trees that grow there continue to furnish our

THE BERKELEY SHIP CANAL.

dockyards. One of the chief outlets of its produce is the small town of LYDNEY—the station we next approach.

Between Gatcombe and Lydney however—nearly midway—we must look across the Severn. The eye falls upon an assemblage of masts of

* A learned and interesting "Historical and Descriptive Account of the Forest of Dean" has been published by the Rev. H. G. Nicholls, one of the curates of the district. It is of great value, and contains a mass of curious information, the result of minute research. The author, however, unfortunately, has not collected the legends, traditions, and superstitions, to the peculiar character of which he so often refers as to create a desire for another work from his pen.

ships, the hulls of which are hidden by intervening banks. We take note also of a mass of masonry, that seems oddly out of place, beside a white house, and a series of red sandstone banks: it is the huge gateway of the Berkeley Ship Canal, that leads from this point—Sharpness Point—to Gloucester. This great undertaking was commenced so far back as 1794: various "untoward events," however, postponed its opening to the year 1827. It is from 70 to 90 feet wide, 18 feet deep, 17 miles in length, and can be navigated by vessels of 700 or 800 tons.

The tall spire of the church at Lydney is seen long before the station is reached; and then the masts of vessels—coal barges they are, and none other—which mark the nature of the traffic in this busy district. Lydney is a place of historic note: the Romans were here; and it was the seat of Sir William Wintour, vice-admiral of England in the reign of Elizabeth; one of those gallant men who shared in the great glory of that age—the defeat of the "Invincible Armada." It was his descendant who so fortified his "house," that the soldiers of the Parliament were fain to retreat from before it.* Lydney is now the great outlet for coal and iron from the neighbouring forest. The artist has pictured its sole peculiarity—the Coal Barges.

The station that succeeds Lydney is Woolaston: it is in no way remarkable. Between the two stations, however, there is a fine range of hills, that accompanies us all the way—to the right; the Severn, sometimes near and sometimes distant, being on the left. As we approach Chepstow, the eye is cheered by a remarkably pretty village—the village of Tidenham; and presently we cross the railway bridge over the Wye, leave Gloucestershire and enter Monmouthshire—the river dividing the

* Sir John Wyntour, or Winter, was a gallant soldier, who "from the pen, as secretary to the Queen, was put to the pike, and did his business very handsomely." His lady, in his absence, bravely defended his house, replying to a summons for its surrender, that "by God's assistance she was resolved to maintain it, all extremities notwithstanding." It was the latest of the king's strongholds in Gloucester; when at length it was impossible any longer to defend it, and the cause of the king had become hopeless, the brave loyalist, resolved that it should never harbour the enemies of his master, burnt it to the ground. He escaped to France, and was declared "a delinquent." His lands were bestowed on his great opponent, General Massey. The Restoration, however, gave him back his honours and estates.

two counties. We have travelled twenty-seven miles and a quarter since we left Gloucester city.

COAL BARGES AT LYDNEY.

Before we describe the many and marked attractions of Chepstow, we shall ask the reader to make with us THE VOYAGE OF THE LOWER WYE. The Upper Wye, that portion of the river which runs from its source to the town of Ross, although wildly picturesque in many parts, has comparatively few attractions for the tourist, and is seldom visited by persons who desire to obtain the largest amount of pleasure by the

smallest sacrifice of time. We believe, therefore, we meet their wishes best by a mere reference to the early course of the stream, being thus enabled greatly to enlarge our descriptions of the attractions which exist on both its banks between Ross and the sea.

The Wye has its source in "lofty Plinlimmon;" it is one of five sister streams to which the mountain gives birth: these are the Severn, the Rheidol, the Llyffnant, the Clevedoc, and the Wye. Its rise is, thus, in Montgomeryshire; it flows into Radnorshire; thence through nearly the centre of Herefordshire to Monmouth; and afterwards, for the greater part of its course, it forms the boundary which divides Monmouthshire from Gloucestershire. Although of Welsh birth, therefore, and distinguished in all early Welsh documents as Gwy,—"*the* river,"—in its maturity it is English; for both Herefordshire and Monmouthshire—"anciently" of Wales—have long been numbered among the counties of England. The Wye is the fairest of the five fair sisters—dribbling from the mountain side within a quarter of a mile from the birthplace of the more robust Severn—running its course of a hundred and thirty miles through luxuriant scenery—hill and dale, rock and valley—in its earlier progress over many falls, beside productive flats of green pasture, bordered by huge cliffs and thick woods, encircling prosperous towns, and navigable for a distance of seventy miles from the sea. Having gathered the contributions of several liberal tributaries, at length it joins the "Princelie Severne," which, thus augmented, runs into the Bristol Channel, dividing Somerset and Devon from South Wales.*

The Wye is first seen in mingled strength and beauty at the renowned town of Ross; a town that owes its fame to the "Man" who a century and a half ago gave to it an illustrious page in history, and whose

* The Wye flows from its source on the south side of Plinlimmon—a mountain the summit of which is 2,463 feet above the sea-level—in Montgomeryshire, south-eastward, through a portion of Radnorshire, and then running more directly south, forms the boundary between the counties of Radnor and Brecon, and, after turning to the east and intersecting Herefordshire, resumes its southerly course, separating Gloucester and Monmouth, and enters the estuary of the Severn two miles below Chepstow to the south. Its whole course is 130 miles, for 70 of which it is navigable by vessels of 40 tons—navigable to Hereford. It is connected with the Severn by a canal running from Hereford to Gloucester, and the Severn canal joins the Thames at Lechlade.

name has been immortalised by a few lines of verse, more enduring than any

"Monument, inscription, stone."

The date of the foundation of Ross is not very remote; it is not, however, far distant from a Roman station, the Ariconium of Antoninus—

"Of which the name
Survives alone; nor is there found a mark
Whereby the curious passenger may learn
Her ample site, save coins and mouldering urns,
And huge unwieldy bones."

The interest of Betun, Bishop of Hereford, to whose See the manor was attached, procured it the grant of a market from King Stephen, and

ROSS, FROM WILTON MEADOWS.

Henry III. constituted it a free borough. It is a pleasant town, built on an eminence that overlooks the Wye, which here, as in so many other parts, exhibits the peculiarity referred to by the poet when describing its "winding bounds." Mr. Hulme has taken his view of the Town from the opposite side of the river; he has thus directed attention to its leading points of interest, the principal of which is the "heaven-directed spire,"

rising high above them all. From the stately Hotel that occupies a portion of the once honoured "Prospect,"* there is a wide-spread view, embracing a fine expanse of country—hill and dale, green meadows, crowded farm-yards, church spires, pleasant villages, venerable ruins, records of old Romans and their British predecessors—all the varieties, in short, that are in landscapes so many sources of inexpressible delight. From this "Prospect" we have been looking down and around—on one of the loveliest of autumn days, the sun shining through surrounding trees over the river. The view is indeed surpassingly beautiful—such as only England can supply: for although deficient in grandeur, it is happily suggestive of the unobtrusive pleasures that arise from internal peace; the grace that combines high cultivation with natural boons; and the charms that are derived from the past and the present as fruitful sources of hope in the future.

From the "Prospect" the eye first falls on Wilton Castle—now a picturesque ruin—standing on the right bank of the Wye, close to the old bridge, "broken down" by a gallant soldier, General Rudhall, who

* "The Prospect" is a height outside the town, to which there is a private walk through the grounds of the hotel, and a public right of way through the churchyard. It is a piece of land acquired by the Man of Ross, and given by him to his fellow townsmen for their convenience and recreation—to be theirs for "five hundred years!" It was prettily and pleasantly laid out for their comfort, and here he constructed a reservoir to supply them with water—

> "Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
> Nor in proud falls magnificently lost;"

but that it might pour "health" and "solace" "through the plain" to all who needed. The name remains, indeed, but its character is entirely changed: the reservoir is now a dry hollow—the fountain and its "figures" gone—potatoes are planted in the centre of the ground, and, although gravelled walks are still about it, they retain nothing of their old charm except the view they command—which it has been impossible to allocate to private uses. The wall that enclosed it is down; the sundial (with "his name and arms engraved thereupon") is not to be found; the ball-room of "the Hotel" stands on part of the site; in a word, all that could do honour to the memory of "the Man," and continue his benevolence from generation to generation, has been removed by one innovator after another, and the people of Ross are either so supine or so timid as to submit to this encroachment on their rights, instead of, day by day, rooting up or tearing down vegetable and brick and mortar trespassers on THEIR *land*. There is but one excuse for this apathy: it is stated by Heath (a printer of Monmouth, who printed a number of very interesting pamphlets, written or compiled by himself, about the year 1806) that "the seats had been wilfully destroyed by loose and idle people passing through the grounds;" that the fountain was removed, "having become a receptacle for the carcasses of dead animals;" that the arms over the north door of entrance were "destroyed by the barbarous hands of ignorance;" and that of the rows of elms he planted, "the axe since his death had visited them with premeditated intentions of violence, and laid their honours in the dust."

defended Hereford during the civil war, and who thus arrested the army of Cromwell on its march to invest the city. It was once the residence of the Lords Grey, of Wilton; and though now but a few ivy-covered walls, it was here the noblest of a noble race entertained the poet Spenser—

> "The patron of his Muse's pupilage,
> In the first season of his feeble age."

It appears to have been erected by King Stephen, in 1141, and was held by Harry de Longchamp, as a gift from Henry I., "by the service

THE WYE, FROM THE "PROSPECT."

of supplying two men-at-arms for the wars in Wales." To the Greys it came by marriage; and afterwards, by marriage also, to the first Lord Chandos, in whose family it continued for two centuries, until it was sold to the Governors of Guy's Hospital, in London, to whose large and well-spent revenue the estate now contributes. The castle gives his title

THE CHURCH OF ROSS.

to the Earl of Wilton. We shall pass this venerable ruin—associated with so many "Memories," and which the ivy preserves and adorns—when we are voyaging down the Wye.

Our present duty is to visit the town;—to enter the time-honoured structure which, happily, continues unimpaired—the old and venerable CHURCH OF ROSS; to walk through the market-place made famous by "the Man;" and to visit the house in which he dwelt, and the room in which he died—and especially to view from the "Prospect" the delicious scenery he loved.

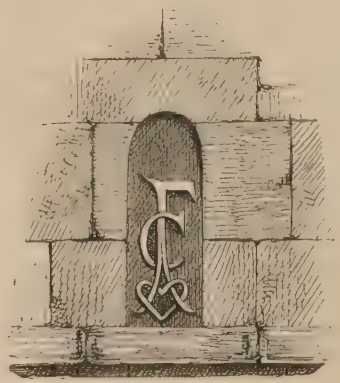
Such occupations are always profitable as well as pleasant: the places in which great and good men have walked are especially suited to reflection and self-scrutiny; the force of example is felt with double strength;

THE MARKET-PLACE.

incentives to virtue become plain and palpable; in this sense, but not in this only, time can place no boundaries to the influence of high minds and pure hearts.

Let us first look at the town: there are here few remains of a remote date. The streets all lead "up-hill" to THE MARKET-PLACE, a quaint structure, built of the red sandstone so universal in the district, which has but little power to resist the influence of time; it is no older than the reign of Charles II., whose time-defaced bust stands in an oval, over the principal entrance. One of the sides, however, contains a piece of sculpture far more interesting—a monogram of singular character,

composed of a reversed L, a C, and a heart, from which the letters spring; the tradition being that the Man of Ross, whose house is directly opposite, desiring, in his loyalty to the crown, to have before his eyes a perpetual reminder of the restored monarch,—and failing in his wish to have the bust placed where he could see it when he pleased,—caused this small stone to be fixed in the position it now occupies.* It is understood to mean, "Love Charles in your heart."



MONOGRAM.

Let us enter the house in which he lived and died, and offer the homage of gratitude to a good man's memory; one who, if not all the poet describes him, was undoubtedly as he is pictured by another poet—Coleridge†—nearly a century after his death:—

> "Friend to the friendless, to the sick man health,
> With generous joy he view'd his modest wealth;
> He heard the widow's heaven-breathed prayer of praise;
> He marked the shelter'd orphan's tearful gaze;
> Or, where the sorrow-shrivelled captive lay,
> Pour'd the bright blaze of freedom's noontide ray."

The house has been divided: one portion has been in a great measure rebuilt; the other part has not been so materially changed. The floors and panellings of several chambers are of oak; a quaint opening leads to a narrow corridor, and into a small room, traditionally said to have been his bed-room, where he endured his first and his last (his only) illness, and where he died:‡ it looks out upon his garden; that garden

* Among other characteristic anecdotes, it is related of him that when "the Great Bell," which he presented to Ross Church, was cast at Gloucester, in 1695, he was present at the casting, and "taking with him his old silver tankard, he first drank therefrom to 'Church and King,' and then threw it into the furnace, and had it mixed with the metal that made the bell."

† It is said, and we believe on good authority, that Coleridge actually wrote his beautiful poem on the Man of Ross in the house in which Kyrle had resided. Letitia Landon (L. E. L.) was some time a dweller in this town, visiting an aunt who was a resident here.

‡ In this chamber there are two doors of oak, in which the arms of Mr. Kyrle (his crest, a hedgehog) are punctured, apparently by a gimlet. There is a tradition that the puncturing was the work

is now divided, like the house; one half of it has been strangely "metamorphosed;" the other half has been converted into a bowling-green; the surrounding walls of both, however, sustain flourishing vine and pear-trees. The one boasts a gothic SUMMER-HOUSE, in which there is a tablet commemorating the visit of Prince George of Cambridge, in 1835, and a table made of the huge beams of the "modest mansion," and part of a tree under which Nelson sat, at Rudhall; while in the other there is a small conservatory erected on the foundations of the summer-house,

THE SUMMER-HOUSE.

in which the venerable Man of Ross usually spent his afternoons of quiet and contemplation. It was a pretty thing in its time, whatever it may be now; and as the father of the present owner—Mr. Powle, the respected bookseller—kept a drawing of it in its better state, the reader may be pleased to see it engraved as one of the illustrations of our tour.

of his hands; this is probable, for to a man so active, who had never previously suffered a day's illness, confinement must have been very irksome, and he no doubt sought relief in any employment that circumstances could supply to him, while it is not likely that so singular a whim was a commission to an artizan.

As will thus be seen, there are in Ross several memorials of "the Man." We look in vain, however, for evidence that his fellow townsmen have been, or are, more proud of his fame than vain of his notoriety: there is even now "no monument, inscription, stone," other than that which one of his remote descendants erected half a century after he slept under the shadows of the "heaven-directed spire" he "taught to rise," and which, until then, contained no mark to make known "his race, his name, his form." There is no hospital, no school, no almshouse "neat but void of state;" no "portioned maids" nor "apprenticed orphans," in the middle of the nineteenth century, "bless his name;" no seats are there on which "weary travellers repose," and ask who gives them rest; nothing, in short, to make

> "The memory of the just
> Smell sweet and blossom in the dust,"

save his own good deeds which, as we have shown, neglect or cupidity have gone far to obliterate.

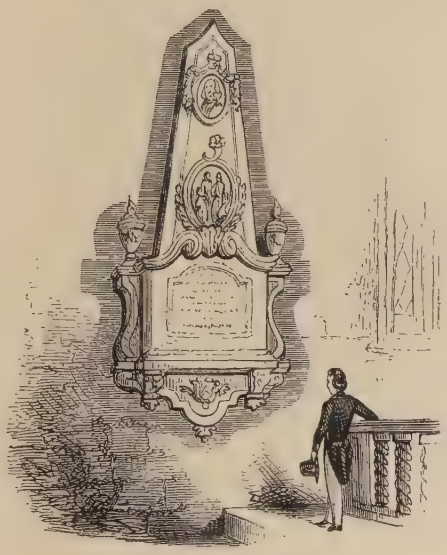
Let us now proceed to the church, so happily associated with the honoured name of John Kyrle, the Man of Ross.*

The church is a spacious and beautiful building, with a tower and an elegant spire, 121 feet in height. The churchyard is very neatly kept, and has some venerable elm-trees, traditionally said to have been planted by the Man of Ross, whose body, as we have intimated, rests within its walls. We quote a passage from Mr. Roscoe:—"I never remember having been so much pleased with a church and burial-ground as with this; the grey, gothic architecture, the ancient tombs, and the heaved turf, where so many nameless dead are laid at rest,—the grand

* John Kyrle was descended from an ancient family long seated at Walford, near Ross. He was born at the White House, in the parish of Dymock, Gloucestershire, on the 22nd of May, 1637, and died at Ross, on the 7th November, 1724, at the "full age" of eighty-eight. The name appears to have been originally Curl, afterwards Cyril, and subsequently Kyrle. He was a bachelor, and left no near relatives; his nearest, Mr. "Vandevort" Kyrle, inherited his estate. It was, however, subsequently divided and subdivided; and we believe very little either of his blood or his property is with any of his "descendants" at the present time. It would seem that he did not receive from Pope the soubriquet of "the Man of Ross:" he had, according to Fosbroke, been so styled during his lifetime. He is described as "in person rather tall, thin, and well shaped, wearing a plain suit of brown and a wig, in the fashion of his day;" but there is no authentic portrait of him.

trees, rustling in the wind above, and the glorious prospect spread out all around,—it was the very poetry of earth—its beauty and its sadness."

The church contains a group of finely-sculptured monuments, principally of the Rudhall family (a family now extinct), and a statue, in Roman costume, of that gallant General Rudhall, who defended Hereford for the crown against the assaults of the army of the Parliament.* Under a plain stone beside the altar the Man of Ross is buried; as we have said, "no monument, inscription, stone" marked his grave until, in

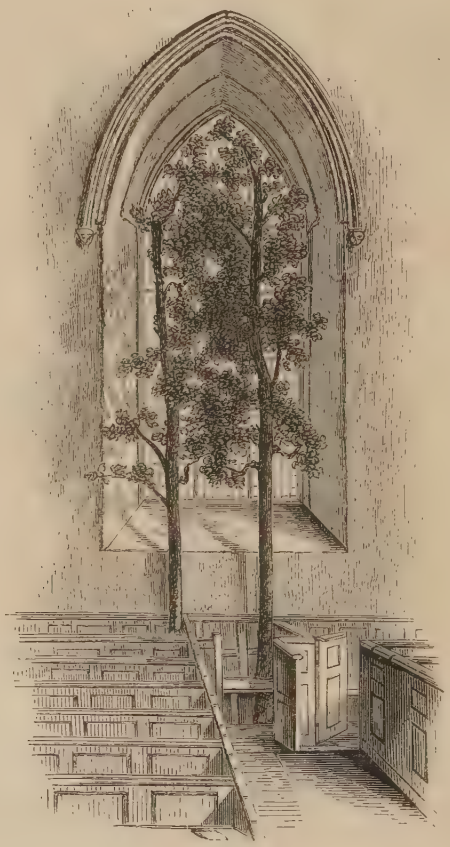


THE MONUMENT.

1776, a distant relative, "Lady Betty Dupplin," left by will a sum of money, which "her executor and heir" expended in erecting a tomb to his memory. The tomb has a bas-relief, which purports to be a

* A monument to the Rev. John Newton records that, "immediately after the restoration of King Charles he was (as a reward for his piety and loyalty), appointed by the archbishop's commissary to the vicarage of Ross, on the 27th of July, 1660; which vicarage, on account of large returns being at that time required from this place, was exceedingly burthened and oppressed. Newton, therefore, though at first he stood alone, nobly devoted himself to its exigencies and relief; finally obtaining this benefice, together with his chapels of Weston and Brompton, to be created and ordained rectorial."

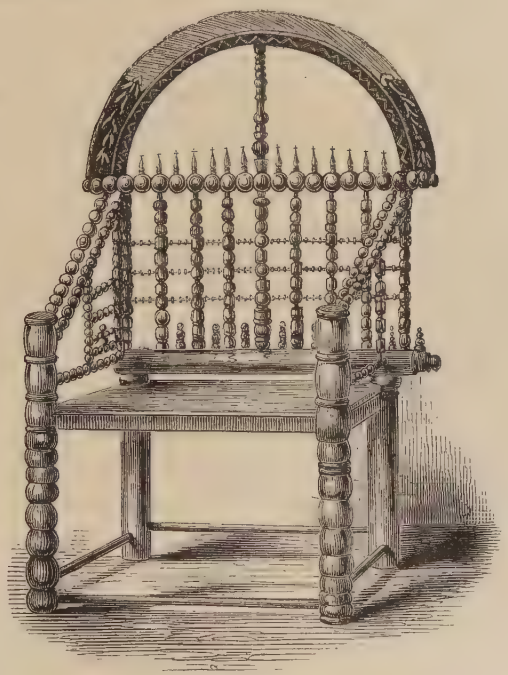
portrait, and a tablet representing Charity and Benevolence. But the chief interest of the church is derived from another source. Growing from the pew where the good man used to sit are two elm-trees, which,



THE PEW.

when in full leaf, are singular adornments of the sacred edifice. They are, it is said, about fifty years old, but are not thicker than a man's arm, and are necessarily cut at the tops when they reach the roof, which

is their boundary. The local tradition is that they are suckers from a tree planted by "the Man" *outside* the church, but which was "impiously" cut down by a certain rector, because it excluded light; the consequence was, that they forced their way *inside*, where they have continued to grow and flourish, and where, certainly, they are protected by the good will and grateful feelings of the inhabitants. There is one



THE CHAIR.

other object of interest associated with his memory—the chair in which he used to sit, and which was afterwards *the* chair of a convivial society. This chair was, according to Mr. Heath, presented to a Benefit Society in the town, but as it wanted a cushion, "to render the seat easy, it was turned out of the club-room, being considered as a piece of lumber, in which neglected state it lay for some years, and was at last ordered

to be burnt." By some lucky chance it was preserved, and is now deposited in the vestry of the church. Yet another interesting memorial of the Man of Ross is preserved also in the church. It is a small volume, written by the Rev. John Newton; this volume contains the autograph of John Kyrle. We procured a tracing, and have engraved it.

There is no doubt that the fame of John Kyrle arises principally, if not solely, from the accident that Pope had heard of his generous and liberal acts, which, although at that time productive of enormous good, had received no sort of recognition from those of whom he was the benefactor.* The poet wrote, therefore, his immortal lines—an imaginary dialogue between himself and his friend Lord Bathurst, in his poem on "The Use of Riches;"† and they have carried the name of the Man of Ross throughout the world wherever the Anglo-Saxon tongue is read. We hope and believe there are not many cities or towns of England where there have been none at any time found at once so benevolent and so beneficent as John Kyrle of Ross, with as little idea as had "the Man" of the celebrity that was to follow—who neither sought for nor anticipated renown beyond the limited circle directly benefited—who in doing good would have "blush'd to find it fame," but who

* "The truth is that Kyrle was a man of known integrity and active benevolence, by whose solicitation the wealthy were persuaded to pay contributions to his charitable schemes; this influence he obtained by an example of liberality exerted to the utmost extent of his power, and was thus enabled to give more than he had."—Dr. Johnson: *Life of Pope.* It is believed he never possessed the annual sum of "five hundred pounds, of debts and taxes, wife and children clear."

† Pope was a frequent visitor at Holme-Lacy, then the seat of Viscount Scudamore, subsequently the property of his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, and now that of Sir Edwin Stanhope, Bart. The Scudamores came in with the Conqueror, but obtained their lands in Herefordshire by marriage with the heiress of the Laceys, in the reign of Edward III. "The Scudamores derived their name from the *Cross Patée Fitchee*, the *Scutum* Armoris Divini, which they originally bore in their arms, and which is thought to have been given them in commemoration of some memorable action in defence of the Christian faith." The rooms inhabited by the poet, and a tree under which it was his wont to sit, are still pointed out to the curious.

Pope was probably in the neighbourhood very soon after Kyrle's death, and had abundant opportunities of hearing the good man's praise, of noting the beneficial effects of his munificent charities, and of mourning at the indifference with which his memory was regarded by his fellow townsmen. It is likely, moreover, that Mr. Kyrle had been often a guest at Holme-Lacy, and was personally known to the family.

are benefactors to mankind by the force of example, and inasmuch as "their works do follow them!"*

Blessed be the memory of good John Kyrle, the Man of Ross! and may the prophet yet find in his own country other honours than those which give his name to a wayside inn, a "walk" of which he would be ashamed, and a house defaced by an unseemly bust of plaster.

We commence our voyage down the Wye—a voyage full of interest and enjoyment. Let us pause a moment to sketch yonder fisherman, who is carrying the coracle to the stream. In Hereford and Monmouth it is called also a *thoracle*, a *truckle*, and sometimes a *coble*, and on the western coast of Ireland a *corragh* or *corach*,—all names evidently derived from one root, and proving the general use of these light boats among the early Britannic tribes. They are of profound antiquity, and are mentioned by the "father of history," Herodotus, as used by the ancient Babylonians. He describes them as round, and covered with skins, and the accuracy of his statement is confirmed by sculptures now in our British Museum. Pliny, quoting the old Greek historian, Timæus, says the Britons sailed in boats made of wattles, and covered with skins, to islands six days' distant from their starting-places; and Solinus mentions that in his day communica-

THE CORACLE.

* Ross has had, at least, one other benefactor—Mr. Walter Scott, who, having acquired a large fortune by trade in London, bequeathed £6,000 for the erection of a school-house, and the clothing and educating thirty boys and twenty girls, children of the inhabitants of the town. It is said of Mr. Scott, that when a boy he had taken some pears from a garden, and "being seen eating of them" by a man who guessed where they came from, the man told the boy "he would be hanged if he was found out." Terrified at this threat, he instantly left Ross, and made his way to London, where he acquired a fortune, of which the boys of to-day continue to be the inheritors. The charity bears his name.

tion was kept up between Britain and Ireland by these boats. Cæsar tells us he availed himself of such vessels in crossing the Spanish rivers; and that he obtained his knowledge of their use while in Britain.

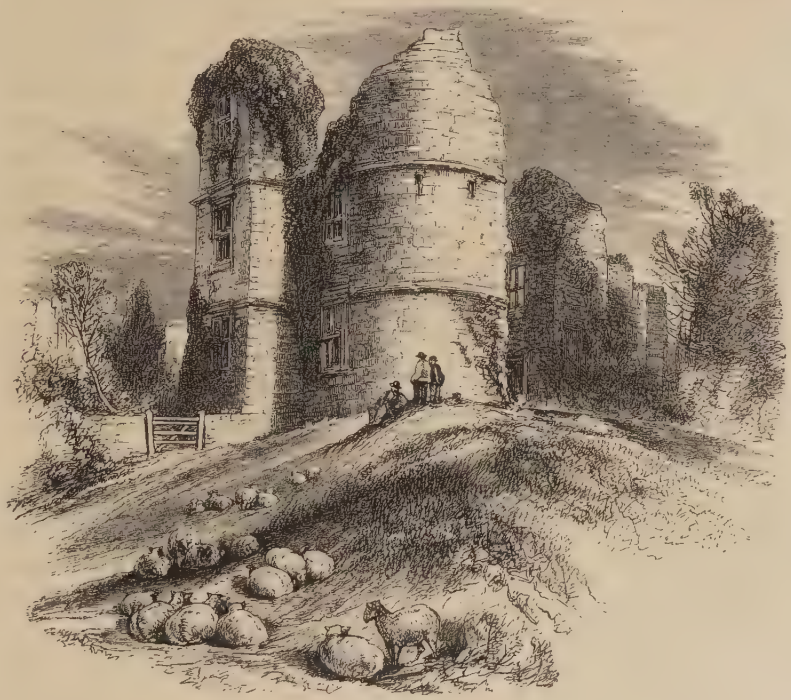
The coracle, which boatmen and fishermen use to-day on the Wye, differs little from that in which their forefathers floated when the Romans were rulers on its banks. In shape it resembles the half of a walnut-shell; some laths, or rude sticks, laid cross-wise, form the skeleton; that is covered with canvas—zinc, however, has been lately adopted for the purpose: it is needless to say that the ancient covering was generally a horse's hide; a plank across the middle makes the seat; a small paddle is used for directing its movements; it is so light, and draws so little water, as to be very easily upset. Considerable skill is therefore required to keep exactly in the centre, and also to enter it, for the least irregularity in either case is dangerous. The fishermen of the district are, however, so much "at home" in this walnut-shell, that accidents rarely happen; and it is stated, on good authority, that voyages have been made in them from Chepstow to Bristol. They are so light that the boatmen carry them on their backs from place to place, launching them when required, and stepping in to cross the river. They are used also by anglers.

Having examined this interesting object, that has undergone so little change for twelve centuries, we commence the voyage of the Wye.*

Passing the venerable ruin of Wilton Castle, and underneath the old bridge, which dates as far back as the reign of Elizabeth, presents some unusual features in the way in which the arch-stones are morticed, and retains marks of the "breaking down" to arrest the on-march of Cromwell's troops, we are called upon, first, to notice "Kyrle's Walk," which leads from the churchyard to the river, about a mile from the town—

* Excellent boats, well and carefully manned, are to be obtained either at Hereford, Ross, or Monmouth: the charges are somewhat high, necessarily so, considering the heavy labour attendant on "the return." For a boat with one man, the charge from Ross to Monmouth is 15*s*., the distance being twenty-three miles; for a larger boat, with two men, the charge is 30*s*. When the lighter boat is used, the boatman finds it easier to bring it back by land, on a truck, the distance being only ten miles; when the heavier boat makes the voyage the men are compelled to draw it along the shore, the difficulty of rowing up stream being (as we have intimated) very great, in consequence of the extreme rapidity of the current. The boats in use we shall describe hereafter.

where, however, none of his "seats" remain, and where there survives but one of the many trees he planted. We then look upon two graceful



WILTON CASTLE.

hills,—Penyard* and the Chace,—one or both of which are said to have

* Penyard Wood was, about a century ago, purchased for £11,000: it was sold not long since for £73,000. At Penyard there was a castle, some remains of which may still be traced. Towards the close of the last century, among the ruins was found "a vestibule or spacious passage," with octagon pilasters, which had caps and bases in the Saxon style. In Bonner's "Itinerary" is an engraving of a silver penny, understood to have been coined at Penyard Castle; he thus briefly describes it, and its historic associations:—"The family of Spence, of Hangwest, in Yorkshire, about 1638, assumed as their armorial bearings, *az.* three peny-yard pence proper," and "these are so-named of the place where they were first coined," which Guillim supposes to be this castle. On the summit of "the Chace," towards the north, is a large square "camp," now overgrown by woods.

been "hung with woods" by "the Man." We leave here the scenes and circumstances associated with his history; bare-headed we look back—fancying, nay, believing, his spirit is moving the minds and hearts of another generation to remember the eternal recompense—"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my little ones, ye did it unto me!"

Immediately after passing under Wilton Bridge, we make acquaintance with the peculiarities of the Wye. Its "winding bounds" are so remarkable that frequently after the boat has floated four or five miles we find ourselves within gun-shot of the place from which we started; a tree-clad hill, or a church-spire, seen directly in front, presently appearing at the side, or, in another moment, behind the spectator; while perhaps, in a few minutes, it is immediately again in his onward path: forming alternately a foreground or a background to the picture, and that so suddenly as to seem incomprehensible. On quitting the level land, the varied and broken scenery on either side suggests a vague, though irresistible impression, that the craggy precipices, rocky ascents, and isolated plateaux, between which the stream takes its tortuous way—now reposing in deep and glassy pools, then hurrying down a gushing rapid, as if "behind time," and again stopping to take up at intervals the winding streamlets poured from receding elevations over the little greensward vales they encircle—were the boundaries of a river always,—in a word, that the Wye is a river designed by Nature itself.*

The Wye has been well described as a "capricious and headlong current," its sudden rises and falls rendering it but little available for

* The Severn estuary seems, in the earliest times, to have formed the boundary between the Silurian Gwyddel, or Gael, and the tribe of the *Wiccas*, or watermen—or, as the monkish chroniclers called them, *Wiccii*—inhabiting the dales of Worcestershire and Gloucestershire; though the Wiccii, the more mercantile race, eventually occupied the peninsula between the Severn and Wye, constituting the Forest of Dean; this tract being of importance from its abundance of timber and iron ore, with which, as appears by a passage in Cæsar's "Commentaries," they traded with the opposite coast of Brittany, before his invasion of England. The iron ore crosses the Wye a few miles below Ross, near a detached and rugged eminence called the Doward (in Gaelic, the Black Height), but in some Welsh records, *Garth Einion* (the Smith's Hill). On the summit is a sloping plateau, depressed into two equal parts; that nearest the river crowned by an embankment of dry stones, and the farthest joined to it by one of earth, tripled at the summit, as if occupied a second time by some larger force. The smaller camp, lying immediately above a mineral excavation and near the river, seems the earliest, and is probably the Garth Einion of the Wiccian occupants; for until the junction of the upper plateau, the lower fastness was within arrow-shot of the summit, and thus must have been constructed by a people as yet ill practised in the employment of such missiles.

commerce. During or after rains, it rushes along at immense speed, overflowing adjacent banks, and, in some instances, washing its rock boundaries. In fine weather, although a quick current even then, it becomes very shallow in parts. There are no "falls," nor is there any weir or lock, during the whole of the voyage we are describing; breaks are, however, numerous, the water sometimes "dropping" a foot or more, and bubbling into foam. Through nearly the whole of its course from Ross to Chepstow, where it joins the Severn, the Wye is, as Wordsworth describes it, "a wanderer through the woods," the trees generally descending so low from overhanging steeps as to border the stream; indeed, during its lower portion, the foliage and rocks are so closely intermixed as to afford no passage—not even a footpath—from the banks. These trees are, for the most part, oak and beech, the dark shades of the yew frequently giving force and character to the grouping. There is seldom much variety in the foliage, if we except that which arises from frequent orchards, for which Herefordshire and Gloucestershire are famous. As in all such cases, the adjacent meadows are ever green, and supply excellent pasturage to cattle. The great attraction of the Wye, however, consists in the singularly picturesque limestone rocks, which continually, as it were, look down upon and guard the river: from every hole and crevice creeps the ivy and other parasitic plants, covering them with various shades of green, except on jutting crags where the wind has power—these are left bare, or clothed only by lichens. They are "simple and grand, rarely formal and fantastic."* It is this combination which renders the scenery so peculiarly picturesque, although it produces little variety: indeed, a mile of the Wye, in any part of it, affords a complete idea of the whole; while its contracted character—closed in, as it is, by woods and rocks, never a stone's-throw apart—much impairs its beauty, when contrasted with rivers broader, and opening more expansive views. Moreover, the Wye is a lonely river;

* "The rock, bleak, naked, and unadorned, cannot be considered beautiful. Tint it with mosses and lichens of various hues, and you give it a degree of beauty; adorn it with shrubs and hanging herbage, and you make it still more picturesque; connect it with wood and water, and you make it in the highest degree interesting."—Fosbroke.

for miles together along its banks there are no habitations; the traffic on its waters is very limited; few are its factories of any kind; the extensive and gloomy forest of Dean encloses it during a large portion of its lower course; and the only peasantry who live along its sides are the boatmen and the charcoal-burners, who are seldom seen at their daily work—the one labouring only when the tide serves, and the other toiling among trees that hide him from sight:—

——"Wreaths of smoke
Sent up in silence from among the trees;
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods."

To its natural gifts of beauty—and they are many—may be added those which are derived from pretty villages, generally scattered on hill-sides, the spires of near or distant churches, secluded farm-houses, cultivated demesnes and mansions, populous towns and venerable bridges, and more especially the ruins of ancient castles and "holy abbeys;" some of the grandest "remains" in the kingdom, adding their attractions to the lovely river-scenery of the Wye, recalling, and with impressive effect, the lines of the poet:—

"Time
Hath moulded into beauty many a tower
Which, when it frown'd with all its battlements,
Was only terrible."

Such is the River Wye, to the leading charms of which we design to introduce the tourist.

Under Pencraig House, the grounds of which are charmingly wooded to the water, we obtain a combined view of Goodrich Court and Goodrich Castle—the former a modern residence, the latter one of the most interesting and picturesque of the ancient remains which abound throughout the district we are visiting.* Perhaps nowhere in the

* The ancient road to Goodrich lay through a parish called Walford, where was the family seat of the Kyrles, of whom "the Man of Ross" was a junior member. It has been surmised that Walford lay on the line of Offa's Dyke, and thus derived its name; but this dyke, unfortunately, cannot be traced here, except by such as are predetermined to find it. The name is derived from Wælh (Welsh) Ford, a road—viz. the Welsh road. It is crossed by a very dangerous ford over the Wye, but there is now a good though more circuitous turnpike-road over Kerne Bridge.

kingdom will the traveller be more strongly impressed by the lines of the poet,—

> "There is a power
> And magic in the ruin'd battlement,
> To which the palace of the present hour
> Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower."

The "Court" is nearest; we visit that first: it occupies a hill summit; the site is fine; nature gave it this advantage; and also the trees that grow luxuriantly in the copse, orchards, and plantations, through which we ascend by a rugged footway from the river-side. The building, however, is a blot on the landscape: unmeaning towers, and turrets, and pinnacles, in "styles" outrageously "mixed," are utterly "out of keeping" with surrounding objects, and sadly disturb the tranquillizing thought induced before we reach, and after we leave it. The structure was a "whim" of the late Sir Samuel Meyrick; and, we imagine, the architect, Mr. Blore, acted in obedience to "order"—the only "Order" he appears to have taken into account. Goodrich Court, however, contains that remarkable collection of ancient armour which Meyrick expended (and not unprofitably) a fortune and a life's labour to bring together: its value is here comparatively lost; few can see, and very few be advantaged by it. We believe it to be an heir-loom that may not be removed from its place. Tourists on the Wye should certainly examine this singular and interesting assemblage, although to do so involves a troublesome walk, and the payment of a shilling, which we respectfully think might be dispensed with by the inheritor of so rich a store of instructive wealth. To our friend, Mr. Fairholt, we are indebted for information we append in a note.*

* The armoury is the largest and most complete private collection ever formed in England, and comprises many suits of a rare and valuable kind. The late Sir Samuel Meyrick was indefatigable as a collector, and his knowledge led him to publish the best English book on the subject, his "Critical Inquiry into Antient Armour," in three vols. folio, 1824; and some years afterwards the descriptive text to Skelton's engraved illustrations "of the Collection at Goodrich Court." He also arranged the collection in the Tower of London; and was, throughout life, the great authority on all matters connected with armour. The Goodrich collection embraces a history of weapons of defence commencing with the rude implements, flint, stone, or wood, of the savage tribes; they bear some analogy to those used by our primitive forefathers, of which many examples are also preserved. The early Greek, Etruscan, and Celtic relics are especially interesting; the mediæval armour is of great rarity; and in

The boat is to meet us a few yards from the landing-place under Goodrich Court,—at Goodrich Ferry,—but there is a bend in the road, and we have a walk of a mile or more before we reach it. That walk is, however, through the village, where there is an old "Cage" converted into a comfortable cottage; and a church, with which are associated some memorable incidents. The spire of this church is, like that of Ross, seen from many points of view, and is always an effective adjunct to the landscape: it has other attractions; here were long located the ancestors of the famous Dean of St. Patrick's; one of whom, the Rev. Thomas Swift, was its vicar in 1628, and, taking zealous part with the sovereign, was, it is said, plundered more than thirty times by the army of the parliament, ejected from his living, his estate sequestrated, and himself imprisoned. A chalice, used by him, found its way into Ireland, and was, in 1726, "Presented by Jonathan Swift, D.D., Dean of the Church of St. Patrick, Dublin, grandson of the aforesaid Thomas, to Goodrich Church, to be for its use 'for ever.'" It is still in the keeping of the vicar, and is regarded as a relic of high value.*

But we may not delay, for we have to pace the steep ascent that leads to Goodrich Castle. It is the relic of a noble fortalice, and would seem —seated on the topmost height of a hill that overlooks the rapid river,

one instance has been admirably mounted under the direction of Sir Samuel, and in accordance with the old customs of the tournay. Thus on one side is the tree set up for supporting the emblazoned shields of the combatants, who are seated on armed and caparisoned horses tilting at each other; while their fellow-knights wait their turn on foot. Many of the noble suits of armour in this collection are remarkable for the artistic finish and beauty of their decorations; some are covered with engravings; and all indicate the large amount of cost bestowed on defensive weapons and body-armour. In the reign of the Emperor Charles V., Milan and Nuremberg were the principal factories from which knights were supplied, whose suits sometimes cost very large sums of money, being covered with embossed ornament and engraving, and often enriched with inlaid scroll-work of gold or silver. The collection has specimens of such costly works, only to be rivalled by the sumptuous jewelled armour of the East, of which it also contains many valuable specimens.

* Something of the quaint and humorous character of "the famous Dean" must have been inherited from his loyal grandfather. The following anecdote is related of the "malignant" vicar:—"Having mortgaged his estate at Goodrich for 300 broad pieces, and quilted them into his waistcoat, he set out for Raglan Castle, near Monmouth, whither the king had retired after the battle of Naseby, in 1645. The Earl of Worcester, who knew him well, asked what his errand was? 'I am come,' said Swift, 'to give his majesty my coat,' at the same time pulling it off, and presenting it. The earl told him pleasantly, that his coat was worth little. 'Why, then,' said Swift, 'take my waistcoat.' This was soon proved by its weight to be a more valuable garment; and it is remembered by Clarendon that the king received no supply more seasonable or acceptable during the whole war than these 300 broad pieces; his distress being at that time very great, and his resources altogether cut off."

and aided by its broad moat, which time has not yet filled up—to have been impregnable: it was not so. Whatever its ancient glory may have been, it was doomed to fall before the persevering energy of the troops

GOODRICH CASTLE, FROM THE FERRY.

of the Commonwealth, and "the eighty barrels of powder" which "the Commons voted" as auxiliaries to their officer, Colonel Birch. He found

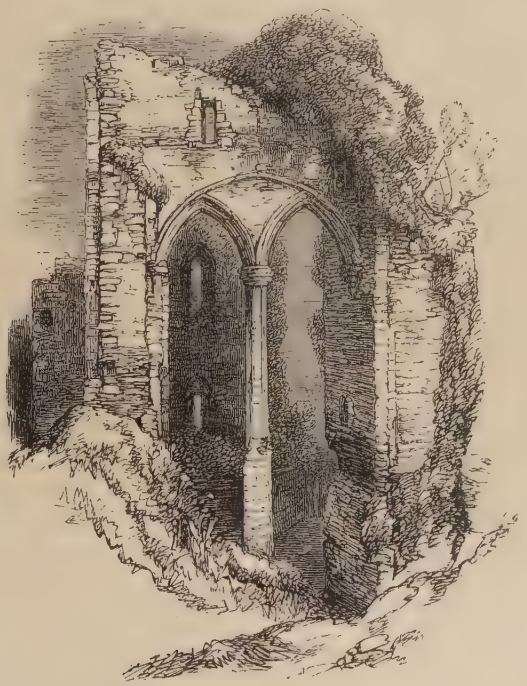
the work, however, notwithstanding the added succours of "battering cannon," "two monster pieces," and "six granadoes," by no means easy; for the garrison, under brave Sir Richard Lingen, kept him "without," from the 22nd June to the 3rd of August, 1646, which so exasperated the assailants that they refused to recognise a "white flag for parley," insisted upon "unconditional surrender," and made prisoners of war the

GOODRICH CASTLE: THE NORTH TOWER.

governor and all his troops, with their "arms, ammunitions, and provisions."

It is not known who founded this grand fortress; but "the near affinity of its name to that of 'Godricus Dux,' which occurs in witness of two charters granted by King Canute to the Abbey of Hulm," has led to a conjecture that he was its first lord; it is certain, however, that for a long period it was the baronial residence of the Talbots, Earls of Shrewsbury, its earliest authenticated record bearing the date 1204, when it was given by King John to William Strigul, Earl Marshal, to hold

"by two knights' fees," his son Walter, Earl of Pembroke, dying here in 1246. To the Talbots it passed by marriage. Subsequently, by marriage also, to the De Greys, Earls, and afterwards Dukes, of Kent; and it was to the Countess of Kent the parliament, in 1646, conveyed intimation that there was "a necessity for its demolition," when it was demolished accordingly. The windows, arches, columns, and zigzag ornaments of the Keep, still in good preservation, are described by some early writers



IN GOODRICH CASTLE.

as "the most truly Saxon that can be;" and so are the dungeons underneath, into which, when the castle was in its glory, light never entered, and air only through a few crevices. It is doubtful, however, whether any other portion of the castle is older than the

twelfth century.* One of the most graceful, and, at the same time, the most perfect of its architectural beauties, is that we have pictured. It is a charming "bit," and through the opening is a lovely view of the river and the wooded slopes opposite. Yet it stands nearest to that tower which suffered most from the cannon of the Commonwealth; on these slopes, now so tranquil, their artillery was planted, and their soldiery encamped, while the siege lasted.

No doubt subsequent additions, under several lords, gave to the structure its imposing character. There are distinct traces of such augmentations from an early to a comparatively late period. Its long and narrow galleries, sallyports, batteries, vaulted gateways, semicircular towers, fosses, rock-hewn pits, huge buttresses, loop-holes and machicolations, decorated chapel, ladies' tower, watch towers, enormous fire-hearths, warder's seat, once gorgeous hall, huge fireplaces, great chambers of state, dormitories, garrison towers, and spacious stables,—these, and many other objects, now broken either by time or war, and mantled with venerable ivy, attest its grandeur and its strength, when, for six centuries at least, it held sway over surrounding districts, and looked down in its magnificence, as it does now in its decay, upon the waters of the beautiful Wye.

All honour to the lady who now owns the interesting ruin,† for the care and cost she expends to prevent the further encroachments of "the destroyer." A venerable chatelain—one Titus Morgan—who makes shoes in the village, and who has had the place in charge during forty-nine years, succeeding his father in the office, is an excellent and very communicative usher to its attractions; or his aides-de-camp, two agree-

* "It is expressly mentioned in record that Goodrich Castle was the fortress of the tract called Arcenfield or Irchenfield, from the Roman station at Ariconium. This tract was formerly forest, for in the *Chârtæ Antiquæ*, in the Tower of London, is the order for its disafforestation."—Fosbrokk. Irchenfield is Saxon, and means the Field of Hedgehogs. Urchin is still a common local name for the hedgehog.

† Mrs. Marriott. Elizabeth, the second daughter and co-heiress of Gilbert Talbot, seventh Earl of Shrewsbury, conveyed the castle in marriage to Henry De Grey, Earl of Kent, in whose family it continued till the year 1740, when, on the death of Henry, Duke of Kent, it was sold to Admiral Griffin. Mrs. Marriott is his grand-daughter.

able daughters, are as ready and as skilful as himself in greeting and in guiding visitors.

Even if it were not so happily situated as it is, on the high road to the beauties of the Wye, these remarkable ruins would amply repay a long *détour*; for although sufficiently large to convey an idea of immense capacity and power, they are singularly "condensed," and may be inspected with but small sacrifice of time and trouble. There are more extensive and far grander remains in many parts of this and the adjacent county, but none more interesting, more picturesque, or more entirely characteristic of an age when the stern realities of life supplied the staple of romance. Mr. Hulme was on the opposite side of the river when he made his drawing: as he quaintly says, "he sat down before it, not as did its assailants of old, with a view to reduce the place to a ruin, but the ruin to a view;" in the hope of giving to others some portion of the intense enjoyment he himself derived from the glorious old pile—so fertile of thought to the antiquary, of pleasure to the tourist, and of instruction as well as delight to the artist.

But they who visit Goodrich Castle will lose a rich treat if they fail to ascend the Keep—an easy task—because of the magnificent and very beautiful view commanded from its summit. What a view—north, south, east, and west! Hills, enclosing fertile vales; dense woods surrounding pasture-fields, dotted with sheep; low meadow lands, on which luxuriate the famous Herefordshire cows, known here and everywhere by their red coats and white faces.* On one side are the distant Malvern Hills; on another, the hills that look down upon Hereford city. Further off are the Welsh mountains; while, moving southwards, we see the Coldwell Rocks, Symond's Yat, and the tall Kymin, that hangs over Monmouth. In the immediate foreground is the small Church of Walford, of which the historian of the district, Fosbroke, was rector; here he lived, died, and

* The breed is peculiar to Herefordshire, and is preserved pure with exceeding care. If a calf with a red face or partycoloured coat enters the world, his sure destiny is the stall of the butcher. The cows, however, are not famous for milk—they grow and fatten too much for that. As a farmer we met at Monmouth expressed it, "They give none of it away; they keep it all to thirsels!" The breed is now generally adopted in the neighbouring counties.

was buried. Doward Hill and Coppet Hill rise above the river, crossed by a bridge, Kerne Bridge, very near to which are the venerable remains of the ancient priory of Flanesford—now a farm-house—which yet retains some relics of its former beauty. From this spot we best note the singular windings of the Wye: from Goodrich Ferry underneath us to Huntsham Ferry* is a distance of only one mile, while by water there is a space of eight miles to be traversed between the one ferry and the other.

We re-enter our boat, leave to the right the old priory, pass under Kerne Bridge, and are voyaging down the rapid current of the Wye. The object that first attracts our notice is the distant spire of Ruarden, or Ruer-dean, Church, crowning the summit of a lofty hill. We soon approach Courtfield, famous in history, or rather in tradition, as the place in which the fifth Harry was nursed. We do not find, however, any safe authority for the fact, although it may be true that "being, when young, of a sickly habit, he was placed here under the care of the Countess of Salisbury;" and it is further said, that the countess lies buried in the little church of Welsh Bicknor,† close at hand, and which we pass on our voyage down the stream.‡ Obviously, the monument referred to is of later date. Such was the opinion of Sir Samuel Meyrick (a safe and sure authority). Welsh Bicknor is a pretty church, among the smallest in England. The simple and graceful parsonage-house beside it is happy in suggestions of the tranquil life which a country clergyman, above all other men, may enjoy.

* It is stated by Mr. Cliffe—we know not on what authority—that "in 1387, Henry IV. was hastening across Huntsham Ferry, on his way to Monmouth, in deep anxiety about his royal consort, whose confinement was near at hand, when he was met by a messenger who announced the birth of a prince—Henry V.—and the safety of the queen. The king bestowed the ferry on this man as a guerdon. The grant still exists."

† The name in Domesday Book is Bicanofre, viz. Vychan (little), Ovre (a passage or crossing over a river), as the same thing at Gloucester Bridge is called "over."

‡ Welsh Bicknor is so called to distinguish it from English Bicknor, in Gloucestershire, two miles below it, on the opposite side of the river; the river being the ancient boundary between England and Wales—

"Inde vagos vaga Cambrenses, hinc respicit Anglos,"

according to the monk, Neckham, a writer of Latin poetry, who died in the year 1217. It is said his name was Nequam, and that he changed it to Neckham, "because, when he desired to be re-admitted to St. Alban's Priory, the abbot replied to him, 'Si bonus sis, venias—si nequam, nequaquam.'"

The old mansion of Courtfield is altogether gone—a "stately house" supplies its place; but, until within a comparatively recent period, a few walls of the ancient structure were standing; now, we believe, not a vestige of it remains to tell the story of its old importance as one of the guardians of the river.*

The estate of Courtfield is held by the Vaughans, descendants of the family who are said to have possessed it in the time of Henry V.† They continue Roman Catholics. The demesne is charmingly situated; the foliage of the wooded slopes spreads to the river-brink; but for a distance of, perhaps, two miles before the dwelling is reached, there is a border of tall and finely grown elm-trees—the elm and the witch-elm planted alternately; and although time has destroyed some of them, the greater number endure in green old age.

> "How nobly does this venerable wood,
> Gilt with the glories of the orient sun,
> Embosom yon fair mansion!"

At a turn of the river, before the mansion is seen, we pass the village of Lydbrook. Iron and tin are both manufactured here, the neighbouring Forest of Dean supplying charcoal in abundance. The village skirts the river, and presents a busy and bustling scene; the smoke from tall chimneys rising above the foliage, and the boats and barges at the quay forming a picture somewhat singular and striking in this peculiarly rural district. We may, for the moment, fancy ourselves gazing up one of the wooded slopes that border the busy town of Sheffield.

We are now reaching the special beauties of the Wye. Directly fronting us is one of the most charming of its views from the source to the mouth, a tree-clad hill—nothing more. The hill is called Rosemary Topping, a pleasant name affixed to a scene of surpassing grace and beauty. Trees of various shades and character rise from the base to its topmost height, ending, apparently, in a point covered with a mass of rich

* It is said to have been the abode of Ion Vychan, or Little Jack, a Welsh freebooter.

† The Vaughans, according to Coxe (Hist. Monmouthshire), have no records of their residence here earlier than the time of Elizabeth; the family, however, trace their pedigree much further back.

foliage.* Our engraving will convey a sufficiently accurate idea of the scene: but it is impossible for Art to do it full justice.

ROS. MARY TOPPING.

But we are now reaching "the lion" of the district—the famous Coldwell Rocks.

These rocks derive their name from a singularly cold well in the neighbourhood; so, at least, it is said in "the books," but our inquiries failed to discover it. There are springs enough—and no doubt they are sufficiently frigid; but none of the "authorities" point to any one in

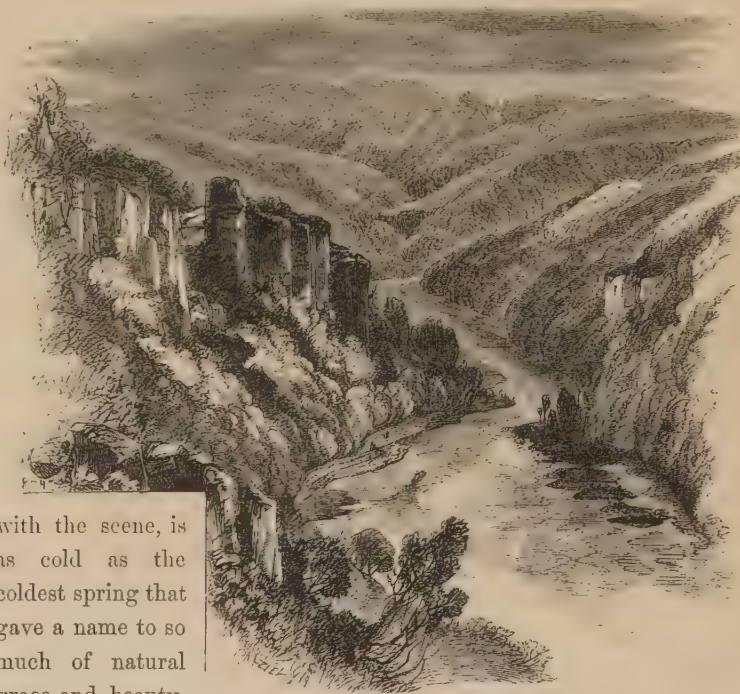
* "At Coldwell the front screen appears as a woody hill [the hill is Rosemary Topping], swelling to a point. In a few minutes it changes its shape, and the woody hill becomes a lofty side screen on the right; while the front unfolds itself into a majestic piece of rock scenery."—Gilpin. "This is the most perfect specimen of a dressed hillock, which should always have low and bushy plants, because large trees, if few, look meagre and scattered; if numerous, heavy and uniform. No mixture of exotics could produce the beautiful tints, and no skill the exquisite grouping and disposition of this admirable exemplar of a thicket laid out by nature."—Fosbroke.

particular. Mr. Hulme's sketch will convey an idea of this very beautiful scene. A succession of rocks—bare in parts, and in others clad in green—hanging almost perpendicularly over the river, are separated by deep and narrow clefts, in which grow a variety of trees, some of them rising so high as to be on a level with the hill-top; others apparently a mass of evergreen shrubs, light and dark, harmoniously

THE COLDWELL ROCKS.

mingled by the master-hand of nature. The peculiar character of the Wye here adds materially to the beauty of the landscape. As we approach it we see Raven Cliff right before us; presently, a pretty peaked rock, called after the poet Bloomfield (some time a resident in the neighbourhood), comes in sight; then Symond's Yat; then Vansittart's Rock; then Adare's Rock, with others which, if they be named, have, as the guide informed us, "names of no account." These rocks are all on the left bank; on the right bank is a sweep of low-lying meadow land, not

unfrequently covered with water.* The reader is called upon to imagine a series of steep cliffs, covered with verdure to the river's brink, the tops bare, but picturesquely bare, for the lichens and creeping plants preserve them from unseemly nakedness—such are the Coldwell Rocks; but to be appreciated, they must be seen: our written description, as compared with the scene, is as cold as the coldest spring that gave a name to so much of natural grace and beauty. They have excited the enthusiasm of all tourists, but neither the pen nor the pencil can convey an idea of their many and mingled charms.



SYMOND'S YAT.

* Some sixty years ago the barristers in going to the assizes went down the Wye, and gave their names to the different rocks; Vansittart was one of them. There is unhappily no more dignified or poetical origin for these names. Just before we approach Coldwell Rocks, a singular but not very picturesque object will attract the eye; it is a monument erected by bereaved parents to the memory of a son who was drowned here about sixty years ago.

We land here, to walk up and down hill for about a mile; the boat meanwhile makes a voyage of five miles, and rejoins us, giving us time to ascend "SYMOND'S YAT,"* and enjoy a view superior even to that we have already described. We shall first rest at the neat and "cozy" cottage of the guide: if it be spring, we may scent the blossoms of an abundant orchard; and if autumn, we can taste its fruit; at any season, a draught of home-made cider is sure to be offered to the tourist by the civil and obliging woman who keeps the house, and who will presently walk with us through the close underwood that may confuse our path, if unattended. She will draw attention to a little bubbling rivulet, that here divides Herefordshire from Gloucestershire; point out a pretty infant-school, founded and still endowed by the good Bishop of Newfoundland, formerly the rector of English Bicknor—a parish he does not forget, although many thousand miles of sea are now between him and that pleasant vale beside the sylvan Wye! She will show you other objects that greet the eye as you ascend; and will soon place you—and leave you—on a broad platform, which is the summit of the Yat, that seemed a pointed peak when you gazed upon it from the river below. You are six hundred feet above the stream; and hence you have in view seven counties—Herefordshire, in which you note "the Beacon;" Worcestershire, which displays to you the Malvern Hills; Shropshire, where the Clee Hills invite your gaze; Brecknockshire, where the Black Mountain courts your ken; Radnorshire, where "the Welsh Mountains" rise above the mist; Monmouthshire, where the Coppet Hill comes between you and the spire of Ross, on the one side, while Great Doward, on the other, keeps Monmouth town from your sight; and Gloucestershire, in which you stand.

> "———Mountains stern and desolate;
> But in the majesty of distance now
> Set off, and to our ken appearing fair
> Of aspect, with aërial softness clad,
> And beautified with morning's purple beam."

Symond's Yat is, therefore, rightly classed among the most beautiful

* "Yat" is simply "gate:" in some books we find this beautiful spot called "Cymon's Yat." It is supposed to indicate the "Seaman's Yate," or road—in reference to the Danish foray, of which it was the chief scene.

objects of this beautiful locality: below and above—at its base and on its height—the scene is very lovely.

Symond's "Yat" is in some records called by the characteristic name, Jutland; for the rock, of which it consists, here forces the Wye to make a circuitous bend, encompassing it on three sides, so as to form a small peninsula, on the summit of which the spectator beholds the

SYMOND'S YAT, FROM GREAT DOWARD.

river on each side of him. The limestone rock rises to a precipitous peak; and below it, at a less altitude, a rugged hill of siliceous breccia, the summit of which is fenced by a line of massive boulders, so continuous as to resemble a cyclopean wall. This summit has been used as a camp, secured on one side by the natural line of boulder stones; on

another by the chasm or depression between the breccia and limestone rocks; and on the other sides by the precipice and river. On the side next the chasm it has been further strengthened by a triple earthwork, like that on the Doward.

By means of these two works, one on each side of the Wye, having some rich pasture contiguous to each, the aboriginal settlers were at once in a position of security and abundance, and could follow their mining and pastoral occupations with little fear of serious molestation.

These fortresses were destined, after the lapse of centuries—which saw the rise and fall of the Roman domination, the expulsion of the Silures by the Cambrian Britons, and, again, the humiliation of the latter by the encroaching Saxon kingdoms of Mercia and Wessex—to be occupied by new intruders.

In the eleventh year of Edward the Elder (A. D. 911), a body of Norwegian Vikings, led by Eric, the Bloody Axe, then a mere lad, one of the numerous sons of Harald Haarfager, supported by two Jarls, Roald or Rognvald, and Uhter or Otter, in a marauding expedition landed at Beachley, near Chepstow, and crossing Dean Forest, took post at Symond's Yat, or Jutland. From its summit they could survey the broad expanse of meadows west of the town of Ross, and which had been part of the little British kingdom of Ergnig, now called the Hundred of Archenfield, over which the celebrated Vortigern was once king, or *subregulus*. In quest of plunder, they took prisoner a British bishop, named Camailgaret, who was ransomed by the king for £40. The scene of ransom is depicted in an ancient fresco on the church wall at Dewchurch, near Ross. The shires of Hereford and Gloucester were assembled, and the *posse comitatus* surrounded the Viking troop in their fastness at Symond's Yat, near which they formed a square encampment, yet visible. From this place Symond's Yat would be so exposed to arrow-shot as to be untenable.

Here the Vikings seem to have escaped down the easiest side of the precipice towards the old camp on Doward Hill; but, as it would seem, with ill fate, for near the ford leading to it is a defile still called "The Slaughter." It is said that Jarl Roald, and Geolcie, the brother of Jarl

Uhter, with a great part of their army, were here slain. A considerable body must have reached the Doward Hill; and as some time was necessary to follow and surround them again, they were able to enlarge the old Silurian fortress, and protect its summit by the same kind of triple embankment found at Symond's Yat. In the sequel they capitulated, and were allowed to leave the country—a sequel quite intelligible when the nature of the entrenchment at Doward Hill is considered.*

In our description of the views from Symond's Yat we have noted only distant objects; but those that are close at hand are of surpassing beauty. You trace the course of the river during part of its long journey since you left it: you look on rich farms, pleasant villages, and pretty homesteads among trees; you see the hill-rocks of varied and fantastic forms; the steep and winding footways that lead from dales to hills; here and there a rippling stream, leisurely making way towards the river, and singing as it goes; now and then, a boat, with oars or sail, or a laden barge, passes up or down, the boatman's song ascending; or you hear the workman's tool ringing through the air, as he forces the limestone from the mass, to burn in lime-kilns, picturesquely scattered on the hill-side.

On the left, you look down upon a mass of close trees—so close that there can be no space between them for miles upon miles—it is the Forest of Dean; dark and dense pillars of smoke issue here and there out of the matted foliage; they rise from occasional foundries, for the smoke created by the charcoal-burners is light and blue, and adds to the picturesque as it ascends upwards. Yon hill is Buckstone Hill, on the summit of which is Staunton Church, and which holds a venerable remain of the Druids. The hill more distant is the Kymin, looking down upon Monmouth: on its top also there is a monument to the naval heroes of a time not long past. These records of ages remote and near we shall reach in due course.

* For this information, and also for interesting notes concerning Goodrich Castle and the Black Mountain, we are indebted to the kindness and courtesy of a correspondent—Henry H. Fryer, Esq., of Coleford, Gloucestershire.

Our boat awaits us: it has gone its five miles round—passed Huntsham Farm and Huntsham Ferry, and Whitchurch Ferry—and rests at the Ferry of New Weir.*

The lock and weir formerly here have vanished; they were found useless in a river so continually liable to sudden rises and falls; and

THE LIME-KILNS AT NEW WEIR.

although indications of their whereabouts are frequently encountered, there are none remaining between Hereford and Chepstow; they were, indeed, not only useless, but injurious to navigation and destructive of the fish, and so were removed.

* The New Weir is distant from Ross five miles by land, and eighteen miles by water.

At this place are also the remains of some iron-works, to assist which it is said the weir was constructed at this spot. "New Weir is not a broad fractured face of rock, but, rather, a woody hill, from which large rocky projections, in two or three places, burst out, rudely hung with twisting branches and shaggy furniture, which, like mane round the lion's head, give a more savage air to these wild exhibitions of Nature." Near the top, a pointed fragment of solitary rock, rising above the rest, has "rather a fantastic appearance." This rock Mr. Hulme pictured. Seen at a distance, it bears a close resemblance to a time-worn turret of some ancient castle, looking down on the dell beneath. "The scene at the New Weir consists of exquisite crags, thrown into fine confusion by falls from the upper rim. These crags are full of projections and recesses and heaps of ruins, all shrubbed and weather-holed, and forming a most romantic variety of shelves, rude arches, clefts, and mimic towers. Between this and the opposite bank of rock-wall and hanging wood, the river, rapid and confined, roars hastily along. The banks are a series of meadows of deep rich green, enlivening the dusky gloom of the narrow dell. A single rock column gives an agreeable novelty to the side crags. It is only one of many others similar that were standing sixty years ago, insulated from the main wall of rock, but now either fallen or gormandized by the ravenous lime-kiln, that, regardless of the beauty of the Wye, 'in grim

ROCK AT NEW WEIR.

repose expects its evening prey.'" We are quoting Fosbroke's Notes on Gilpin's Tour.

The scenery of this neighbourhood, although it has much beauty, has much sameness—rocks and trees overhanging water. We have now the Forest of Dean on both sides of the river; and amid dense foliage clothing the steeps from the brink, we pursue our voyage. Passing a pretty lodge of one of the keepers—the only one on the right bank*—we arrive at THE DROPPING WELL—a singular formation of rocks, scattered without

THE DROPPING WELL.

order, the result, probably, of some terrible earth-shaking ages ago. The water has a petrifying influence, resembling that of certain wells in Yorkshire and Derbyshire, and it has given a very remarkable character to the hill sides and the huge masses of conglomerated stones which abound on the piece of flat land that skirts the river.

* There are in the forest twelve keepers; but their business is only to look after the wood; game is not preserved.

In this immediate neighbourhood is the deepest part of the Wye. It has here a depth of sixty feet at low water; while within a few yards of this dell, underneath, it suddenly shallows to a few inches. We picture a group of similar rocks, which form a sort of water-wall to the GREAT DOWARD: they are of the class of which we have seen so many—very

THE DOWARD ROCKS.

striking, and highly picturesque, clothed as they are with lichens of various hues, with stunted shrubs springing here and there out of crevices, and surmounted by tall and finely grown trees.* We pass

* "The river roars along a curve, between High Meadow Woods on the left, and the rock-wall of the Great Doward on the right. At the end of this reach is a beautiful mass of rock, crowned with shrubs and pendulous creepers; in front the river forms a pool, and is backgrounded by the summit of the Little Doward in sugar-loaf."—FOSBROKE.

"Between the Great and Little Doward, in a valley, lies a singularly picturesque estate, called the Kiln-house Farm. In a corner of it is a romantic cavern, bearing the name of King Arthur's Hall." It was probably a mine, out of which was obtained iron ore in old times.

a beautiful demesne, the LEYS HOUSE, with many charming hills and hollows, and reach another lion of the district—Hadnock. "The right

THE LEYS.

side consists of fields, forming the area of a sylvan amphitheatre; and the

left is made up of meadows, in flat, swell, and hollow, intermingled with woody ridges, and strips of fields in front of steep side-screens of wood." The view here is exceedingly charming. An ancient church—CHURCH

DIXTON CHURCH.

DIXTON—is encountered close to a small bourne that marks the division between the counties of Herefordshire and Monmouthshire, the opposite

bank being in Gloucestershire.* "But description flags (we borrow a passage from Gilpin) in running over such a monotony of terms. High, low, steep, woody, rocky, and a few others, are all the colours of language we have to describe scenes in which there are infinite gradations, and, amidst some general sameness, infinite peculiarities." Fosbroke, in his Notes to Gilpin, complains that the author must have become sleepy when he thus "hurries over a fine scene of continual change and inimitable grouping." But it is certain that when the voyage has been made between Ross and Monmouth, the eye and mind have wearied of the perpetual succession of rock, wood, and water, seldom and but little varied. The "wanderer on the Wye" should, therefore, never fail to ascend the heights which so frequently present themselves, and obtain views of the winding river, the near hills, and the distant mountains; his pleasure will thus be very largely enhanced.

We have now in view Little Doward—again rocks, again trees, again water. The eye is attracted by a view-tower of cast-iron; it is unfinished, in consequence, it is understood, of alarm that it might attract lightning—an idea that did not occur until a large sum had been expended in its construction. The rocks here, on the right bank, become more continuous, but vary little in character from those of which we have seen so much, and of which we begin to weary. Many of them have names—thus, here we have the Martin's Rocks; the river here, which is deep, is called "Martin's Pool." But the guides and boatmen are silent as to their origin; neither tradition nor invention being aids at their side as they conduct the tourist up and down the stream.†

* For the drawing of "Dixton Church," also for that of the "Doward Rocks," that of the "Junction of the Wye and Monnow," and that of "Monmouth from the Monnow," we are indebted to the courtesy of Captain Carter, an accomplished artist-amateur, resident at Monmouth.

† Upon the Little Doward, a hill of peculiarly fine outline, viewed in front from the Monmouth road, are the interesting remains of a British camp. Three circular terraces wind up to the summit. It is a valuable relic of British fortification, where Caractacus probably posted himself, for how otherwise are the adjacent Roman camps on the Great Doward and Symond's Yat to be accounted for? Ostorius probably attempted to force him by the Great Doward, but apparently did not succeed, and being compelled to cross the river, encamped at Symond's Yat. The inference is drawn from the circumstance of the Gauls having taken up a position protected by a river, where even Cæsar declined action.—FOSBROKE.

"The fierce Silures," who inhabited this district, held in equal contempt the lures and menaces of the Romans. The Silures, under their general, Caractacus, made a tedious and desperate resistance. The neighbourhood is full of evidence that, if a barbarous people, they kept the civilizers of the world

Every now and then, as you row along the river, you reach a quiet and retired nook, in which the patient fisher has moored his boat; it is strongly fastened to the bank by ropes, and made steady at the bow by a strong pole, to which it is attached: the net is of course overboard, and the rope which connects it with the punt the fisher holds in his hand—he is thus instantly informed when a salmon has entered it, inasmuch as he feels the sudden check. The net is then rapidly raised, and the fish

THE FISHER ON THE WYE.

transferred to the "cool parlour" of the boat. Sometimes the fisherman is fortunate; but often he has to sit a whole day, from before sunrise till long after sunset, in this constrained position, his hand just above the stream, without the excitement of a single touch.

long at bay, availing themselves of all natural aids—hill, forests, and morasses, "gaer-dykes," hollows, and dens, and especially rivers; always retreating when the Romans succeeded in luring them into close action. According to Giraldus Cambrensis, "the Welsh passed days and nights in running over the tops of hills and penetrating woods."

If, however, he can enjoy nature, he will receive ample compensation for the absence of sport. His choice of station is always some peculiarly quiet spot, out of the way of passers, where the foliage grows luxuriantly, where the breezes are always refreshing, and sometimes musical, and where sweet birds are ever singing among branches overhead, among the reeds and rushes at his side, or high in the air above.

We moor our boat at the quay, and enter Monmouth town.

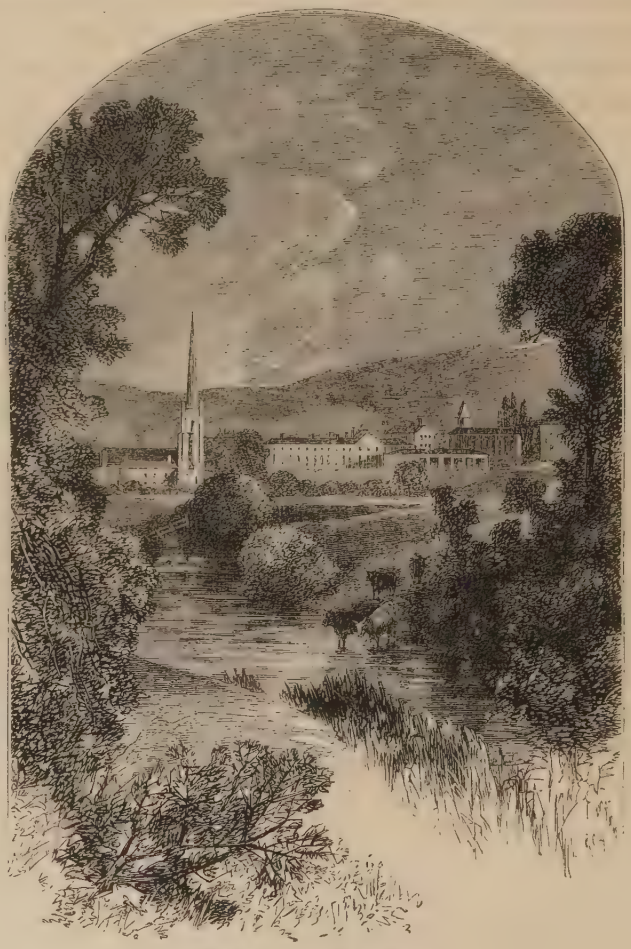
The town, standing as it does on an elevation above the two rivers, is thus seen to great advantage. Our engravings supply two views; the

MONMOUTH FROM THE WYE.

first, as it appears from the old bridge that crosses the Wye; the other, from the meadows that skirt the Monnow.

It is below the town that the Wye and Monnow meet, just under a tree-clad hill, to which is given the unaccountable name of "Gibraltar." The two rivers run at either side of a flat green meadow, and

embrace as they turn its corner, proceeding thence together to Chepstow town, thence to "rapid Severn," and thence into the Bristol Channel.



MONMOUTH FROM THE MONNOW.

Our readers will bear in mind that we are not yet in WALES: Monmouthshire is now one of our English counties, though "anciently"

it appertained to the Britons, and was the battle-field of so many of their gallant and continuous struggles for liberty, not only with the Romans, not alone with the Saxons, nor merely with the Norman invaders; in later ages they fought bravely, and under many disadvantages, with succeeding kings, and "the English," their enemies down to a comparatively recent period.

On this subject we shall have more to say when we advance further into "the bowels of the land," according due honour to a people ever brave, ever enduring, and ever fierce in their fights for freedom, under sovereigns who merited better destinies than generally it was their lot to achieve. Happily now "Wales" and "England" are one. But time has not rendered less the duty of the historian, to chronicle the heroism of a race who have to-day lost none of the renown they have kept for centuries untarnished and undiminished.

We pause in our descriptions of beautiful scenery—of rock, hill, vale, and river, and of grand relics of the olden time—to introduce one of those episodes, such as rarely fail to occur to the wanderer who is seeking incident as well as searching for the picturesque.

As we toiled up the steep—that leads from Goodrich village to Goodrich Castle—along a pathway, rendered rugged by recent rains, we encountered a man whom, by an almost instinctive impulse, we knew to be "a character." He was stout, and strongly built, with but one arm, and limped painfully. A fishing-basket was strapped to his back, and his fishing-rod was so constructed as to serve the purpose of a walking-stick. He lingered frequently, leaning sometimes against a tree, sometimes against a projecting knoll: at length he sat down on a sort of stile, hitched up his basket, placed his rod beside him, removed his felt hat, and wiped his bald head and rugged brows. His was a most contradictory countenance: the forehead full and well-proportioned, the eyes restless and bright—jesting, "gamesome" eyes—the nose short and abrupt—at once clever and coarse; so far so good—there was abundant observation, as well as sunshine, above; but the mouth was loose, with turned-down, discontented corners; the upper lip ready to curl into a snarl; the jaw heavy, the chin full to sensuality: still the whole was

remarkable; and it is ever a treat to encounter what is not commonplace. We exchanged greetings. He had observed us overlooking the rich landscape, where, from amid surrounding woods, rose the tall spire of the church we had that morning visited—the Church of Ross. He was sufficiently acute to guess our train of thought; the eyes that beamed so brightly became dark, while the lip curled into an expression sarcastic and bitter.

"I have," he said, "been admiring the fidelity with which the intentions of the 'Man of Ross' are carried out; I find myself often called upon—by myself—to admire that sort of thing, and sometimes to ponder over it before I can make it out: here it strikes the wayfarer at once—'He who runs may read.' Now I do not,—as you have no doubt perceived,—I do not '*run*,' but I can read and think. We honour the charities of the dead by care to their bequests! I am really a wayfarer, having neither house nor home, and care as little for kith and kin, as kith and kin are likely to care for a relative houseless and homeless. I had a boy-dream of how proud I should feel to have been born even a parish child of the town of John Kyrle; I nourished and cherished that dream during a toilsome life, and at last made a pilgrimage to visit his shrine; yet, seeing what I have seen, and hearing what I have heard, this day, I thank God I am *not* a man of Ross."

Again he wiped his brow, his colour faded, the sarcastic lip uncurled, the corners of the mouth became rather more straight; he appeared considerably relieved by the torrent of words he had poured forth, and by the vehemence with which he struck one end of his fishing-rod into the sward.

"Still," we said, "despite all the present can do to obliterate the past—to eradicate the memory of a man his fellow-men affect to honour—the facts of his existence and his good deeds have become history, and are patent to the whole world."

"Ah," he said, "that may be true; yet I have been trying to believe, for the last half-hour, that the 'Man of Ross' never did exist except in the poetry of Pope."

He laughed bitterly; and it was a study to observe the rapid and

varied expression of his contradictory face; but he was fond of talking, and only paused to gain breath.

"The law of nature is reversed with me. When my limbs were sound, before I lost my arm, and my foot was crushed by a railway accident,—now don't pity me, nor look as if you did,—that accident was my salvation; what maimed and mangled half my body, unfettered the other and better half—left my head clear, and gave me leisure. I was a quill-driving automaton till then; chained to a desk for twelve hours a day, and often working over hours—often sixteen out of the twenty-four—with a week's holiday just to make me pant for the life of a tramper. The railway directors are liberal gentlemen; if they dismember you, they pay you handsomely. I never estimated myself at half the value they put upon me. They taught me self-respect. If thus mutilated I was worth so much—what must I have been worth when perfect? It ought to have made my old lawyer-master ashamed of himself and the pound a week he paid me. The annuity I receive will keep me out of the workhouse to the end of my days; and I'm free of field and flood! Until winter sets in, I seldom sleep two nights in the same place. I choose to think my rod my recreation; yet I have work on hand—hard work—but it is of my own choosing. The first thing I do when I arrive in a town, is to inquire into its charities: the second, to discover their abuse. Now, mark! I have seldom found the one without the other. Talk of history!—such a history as I could write! You may depend upon it, that all the directors of public charities are born under the planet Mercury; but, perhaps, you laugh at astrology, and treat the stars with contempt. You do not know them as I do," and then his eyes looked so fierce and wild, that we began to doubt his sanity. "Directors of public charities," he continued, "however innocent and honest they may be at the commencement of their career, become thieves before it is finished. I see you do not believe me. Well, it's pleasant to have faith in human honesty; but if you desire to enjoy the luxury, do not inquire into the management of public charities. The lion has always his jackals. Lawn or linsey—nothing too high, nothing too low, for peculation. A charity is like the bait on my hook cast into a shoal of minnows—they

all want the picking on't. Well, the sort of life I lead has its pleasures also—the air, the sunshine, the wonderful, wonderful beauty in which the Creator has clothed the world. And I encounter good, earnest, simple people. I want to reach the castle, so will continue my 'upward way.' There is great exhilaration in mounting upwards. I enjoy it more now than I did when a boy. I used to bound up a hill that hung over our village. You see me limp, and do not believe me, but it is true, nevertheless. Then it was simply an idle pleasure—an animal enjoyment costing nothing, gaining nothing: now it is a triumph over physical difficulty. There is more pity in your eyes than I like. Do let me repeat that I was far more to be 'felt for' when hale and strong, buoyant and active, than I am now. Now I own no master but the Queen!"

We bade him adieu, and advanced a few paces, when he summoned us back abruptly, and asked if we remembered Doctor Andrew Borde—his rhymes about the Welsh harp.

"They have," he continued, "been running in my head all day. I suppose it is this half Welsh air that has revived them;" and he repeated the quaint old rhymes:—

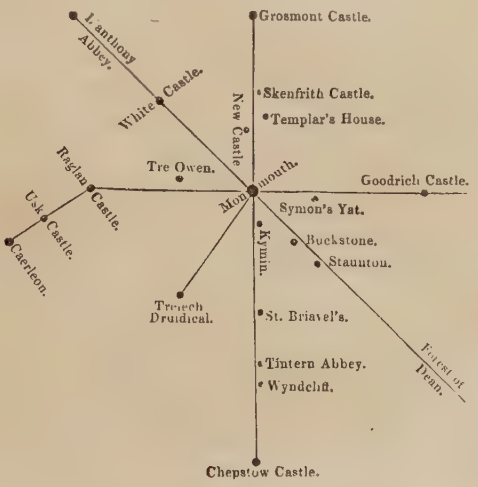
> "If I have my harpe I care for no more—
> It is my treasure; I keep it in store.
> For my harp it is made of good mare's skinne;
> The strynges be of good horse hair; it maketh a good dynne.
> My songe, and my voice, and my harpe doe agree,
> Much like the buzzing of an humble bee;
> Yet in my country doe I make paystime
> In telling of prophecies which bee not in rhyme."

We heard him singing the two last lines, to a tune of "lang syne," as we mounted higher and higher up the hill.

Monmouth rises from the river-side, occupying a slight elevation, which stands between the Monnow and the Wye, at the mouth of the Monnow, whence its name is derived. The effect is very striking from the bridge at which the voyager moors his boat. The situation of the town is singularly beautiful, occupying a tongue of land formed by the confluence of the two rivers at the termination of a rich valley, surrounded by lofty hills, whose wooded acclivities, from the base to the summit, enrich a landscape rarely surpassed in any part of Wales or England.

Seen from the Monnow, the town seems perched on the height of a huge cliff; whilst from all adjacent places, the church steeple—the Church of St. Mary—towers high above surrounding houses.

The tourist has a choice of good inns—a matter of no small importance; for as Monmouth is the centre of many attractions to those who visit the Wye, it will probably be a resting-place of some days; hence they will make excursions to some of the most interesting objects in a locality full of them. We cannot, therefore, do better than supply the tourist with A GUIDE to the several leading "Lions" of the district.*



Monmouth is famous in history; and has been so from a very remote period; although its earliest existing charter is dated no farther back than 1549—granted by Edward VI. "to the burgesses of his burg and town of Monmouth, in the Marches of Wales, and in the Duchy of Lancaster." It is surmised to have been a Roman station,

* For this "Guide" we are indebted to a correspondent, W. W. Old, Esq., of Monmouth, an amateur artist, who, having long resided in the neighbourhood, is familiar with every portion of it. From him also we received sketches of the Naval Temple, Geoffrey's Window, Nelson's Summer-house, Staunton Church, and the Buckstone.

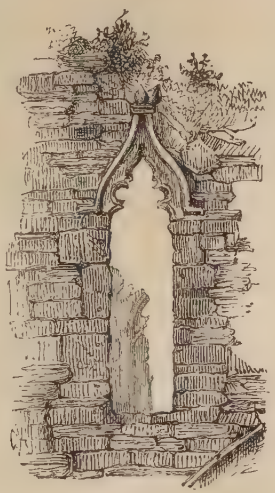
but was certainly a stronghold of the Saxons, by whom it was fortified, to maintain their acquired territory between the Severn and the Wye,

MONMOUTH CASTLE, FROM THE MONNOW.

and to check incursions of the Welsh; there was undoubtedly a fortress here at the Conquest. It is expressly mentioned in Domesday Book as

forming part of the royal demesne, "in the custody of William Fitz Baderon," in whose family it remained for two centuries. Lambarde states that "the citie had once a castle in it," which, during the barons' wars, was razed to the ground. "Thus," quoth the chronicler, "the glorie of Monmouth had clene perished, ne had it pleased God long after, in that same place, to give life to the noble king Henry V., who of the same is called Henry of Monmouth." It is this castle, and this memorable "birth," that give imperishable renown to the town of Monmouth. The present castle—a miserable and shamefully desecrated ruin, yet one that vies in interest with that of imperial Windsor itself—was built, or perhaps rebuilt, by old John of Gaunt,—time-honoured Lancaster,—to whom it devolved by marriage with Blanche, "daughter and heir" of Henry, Duke of Lancaster, whose title was inherited, with the estates, by the great nobleman who is immortal in the pages of history, and also in those of "the playwright"—William Shakspere.

Passing subsequently through various hands—especially those of the Herberts, Earls of Pembroke—it became the property of the Dukes of Beaufort: and the present duke is now its lord. We cannot believe him to be responsible for the shameful condition in which these remnants, left by old Time, are suffered to exist. The walls are crumbling away; "Harry's window" is breaking up; while the interior has been literally converted into a pigsty, where it is hazardous for a foot to tread. The state of this ruin forms so marked a contrast with that of Raglan, and also that of Chepstow—both of which are the property of the Duke, and remarkable for neatness and order, and due care to preservation—that we must suppose Monmouth to be, in some way or other, out of his jurisdiction. At all events, Monmouth Castle is discreditable to the local authorities; and argues

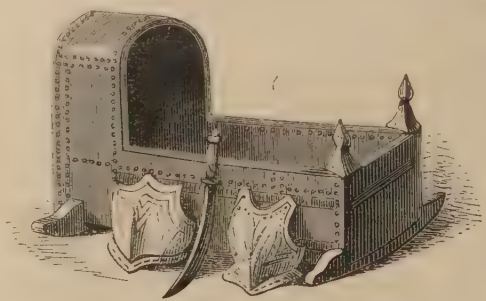


HARRY'S WINDOW.

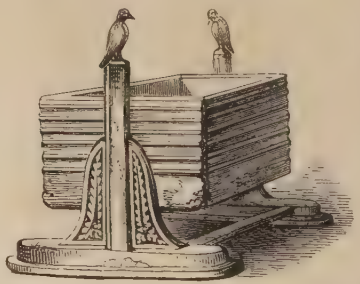
very short-sighted policy, no less than shameful indifference to the source whence the town derives its glory and its fame.

The hero of Agincourt was born here, on the 9th of August, 1387.* The chamber in which "he first drew breath" was a part of an upper story, 58 feet long by 24 feet broad, and was "decorated with ornamented gothic windows," one of which, the only one that remains, we have engraved. The "county magistrates" erected a statue to "Harry of Monmouth" in front of the Town Hall, the only authority they could find for "a likeness" being a whole length portrait in the cabinet at Strawberry Hill; this they copied, and the result is a very miserable

* On the great staircase at Troy House is preserved an old cradle, which is called that of Henry V. It is certainly not as old as the era of that monarch; we engrave it, together with some pieces of old armour, apparently of the time of Elizabeth, which stand beside it. A comparison of this cradle with that upon the tomb of the infant child of James I., in Westminster Abbey, with which it is almost identical, will satisfy the sceptical as to its date. It is covered with faded and tattered red velvet, and ornamented with gilt nails and silken fringe; from its general character we may believe it was constructed about 1650. The late Sir Samuel Meyrick considered it of the time of Charles I., and archæologists repudiate the notion of its being that of the fifth Harry.



We engrave a representation of another old cradle long preserved in Monmouth Castle, and which had better claims to be considered as that in which the baby-king was rocked. It has all the characteristics of cradles of his era as represented in ancient drawings; and was entirely made of wood. It was merely a wooden oblong box, which swung between posts, surmounted by carved birds, with foliated ornament beneath. It has been figured in books devoted to antiquities, and recently in Murray's "Handbook of Mediæval Art," where it is stated to be preserved in Monmouth Castle; it has, however, long passed from thence into private hands, and, at present, we are unable to say where the relic may be seen, or whether indeed it be in existence.



The mansion contains several interesting family portraits, including one of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, when young, and one of the brave old Marquis of Worcester, the defender of Raglan. It has also a curious oak chimney-piece, carved with scriptural subjects, and some good specimens of ceilings of the time of Queen Elizabeth.

production considered as a work of Art, although an undoubted proof that his fellow-townsmen recollected him some four centuries after his death.

Monmouth is believed to have been the birthplace of another famous man—"Geoffrey of Monmouth:" little is known of his history, except that he became archdeacon of his native town, was "probably" educated at one of its monasteries, and was consecrated Bishop of St. Asaph in 1152.

Geoffrey of Monmouth, who was also called "Galfridus Arthurius," but whose proper name was Geoffrey-ap-Arthur, is known chiefly by his

GEOFFREY'S WINDOW.

romantic History of England, a work "altered and disguised" from a History of British Kings, written by "Tyssilio, or St. Teilau, Bishop of St. Asaph, a writer who lived in the seventh century." It has been long regarded as a collection of fables, to which no value can be attached; but it originated the tragedy of "King Lear," was the source from which

Milton drew the beautiful picture of "Comus," and to which other poets have been largely indebted.

There yet remains, in a very good state of preservation, a tower of the ancient Priory, founded during the reign of Henry I., for black monks of the Benedictine order, by Wyhenoc, grandson of Fitz Baderon, and third Lord of Monmouth. In this tower exists an apartment, said and believed to have been Geoffrey's study; but it is evidently of a later date. The building is now used as a National School—remarkably neat, well ordered, and apparently well conducted.

The Monnow Bridge is an object of considerable interest; so also is the Gate-house—a singularly picturesque structure, "the foundation of

MONNOW BRIDGE.

which," according to Grose, "is so ancient that neither history nor tradition affords any light respecting its erection." Obviously it was one of the most formidable defences of the town in "old times." The venerable Church of St. Thomas stands close beside the bridge: it is of high antiquity; "the simplicity of its form, the circular shape of the

door-way, and of the arch separating the nave from the chancel, and the style of their ornaments, which bear a Saxon character, seem to indicate that it was constructed before the Conquest." It has been carefully and judiciously "restored."

There are few other "remains" of note in the ancient town of Monmouth, although in its suburbs and "within walking distance" there are many. We may, therefore, be permitted to introduce an engraving of a building which is considered and shown as one of its "lions"—a summer-house consecrated to the memory of the great Admiral Nelson, and which contains an old carved chair—his seat during a visit to

NELSON'S SUMMER-HOUSE.

the neighbourhood, in 1802. But that which attracts most attention in this interesting locality, and to which all tourists will make a pilgrimage, is the Kymin Hill, the ascent to which commences immediately after passing Wye Bridge. It is partly in Monmouthshire and partly in Gloucestershire; and on its summit is a PAVILION, which we picture—less for its intrinsic value (for it is clumsy, and little worthy of the proud

position it occupies), than as the spot from which a view is obtained, equal, perhaps, to any that may be found in Wales or in England: from this point are seen no fewer than nine counties:—those of Monmouth, Gloucester, Hereford, Worcester, Salop, Radnor, Brecon, Glamorgan, and Somerset. Of this exciting scene thus writes the county historian:—"I shall not attempt to describe the unbounded expanse of country which presents itself around and beneath, and embraces a circumference of nearly three hundred miles. The eye, satiated with the distant prospect, reposes at length on the near views, dwells on the country immediately

THE PAVILION.

beneath and around, is attracted with the pleasing position of Monmouth, here seen to singular advantage, admires the elegant bend and silvery current of the Monnow, glistening through meads, in its course towards the Wye, and the junction of the two rivers."

The Pavilion was built in 1794, and "a Naval Temple" was added to it in 1801, the purpose being to accommodate the numerous parties who visited the hill to enjoy the view: from its windows and neighbouring seats the whole country, near and distant, is commanded. It is impossible for language to render justice to the delights supplied from this spot to all lovers of the grand and beautiful in nature.

A road leads from the Kymin to The Buckstone—one of the most famous druidic remains to be found in a district abounding with them: it is a singular relic of the wildest superstitions of our British ancestors—

> "Which the gentlest touch at once set moving,
> But all earth's power couldn't cast from its base!"

Such is the poet's reading; and the stone was usually so constructed,

THE BUCKSTONE.

or rather so placed, as certainly to "rock" when but lightly touched: hence the popular name of "rocking-stone."*

The Church of Staunton, in the immediate neighbourhood, is highly

* "The form of the stone is an irregular square inverted pyramid; the point where it touches the pedestal is not above 2 feet square. Its height is about 10 feet: S. E. side, 16 feet 5 inches; N. side, 17 feet; S. W., 9 feet; and its south side, 12 feet. The rock pedestal is an irregular square; S. E. side, 12 feet; N., 14 feet 9 inches; W., 21 feet 5 inches; S., 14 feet."—Fosbroke.

interesting in character, and very picturesque. We introduce an engraving of the interior, from the pencil of Mr. Old.

We have already made the reader familiar with those attractions which neighbour Monmouth and border the Wye—Goodrich Court and Symond's Yat; Ross is distant only a few miles—by land, that is to say. Others we shall describe as we voyage downward to Chepstow: the

STAUNTON CHURCH.

venerable Church of St. Briavel, the gloomy Forest of Dean, the Abbey of Tintern—the majestic ruin that glorifies the banks of the fair river, and regal Raglan. A reference to our Plan will show that other interesting objects are accessible by short drives or walks from the town, although Llanthony Abbey, Grosmont Castle, Usk Castle, and "shadowy Caerleon," are too far away to be reached easily. Skenfrith Castle, the

Templar's House, and New Castle, will supply material for much thought and interest, if the tourist take but a health-walk. These "strong dwellings" of the old border lords are illustrations of its history, when the district was a continual seat of war; each is now a broken ruin, but each had renown in its day as—

"A statelie seate, a loftie, princelie place.

White Castle ("Castle Gwyn") was, so far back as the reign of James I., described as "ruinous and in decay time out of mind;" and Skenfrith as "decayed time out of the memory of man." It is said to be the oldest castle in Monmouthshire. The Templar's House is now a farm-house. Tre Owen, an ancient mansion, is now also the abode of a substantial farmer. It is, however, a remarkably fine specimen of Tudor domestic architecture, said to have been added to by Inigo Jones. Close to New Castle—a castle now "old"—is the famous fairies' oak, a singularly grown tree, with pendent branches. The druidical monument, the three stones from which some learned antiquarians have derived the name of Trelech (*Tri lech* or *Tair llech*), is a relic of much interest.

Troy House, one of the seats of the Duke of Beaufort, is situated about a mile from Monmouth, to the east, near the small river "Trothy," corrupted into Troy. It is said to have been built by Inigo Jones, but is by no means a pure example of the great architect's genius.

There is, however, one interesting structure in Monmouth of which we have as yet taken no note—the Almshouses founded by "William Jones"—a common name, but one to which is due the gratitude of a long posterity in this town.

Monmouth seems more proud of its William Jones than Ross of its John Kyrle. There is a degree of mystery about the former that increases the interest felt to know what are facts and what fancies of the good man's history. The "facts" are clear enough: the Free Grammar School and pretty almshouses tell of the liberality and benevolence of their founder. The "fancies" cannot be better given than in the words of a woman we met at the entrance to one of the houses, and who volunteered to tell us "more about them than any book or body in Monmouth." Our

informant could not have been *very* old: her small form was erect and firm, her step brisk and elastic; but her face was lined and relined—a wonderful specimen of "cross hatching"—not at all, it would seem, of the same date as her keen, earnest, restless blue eyes—eyes that were still full of the untamed fire of energetic youth. She was respectably dressed; the steel

TROY HOUSE.

buckle in her high-crowned hat was bright, and her jacket and petticoat, of the true Cambrian cut and colours, fitted to a hair.

"Many say one thing, and as many another," she commenced; "but I have good right to know the truth. My gran'mother came from Newland, where Master Jones his parents, if not himself, were born; for the Monmouth people say he was a Monmouth lad, and my gran'father—or maybe it was my great-gran'father—knew and lived in the same house wi' the shoemaker, King. If I don't know

the truth about Master Jones, all I say is, *Who does ?* and no one ever tells me."

The old lady was too decided for us to question her veracity, so we meekly asked for the story.

"But will you believe it?" she inquired sharply, "and not go looking after it into books, that never tell a word of truth."

As we were well up in "authorities," we could assure her we did not intend looking into books, but rather at the almshouses. There are no charities so enduring as those that are recorded in brick and mortar.

"Master Jones's family could do little for him," she continued, "or they would not ha' let him be a 'boots' to an inn in Monmouth. A very gay, lightsome, spirity lad he was. And, though my gran'mother did not hold wi' it, some did say that he fell in love wi' a girl above his rank, and, finding it would not do, he left Monmouth in despair like; but before he went he owed Master King, the shoemaker, the price of a pair of shoes. He got them only a night or two before he ran right away from the inn; and when many called him a rogue, Master King laughed, and said, 'Will Jones is a good lad, and whenever he can he'll pay me.' Well, years and years went away, as they always do, rolling one after the other. The old people at Newland died in less than ten years after their son left; and whenever Will Jones was mentioned, it was as the lad who ran away with Master King's shoes; but still the shoemaker said, 'The lad's a good lad, and when he can he'll pay me.' Well, after a while even the shoes and Will Jones were forgotten. The slips of elder that old Master Jones and his missus planted in the garden of their little cottage at Newland had grown into trees, and the whole look of the place was changed. It was a fine spring morning, and the elder-trees were in flower, when a poor man, doubled like a bow, and shaking under a ragged coat, crept through the village, and sat on the grass, under the shadow of the trees, for they spread far beyond the rails. The woman who lived in the cottage only scoffed at his questions, and would not answer civilly, and told him to go away; but he would not. He entreated her to let him rest there, and give him to drink of the water of his father's well; but she was without feeling, and set her dog at him. So rising up, he went to the

alehouse; and when the master found he sat on the bench at the door, and ordered nothing, he told him there was an overseer then at the poor-house, and he had better go there at once, and not take up the room of a good customer. Well, there he went, and declared himself to be Will Jones, who had been nearly thirty years away, and who had returned, ragged and penniless, to claim relief from the parish where his parents lived and died, and where he was born; but they answered that, after having lived at Monmouth, and been long away, he had no settlement in Newland; that he should have no relief from them, but that they would send him on to Monmouth. He tried to win their pity; said he was footsore and weary—an old worn-out man, who only craved to end his days where he first drew breath, and be buried in the grave where his parents lay. But no pity was shown him; he was taken before Mr. Wyndham, of Clearwell, who sent him, hungry and footsore still, to Monmouth, as his right settlement. I always heard that in the Monmouth poorhouse he wore the pauper's dress, and ate the pauper's bread; and yet there was that in the man that went to the hearts of those about him. He soon made his way to Joe King the shoemaker, and found him living in the same small house, next door to the 'King's Head Inn,' where he had served when a lad. Joe was always a kindly fellow—my father said all Joes are kindly—it comes to them from Joseph who put gold money in his brothers' sacks: that's in the Bible, and if you won't take my word for it, you may go to the Bible and look. And Joe, thinking the strange man was above the common, pitied him because of the pauper dress, and asked him to have a bit; and they had a long chat together. And after awhile, Master Jones asked the old shoemaker if he remembered a good-for-nothing scamp of a boy who lived next door, years ago—one Jones, who had cheated him out of a pair of shoes, and gone to London? And the old man looked kindly, and shook his head, and said he remembered Will Jones,—'Wild Will' some called him,—but he was *no* scamp; and would pay him yet—if he could; if he could not, he was not going to sin his soul by not forgiving a poor fellow the value of a pair of shoes.

"Next morning the pauper was gone, and of course there was great

fuss and talk in the poorhouse that he had gone off with the workhouse clothes. But a month after that a gentleman's coach drove right up to the door, and a gentleman got out—a fine broad-shouldered gentleman he was, firm on his limbs, with a back as straight as a poplar-tree; he carried a bundle under his arm, and asked for the master of the poorhouse. The news spread, as they say, like 'wild-fire,'—great news, that the pauper old Will Jones, had turned out to be William Jones, Esquire, of the city of Lon'un, and ever so many foreign cities—who had a right to stand upright before the Lord Mayor of Lon'un and the King—a man full of money. And after that he drove straight to Master King's, the shoemaker; and it was no easy thing to make him believe that the great gentleman, or the old pauper—one and the other—was the boy from Newland, who ran away from the inn, and owed him for the shoes. And they had a deal of chaffing about it. And my gran'father said a purse, heavy with gold, was left on the shoemaker's table. Ah, there's many a ready-made gentleman has worn the pauper's coat! He did intend to have done for little Newland what he did for great Monmouth, but never quite forgave their turning him over to Monmouth parish—how could any one forgive *that?* Sure there's no pleasanter sight than the houses he built, and the comfort he gives year by year to many who, but for him, would be comfortless. And such was his love for this town of Monmouth, that he left thousands of pounds in Lon'un to build almshouses for twenty blind and lame people of the town, who might find themselves in that far-away city. Surely, Monmouth was near his heart! But he was too pure a Christian to bear malice, and left even to the poor at Newland five thousand pounds, with directions about their having the Gospel preached—to teach them charity!"

Such is the popular story of William Jones, and such the origin of those admirable almshouses which supply food and homes to many who have "seen better days." We may safely believe it—tradition is rarely wrong; and though there are even in Monmouth some cold-brained folk who seek to prove that William Jones never was poor, they do not deny that he was a native of the district—that he made a fortune in London—and that he has been for two centuries the benefactor of Monmouth town.

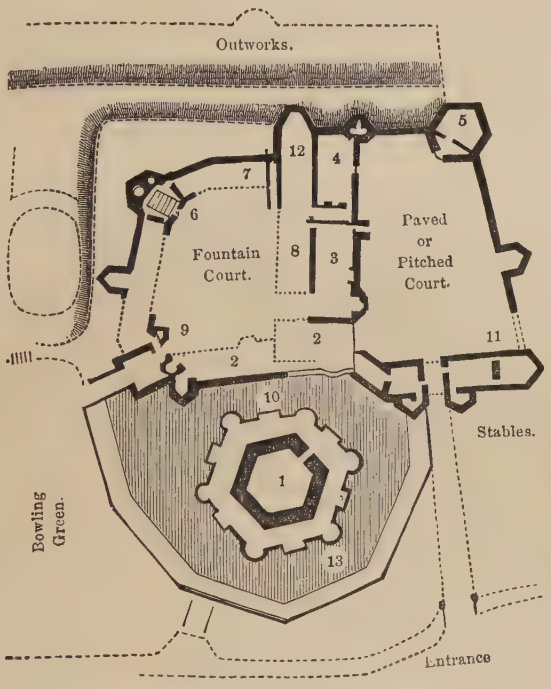
All who are wanderers of the Wye, and rest in the old town of Monmouth, will certainly visit the picturesque yet very magnificent remains of RAGLAN CASTLE. It is our pleasant duty to picture and describe its many attractions.* The visitor, however, will find "on the spot" a guide, such as he will rarely encounter in any "notable" place of any district. The Warden of Raglan Castle is a gentleman and a scholar, although circumstances have placed him in a position somewhat under that to which he is entitled of right. His appointment to the office by the Duke of Beaufort is, at all events, an advantage to those who visit this beautiful ruin; he is ever active and ready in communicating the knowledge—large and accurate—he possesses concerning its remarkable and interesting history. To him—acting as the Duke's representative—we are no doubt indebted for much of the care and cost expended to prevent further encroachments of the destroyer—Time. It is but just to commence our notice of Raglan by giving expression to the gratitude that cannot fail to be felt towards his Grace by all who visit this fine relic of a great epoch, to which all visitors are freely welcome, and where a liberal and judicious management is perpetually exercised to preserve without "restoring," to arrest decay while excluding evidence of "newness,"—so that all is in perfect harmony and "keeping." Indeed, as we shall also elsewhere have occasion to remark, all ancient remains on the property of the Duke of Beaufort are admirable examples of neatness and good order.

It is obvious that the space to which we are necessarily limited will enable us to do little more than introduce a brief outline of its history, with some explanations of the various circumstances and several objects that cannot fail to interest the tourist. This we shall do as carefully as we can, endeavouring to enhance the enjoyment of those by whom the venerable and beautiful ruin may be visited.

A ground plan of the castle will enable the reader, better than any

* We have borrowed some of the illustrative woodcuts which illustrate our description of Raglan from "The Castles and Abbeys of England," by William Beattie, M.D., a work of great merit and value. The subjects are of objects which do not now undergo change, and are excellently engraved from drawings by an admirable artist, the late W. H. Bartlett.

written description can do, to ascertain the distribution of the several buildings of which it consists.



1. Keep, or Yellow Tower.
2. Chamber, famous for its elaborate oak carving.
3. Great Hall.
4. The Buttery, over which was the Minstrel's Room and the Royal Apartment, in which is "King Charles's window."
5. Kitchen.
6. Gateway and Staircase.
7. Galleries and State-rooms.
8. Chapel.
9. Gateway leading to the Bowling-green.
10. Spot formerly crossed by a bridge.
11. Breach made during the siege.
12. Upper story and Picture Gallery.
13. Moat surrounding the Keep.

Above 7 and 9 were the quarters of the superior officers.

Raglan is "of no great antiquity," as compared with its neighbours, dating no farther back than the fifteenth century. In the reign of Henry VIII. it is described by Leland as "fair and pleasant, with goodlye parkes adjacent;" and later, by Camden, as "a fair house, built castel-like." There is no doubt, however, that the citadel, or

"Yellow Tower of Gwent," is of a period much more remote, and that a "Lord of Raglan" held sway here as early as the time of the first Henry. Subsequently it received various additions by succeeding lords, until, during the civil war, it was besieged, taken, dismantled, and finally destroyed. For nearly four centuries it has been the property of the Earls and Marquises of Worcester; and from this venerable family-seat the late commander-in-chief in the Crimea took his title. The

THE GRAND ENTRANCE.

history of the princely race of Somerset is almost that of England during its most eventful periods, from the wars of the Roses to those of the Crown and the Parliament: they were foremost among the nobles of the realm in every reign, always gallant gentlemen, often accomplished scholars, and very frequently the patrons of Letters, Science, and Art.—on many occasions holding rank among their most eminent professors. The memoirs of this great "House" are indeed full of incidents akin to

romance; furnishing to the throne and the country brave soldiers, skilful ambassadors, loyal subjects, stout defenders of national rights, and men who considered that to increase popular knowledge, as well as civil liberty, was the first duty of a nobleman. The house is, therefore, illustrious in a higher sense than even that which is derived from rank, wealth, and antiquity. After the Restoration, the then Marquis of

FROM THE MOAT.

Worcester, eldest son of the second marquis, "the author" of "A Century of Inventions"—a work that "went far beyond its time"—and the grandson of the gallant soldier whose defence of his castle is among the most stirring incidents of the age, was created (in 1682) Duke of Beaufort,*

* "Duke of Beaufort creat. 1642; Earl of Worcester, 1514; Earl of Glamorgan, Viscount Grosmont, and Baron Beaufort, 1644; Baron of Bottetourt, 1308; Baron Herbert, 1641; Baron Herbert of Raglan, Chepstow, and Gower, 1506."—DODD.

"with remainder to the heirs male of his body;" in consideration not alone of his eminent services to the crown, but also of "his noble descent from King Edward III., by John de Beaufort, eldest son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by Catherine Swinford, his third wife." The present—the eighth—Duke, Henry Charles Fitzroy Somerset, was born in 1824.

The reader will advantageously traverse this ruin if we give him some idea of the duties of the leading subordinates in the defence of a castle in the olden time.

Among its retainers there was no more important personage than the WARDER. He kept the gate, and he only arranged all entry or exit. He lived in a small room beside the portal, which was usually protected by bolts, bars, and a formidable portcullis. The folding gates were on ordinary occasions shut, and the smaller wicket door in one of them opened for foot-passengers. A grated opening, or loop-hole, was provided in the gate for the warder to observe and take note of those who demanded admission. Extraordinary precautions were always adopted to secure the gates from surprise; they were generally double, and further protected by portcullises. When closed for the night they were never opened without strict scrutiny; and then only the small wicket door in the larger one was unfastened; it was generally only four feet high, so that a person must enter stooping, and might be cut down by the attendant guard if he were an enemy.

WARDER.

Notification of danger was given to the neighbourhood by lighting the BEACON on the topmost tower, which, as castles were usually placed on eminences, might be seen around for many miles; so that retainers, or soldiers, from other strongholds might be sent as aids. These beacons were open fire-places of iron, affixed to the ramparts; and to tend them was a service of danger, when bowmen could hit with an arrow as

certainly as riflemen now do with a ball. The beacon was frequently affixed to a church tower, and occasionally on a hill, the staff which supported it being provided with projecting beams, to enable a man to climb up and replenish it. In this way the country was aroused in time of danger, and the fires lit in one beacon were responded to by lighting another, until the alarm was widely spread. Upon the upper ramparts of the castle at Edinburgh there still remains a large beacon, taking the form of a large open iron basket; its position is most commanding, and it may have blazed on many memorable occasions in "days lang syne."

THE BEACON.

The ARMOURER was an important denizen of the "stronghold of stone," and his services were constantly in request, from the first hour when the young knight had "his suit of mail" ordered, to that of the battle-field. In the days when archers were the chief warriors, plate-armour was a coveted defence; and in "piping times of peace" the skill of the armourer was devoted to the decoration of the noble's suit, which was so valuable, when inlaid with gold and silver and enriched by Art-workmanship, that instances are on record where the wearer was slain merely to obtain the suit as plunder.

ARMOURER.

When gunnery became general, the MUSKETEER manned the ramparts of the old castle, and his steel cap and cuirass were the only relics of "the panoply of steel" that once encased the soldier, and which was found of little avail against the bullet. These

were among the foremost subordinates of a castle such as that of Raglan; there were others of equal note, and of perhaps greater importance—such as the general superintendent or castellain, and the higher officers of the army, as well as the domestic attendants, the butler, steward, and officials of the household and kitchen; but to picture them would be foreign to our purpose; those we have introduced may, however, enable the reader to people the old ruin with its old guards, as well as its ancient lords and governors.

MUSKETEER.

The disposition of Edwardian castles (considered as the most perfect form of a mediæval fortress) consisted of a central *keep*, or strong tower, surrounded by a curtain wall and smaller towers, the space between forming an inner *ballium*, where the soldiers were lodged and exercised; sometimes a second or outer *ballium* was formed at a distance surrounding this, and so a double line of fortifications secured the central keep. A deep ditch bounded the whole, and the drawbridge was protected by an advanced *barbacan*, consisting of a fortified gate and side walls, upon which soldiers could be mounted, if an attempt were made to force an entrance. There was a gloomy seclusion in the old baronial life; the dwelling-rooms were usually small and dark, and the lady's apartment, though decorated with tapestry and enriched with carved furniture, was dark and "drafty" also. In some castles a small garden, with a few flowers, was laid out near the lady's boudoir; this was termed "the pleasaunce:" it generally consisted of a few roses trained on a trellis, a few pinks, marigolds, and flowers which we now value little, but which were the only ones known in "old" England.

Raglan Castle is indebted for much of its renown to the events that made it a ruin—its brave defence, in 1646, when assailed by the army of the Parliament. The good and gallant Marquis, a loyal gentleman and a true man, when summoned to surrender in the June of that

year, returned for answer, he would "rather die nobly than live with infamy." The besiegers were rapidly augmented by troops "released from Oxford," and, headed by Fairfax, they compelled a surrender, but not even then until the venerable soldier had twice received the commands of the king to abandon further defence. On the 17th of August, 1646, "the officers, soldiers, and gentlemen of the garrison marched out with horses and arms, colours flying, drums

THE PICTURE GALLERY.

beating, trumpets sounding, matches lighted at both ends, bullets in their mouths, and every soldier with twelve charges of powder and ball," choosing any place they pleased to deliver up their arms to the general of the Parliament. The gallant old Marquis was then eighty-four years of age, and his castle was the last in England that "kept to" the cause of the unhappy king. The siege was followed by sequestration and sale of the whole estate, Cromwell obtaining a large share of it. The lead

was taken from the roofs; the walls, broken by the cannon, soon let in the weather; timber was removed by every greedy hand, and Time was left to "do his worst" with the valuable and beautiful castle-mansion that had been so long the glory of Monmouthshire. Unhappily, no effort was made to restore it when restoration was practicable; it has, therefore, been a ruin during two centuries, but it is, beyond all question, the most picturesque and beautiful ruin in the kingdom: other ruins there are,

ROYAL APARTMENTS.

grander and more imposing, but none so graceful in decay, none that so pleasantly, yet so forcibly, recalls a period when the Baron's hall was a continual scene of hospitality, and the Baron at the head of his retainers in all but name a king.

Our description of the castle, its towers, its dilapidated staircases, its groined windows, its arched doorways, its once proud Keep, and the gorgeous remains of its lofty halls and stately apartments, must be necessarily brief. A sufficiently accurate idea of them, in their present con-

dition, will be formed from the appended woodcuts, which exhibit the more striking and interesting parts of the yet magnificent structure.

" A famous castle fine
That RAGGLAN hight, stands moated almost round;
Made of free stone, upreight, as straight as line,
Whose workmanship in beautie doth abound;
With curious knots, wrought all with edged toole;
The statelye tower that looks o'er pond and poole,
The fountaine trim, that runs both day and night,
Doth yield in showe a rare and noble sight!"

" The famous castle" was scarcely more " fine" in its glory than it is in its decay.

The county historian, Coxe, and the Rev. John Evans (" Beauties of England and Wales"), describe the ruin fully; but Dr. Beattie has

CHAMBER IN THE GATEWAY TOWER.

devoted to the subject a large portion of his interesting and valuable book, " The Castles and Abbeys of England." From these sources we borrow our details. The ruins stand on a gentle eminence near the

village; including the citadel, they occupy a tract of ground not less than a third of a mile in circumference. The citadel, a detached building, was a large hexagon, defended by bastions, surrounded by a moat, and connected with the castle by a drawbridge; it was called Melyn-y-Gwent, or the Yellow Tower of Gwent, and is five stories high. The shell of the castle encloses two courts or areas, each of which communicated with a

THE KITCHEN.

terrace walk, to which residents resorted for "out of door" exercise and enjoyment, and which communicated with the bowling-green. The Grand Entrance is formed by a gothic portal, flanked by two massive towers: they are still in a good state, gracefully clothed with ivy. The porch, which retains the grooves for two portcullis, leads into the first court, formerly paved, but now carpeted with cleanly shorn grass, and

"sprinkled with shrubs." On the eastern and northern sides are the range of culinary offices—the kitchen being remarkable for the great size of its fire-places, indicating the hospitality of its old lords. The southern side seems to have formed a grand suite of apartments, and the great bow window of the hall, at the south-western extremity of the court, is "finely canopied with ivy." The stately hall which divides the two courts, and which appears to have been built during the reign of Elizabeth, contains

WINDOW OF DRAWING-ROOM.

vestiges of splendour and beauty.* Here, carved in stone, are the arms of the first Marquis of Worcester, with the family motto, "Mutare vel timere sperno"—"I scorn to change or to fear." To the north of the

* In the Banquet Hall a great improvement has been introduced by the present warden. The floor, which, since the hand of the spoiler removed the encaustic tiles some two hundred years ago, was composed of a stiff clay, on which vegetated a few scanty blades of grass, and on which the water, after showery weather, always used to lie in pools, is now macadamised, and covered with "mine dust," a sufficient depth of clay having first been wheeled away to insure the original level being preserved. Mine dust being somewhat of the same colour as the original tiles (red predominating), harmonises nicely, and gives a tone that was wanting. The dimensions of this splendid hall—68 feet long, 28 wide, 53 to summit of gable, and 30 to corbels, whence spring the roof—may now be viewed in comfort, the floor being as dry as a carpet.

hall are ranges of offices, which appear to have been the buttery and pantry. Beyond them are traces of splendid apartments, some of the sculptured decorations of which yet remain. The western door of the hall led into the chapel, which is much dilapidated; few indications of its holy uses are to be found; it was probably destroyed, as well as desecrated, by the soldiers of the Commonwealth; yet it is singular, notwithstanding, that scarce a trace of its architectural ornaments remains, excepting a few groins rising from grotesque heads that supported the roof. Dr. Beattie conjectures that the chapel was of a very early date, probably coeval with the Gwent tower, and that it had never been decorated as other parts of the castle were. The Fountain Court may still be distinctly traced, and the site of the "White Horse," in the Fountain Court—the original basin which supplied it with water, having been recently discovered; the "water-works" at Raglan, during the sovereignty of the first marquis, formed, indeed, the leading attractions of the castle, and are said greatly to have pleased the taste and soothed the feelings of King Charles, when, a fugitive from Naseby field, he had such a welcome of voice and heart within these walls as he was never destined to receive afterwards from any of his subjects.*

Most of the apartments of this noble castle-mansion were of large dimensions; everywhere there is evidence that "accommodation" was obtainable for a small army, and that "entertainment" was always there

* Some interesting discoveries have been lately made as regards the water supply of the castle. During the winter of 1858-9, the liberality of the duke enabled his Grace's agent, Mr. Wyatt, to search for the ancient draw-well, which was filled up nearly a century and a half ago, in consequence of sheep frequently falling into it, having wandered among the ruins, then utterly neglected, from adjacent farms. A congress of octogenarians was first summoned, to learn if any of them could recollect having heard their parents say where was the exact site of the ancient draw-well. But not a spark of information on the required subject was it possible to elicit. No one could even guess in which direction of the Pitched or Stone Court the well was situated. At length the warden suggested that the well ought to have been at a point which is equidistant from three doors where water must have been most required, namely, the Kitchen, the Buttery, and the Banquet Hall; and he felt convinced that, "wherever the well ought to have been, there it was." Mr. Wyatt then gave orders for the turf to be removed; yet nothing but broken stones and rubbish could be discovered. Still the men were ordered to persevere for some days; and, at length, at a depth of 8 feet 3 inches from the surface, in a hole cut through the marl (filled with broken tiles, evidently belonging to the roof of the Banquet Hall), 10 feet in circumference at the surface, and gradually tapering to 4 feet at the base, was discovered the veritable well, the masonry of which is still in perfect preservation. After sinking 25 feet lower, a splendid spring gushed into the well, and, in forty-eight hours, there was 15 feet of water, enough, in fact, to supply the requirements of so large an establishment.

for the "grand company" ever attendant on its ladies and its lords, officers of the household, retainers, attendants, and servants. A large retinue was part of the necessary state of a noble; attendants were numbered by hundreds, and a sort of general accommodation was provided for them in the great hall, where all met and shared the hospitality of the mansion, the master and his guests occupying the high seat, the

STAIRCASE IN GWENT TOWER.

upper officials the side tables, and the others faring as best they might near them at the end of the hall. At night it was no unusual thing for many to sleep on the rushes that strewed the floor.

We see everywhere proofs that large cost, as well as continual care and matured skill, had been expended, during several epochs, to give to

Raglan Castle beauty as well as strength; mouldings and friezes, arches and corbels, of graceful character, although broken and decayed, meet us at every turn, often peering through rich draperies of green ivy, sometimes standing grimly out from shattered walls, and occasionally rising from out of mould-heaps—the ghosts of glories departed.*

In short, enough of Raglan remains to justify the praises it received in so many histories of varied and eventful times. The unhappy sovereign, Charles I., hiding from his enemies, found shelter, and was safe from peril there—his "harbour of refuge" for a time; and his words of eulogy concerning its strength, its grandeur, and its beauty, will be repeated by all, who, moving about these superb ruins, can picture in imagination the castle in the days of its renown, its hospitality, its gallantry, and its loyalty, and offer respectful homage to the brave and generous lords who ruled it proudly and worthily in the olden time, until

> "Cavaliers, with downcast eye,
> Struck the last flag of loyalty."

What food for thought is here! What pictures may be drawn by imagination, with the aid of history! The FACTS are palpable; it demands no large effort of fancy to people every chamber of these broken ruins: the eye may see, and the ear may hear, the chivalric men and fair women who revelled in these halls, and trod these terrace walks in peace, or here heard the boom of the besiegers' cannon, and saw the destroyer MAN, doing, in a day, the work of a century of TIME!

The day of our visit to this memorable ruin was a day late in autumn: the trees were dropping their leaves; Nature had

> "In her sober livery all things clad."

* It is on record that twenty-three staircases were removed for the sake of the stones; its walls were regarded by the peasantry as so many quarries; the fine and venerable trees of the park and grounds were either sold or stolen, the fountains and fishponds filled up with *débris*, and so the "fine castle" was left to decay. Happily, however, the late and the present Duke have felt the pleasure, as well as acknowledged the duty, of arresting the steps of time, while preserving the remains from vandals and thieves. As we have intimated, a proper guardian protects the ruin. The Duke's agent, Osmond A. Wyatt, Esq., an enlightened gentleman, gladly aids all the plans and projects of his Grace; and now we may almost question whether, as a ruin, Raglan Castle is not more interesting than it would be if endowed with all the beauty and grandeur for which it was conspicuous before the wars of the Crown and the Parliament.

But the sombre shadows of the time were in harmony with the solemnity of the scene: and it was but natural to sit under its ancient and time-worn tower, looking into the dark moat beneath, and behold, in imagination, the castle in its glory and its pride; to people that broken hall as on some high festival, and hear again sweet or lofty music from yon minstrels' galliery. Almost as easy was it to fancy the leaden missive breaking into that stately chamber, touching the white hair upon the old man's honoured and venerable head;* and then to follow him to his desolate loneliness in London Tower, where, being told by his enemies, as death approached, that he would be buried at Windsor, he gave thanks to God that, after he was dead, a nobler house would cover him than he had dwelt in while living. Honour to the memory of the "great" Marquis! descended from an august race—pure women and good men—in his posterity he gave to his country heroes of peace and heroes of war.

We borrow a passage from Dr. Beattie:—"In his palmy days, long before he was created Marquis, the good Earl lived in princely state in this castle. Surrounded by faithful friends, numerous retainers, and a household that, by its daily expenditure, bespoke almost unlimited resources, he enjoyed in age all the happiness to which men look forward as the reward and solace of a virtuous youth; for, though long practised in the offices of Court, he could still relish the sweets of domestic retirement, the humanizing influence of science, and the conversation of pious and learned men. He was a friend of literature, a pattern of religious consistency, an example of loyalty which no reverses could shake; and when at last plunged into the deepest adversity, stript of his property, bent down with years, and suffering from bodily pain, he maintained a degree of mental serenity that softened the remembrance of his wrongs, showed the true foundation of his faith, and enabled him to view every dispensation of good or evil as coming from God, and intended, by

* This incident actually occurred. Dr. Bayly, the historian of the siege, writes thus:—"There came a musket bullet into the withdrawing-room, where my lord used to entertain his friends with his pleasant discourses after dinners and suppers, which, glancing upon a little marble table of the window, and from thence hit the marquess upon the side of his head. His daughter-in-law, terrified, ran away as if the house had been falling down, but presently returned, and apologised to her father, who pleasantly said, 'Daughter, you had reason to run away when your father was knocked on the head.'"

weaning his thoughts from this world, to give him nearer and clearer views of heaven. Reduced in four short years from the height of prosperity into the very abyss of adversity—his home desolate, the prospects of his family blasted, his friends hopeless or in prison, himself an inmate of the Tower—it is impossible to withhold our sympathy from a man who, in no circumstances, forgot the true nobility of his nature, and the obligations of his creed; but in every trial could exclaim, in the words of his motto—*Mutare vel timere sperno.*"

The Bowling-green, between the keep and the outer wall, is still a smooth lawn; trees surround it; it is partly bordered by the moat, and is

THE BOWLING-GREEN.]

always shadowed by the yet lofty remains of the strong walls that formed the castle. The game of bowls is of early date, and has been traced by the great historian of our popular sports (Strutt) to the middle ages. The drawings in manuscripts of the fourteenth century often depict games at bowls. A small bowl, or jack, was first cast down as a mark, and the game was won by the player who threw his bowling ball the nearest to it. The game became exceedingly popular during the reign

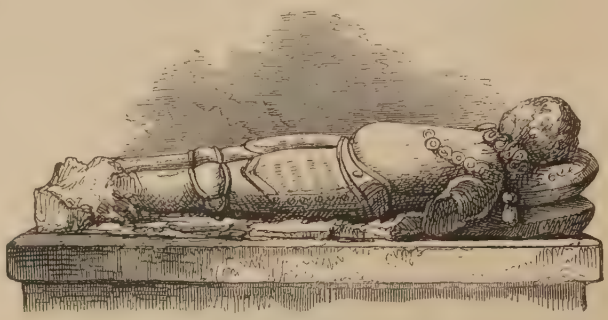
of Elizabeth, and scarcely a castle or mansion was unprovided with a level bowling-green, as carefully laid in turf as a modern billiard-table. The game was considered as peculiarly healthful, and was indulged in by ladies as well as gentlemen. Bowling-alleys were also constructed occasionally, that the game might be enjoyed in wet weather beneath the cover of a friendly roof.

The visitor will not fail to ascend either the keep or the watch-tower, in order to obtain a view of the scene, near and distant, that has been occupying his thoughts. The accompanying print is taken from

THE VILLAGE, FROM THE KEEP.

the summit of the Tower of Gwent, whence the whole of the ruins are seen immediately below, with the village and church steeple close at hand, and whence is obtained a fine prospect of the adjacent country, bounded by distant hills and mountains. From this point, too, may be seen all of the many "lions" which neighbour Monmouth: the Kymin Hill, Troy Park, Craig-y-dorth, a famous battle-field between Henry IV. and Owen Glendower; the Treflic range, with the Beacon Hill; the royal forests of Pen-y-cae Mawr, the heights of Caerleon, the British encampment of Gaer

Vawr, and the Roman camp of Carig-y-Gareyd; the hills above Pontypool, with those beyond the dark vale of Ewias, in which lie the venerable ruins of Llantony Abbey: these, and other objects of absorbing interest to the antiquary and the lover of nature, being surrounded by high mountains, each of which is a landmark of history.



TOMB OF THE MARQUIS OF WORCESTER.

We have written enough to show that a visit to Raglan will afford one of the highest enjoyments of which this beautiful and picturesque district affords so many. A residence here of a few days—at a neat and comfortable hotel, the "Beaufort Arms," in the village adjacent—may be pleasant and profitable; for the ruins of Raglan Castle, although they can be "seen" in an hour, may yield pleasure and instruction for a much longer time. The distance is but seven miles from Monmouth town, and that distance is traversed by a railway.

Of these several points of interest, the ruins of Llantony Abbey will best recompense the tourist. It is now the property of Walter Savage Landor, after having passed through the hands of many descendants of knights who "followed in the train of the Conqueror." It was founded by one of them, Hugh de Laci, on the site of an ancient hermitage, once the dwelling of St. David. We extract from Dr. Beattie a passage that records its early history, and some lines by the poet Southey, designed for an "inscription for a monument" in the vale of Ewias:—"St. David, uncle of the renowned King Arthur, and titular Saint of Wales, was the first who introduced the rites of Christian worship

into these mountain solitudes. Selecting for his hermitage a spot which had all the characteristics of a rude and unfrequented wilderness, he built a chapel on the banks of the Honddy—the stream by which it was watered—and there spent many years of his life in the exercise of an austere devotion. The reputation of his sanctity having spread over the surrounding country brought many pilgrims to his cell; and when at

LLANTONY ABBEY.

length he was added to the list of canonized saints, it was still resorted to as a place long consecrated by the practice of a holy life."

" Here it was, Stranger, that the patron saint
Of Cambria passed his age of penitence,
A solitary man; and here he made
His hermitage; the roots his food, his drink
Of Honddy's mountain stream.
Perchance thy youth
Has read with eager wonder, how the Knight
Of Wales, in Ormandine's enchanted bower,
Slept the long sleep; and if that in thy veins
Flows the pure blood of Britain, sure that blood
Has flowed with quicker impulse at the tale
Of Dafydd's deeds, when through the press of war

His gallant comrades followed his green crest
To conquests!
Stranger! Hatterill's mountain heights,
And this fair vale of Ewias, and the stream
Of Honddy, to thine after-thoughts will rise
More grateful—thus associate with the name
Of Dafydd, and the deeds of other days."

The ruins are among the most striking and picturesque, not only in Monmouthshire, but in Wales, supplying ample food for thought, and many subjects for the artist; it is, indeed, very beautiful in decay, and retains abundant evidence of extent and grandeur in its prime.

We return to Monmouth, and resume our voyage down the river. Passing the tree-clad hill, "Gibraltar," we arrive at its junction with

JUNCTION OF THE WYE AND MONNOW.

the Monnow, which we leave to the right. Before us is Levock's Wood; and here the little river Trothy (having just passed beside the ducal mansion of Troy, where resides the excellent agent of the

Duke of Beaufort) becomes a tributary to the Wye. On the summit of a wooded height we see the pretty Church of Penalt. It is charmingly situate, looking down on the rich vale it seems at once to bless and to protect. Soon we reach a very different scene, affording all the advantages of contrast; for, rising above a mass of thick foliage, is the dense column of smoke that tells the whereabouts of a manufactory. It

REDBROOK.

is the village of Redbrook. There are quays here: we note the bustle of commerce,—other life than that of the stream and the forest. The masts of many barges rise from the river: they are loading or unloading. It is the manufactory of tin—or, rather, of tin in combination with iron—that gathers a population here, and breaks, pleasantly or unpleasantly, according to the mood of the wanderer, the sameness and solitude of the banks of the Wye.

Whitebrook is next reached. Both villages derive their names from streamlets which here find their way into the river,—the one passing over stones that are slightly tinged with red, the other being pure from any taint of colour. Adjacent to this village, crowning the summit of a hill,—Pen-y-fan,—still stands that time-honoured relic of Merry England, the May-pole. And here even now assemble, on May-day and other festive occasions, the neighbouring lads and lasses to enjoy the dance and make holiday. A May-pole is by no means a common sight; but such pleasant reminders of old times may yet be seen in remote districts, "few and far between," to note the merriment that once prevailed when the inhabitants of town and village met—

"To do observance to a morn in May."

It was the custom to rise with the sun, and go forth to the fields "to gather May-dew," which consisted in rubbing the hands on the dewy grass, and then washing the face therewith—an act believed to have sovereign virtue for giving and preserving a fresh and beautiful complexion. Then came the gathering of hawthorn-boughs in flower, with which all returned and garnished the houses and the May-pole. The pole was also painted in gay colours, generally red, blue, and white; one such pole remained a few years since at the village of Welford, near Stratford-on-Avon. It was nearly sixty feet in height, and surmounted by a weather-cock; surrounding it was a raised earthbank for dancing, and it was decorated with flags on holiday occasions. In the churchyard at Pendleton, Manchester, another still stands; but its original use is nearly forgotten in its modern duty as a staff for a flag and weather-cock. London, too, was not without its May-pole; one famed pole stood near the bottom of Catherine Street, Strand, until the reign of George I. Washington Irving dwells with pleasure on his first sight of a May-pole "on the banks of the Dee, close by the picturesque old bridge that stretches across the river from the quaint little city of Chester. My fancy adorned it with wreaths of flowers, and peopled the green bank with all the dancing revelry of May-day. The mere sight of this May-pole gave a glow to my feelings, and spread a charm over the country

for the rest of the day." To the poetic mind these relics must now appeal, for

> "No more the May-pole's verdant height around,
> To valour's games th' ambitious youths advance;
> No merry bells and tabors sprightly sound,
> Wake the loud carol and the sportive dance."

A mile or so farther on and we cross the Wye by its only bridge—Bigg's-weir Bridge—between Monmouth and Chepstow. It is of iron, a single arch, and very gracefully spans the river. In an ancient mansion here—Bigg's-weir House—are preserved some fine tapestries of very

BIGG'S-WEIR BRIDGE.

quaint design. Hence there is a circuitous road that leads to the famous Castle of St. Briavel, now a ruin, but one that has a prominent place in border history. We obtain a glimpse of it from the river, whence, however, it is distant some two miles; but it is worthy a visit. The tourist will do well to moor his boat awhile, and enjoy a refreshing walk to this fine relic of the olden time.

St. Briavel's is in Gloucestershire. The saint after whom it is named is not to be found in the Romish Calendar. He was probably a military saint, whose deeds, for good or evil, are forgotten; they have failed to reach posterity; history has no note of them. But we learn from Giraldus Cambrensis that a castle was first erected here during the reign of Henry I., by Milo Fitzwalter, Earl of Hereford, "to curb the incur-

sions of the Welsh,"—a purpose it was well calculated to answer, situate as it was in full view of a large portion of the Wye, and skirting the Forest of Dean. We borrow all that can be told of its history from a contributor to the "Archæologia Cambrensis."

"The Keep, which was square in form, was probably of Norman date, and no doubt the circuit of walls may have been of the same period. The

ST. BRIAVEL'S.

castle may have consisted of nothing more than an outer wall, with a single bailey within, and the Keep in the highest portion of the ground so enclosed. Giraldus says that the castle was burnt when Sir Walter Clifford held it, and that Mahel, youngest son of Sir Milo Fitzwalter, the founder, lost his life on the occasion, by a stone falling from the highest tower on his head. In the thirteenth century some new buildings were

added, the old ones having been repaired; for the two demi-rounders of the gate-house, some of the buildings on the west side immediately adjoining, and that in the middle of the west front, still standing, are all of the second half of this century, though much mutilated, altered, and added to, at later periods. Judging from the actual condition of the buildings, we should say that these now remaining must have been at least commenced during the energetic reign of Edward I."

WINDOW IN ST. BRIAVEL'S.

The list of Constables of St. Briavel's comprises the most prominent of the peers of various reigns, from that of King John to that of George III.; they were all noblemen of high rank.

The entrance gateway, between two demi-rounders, with an oblong pile of building extending southwards, remains in tolerable preservation. On the outside of the castle is a picturesque chimney-shaft, surmounted by the horn, which was the badge of the warder of the forest. In the interior there is a remarkable fire-place; it is a genuine and very boldly treated early English example: "the counterforts at the angles

are beautifully-moulded circular brackets, supported on carved corbels." One of the windows we have pictured, as well as an ancient stone in the adjacent graveyard of the church—a venerable structure, that may certainly date as far back as the protecting castle.

TOMBSTONE AT ST. BRIAVEL'S.

There is a vague tradition that King John was some time either a guest or a prisoner within these towers; and that he wrote this couplet there:—

> "St. Briavel's water and Whyral's wheat
> Are the best bread and water King John ever eat."

For the drawings we have engraved we are indebted to the courtesy of an esteemed correspondent—W. W. Old, Esq., of Monmouth.*

The village of LANDOGO is soon reached: here we find evidence of active trade; for there are boats moored at small quays on either side the river. It is to its exceeding beauty of situation that Landogo owes its fame. The church, a very old edifice, *supposed* to be dedicated to St. James, stands in a dell at the foot of a mountainous glen, in every crevice of which there are white cottages; each cottage having its "bit of

* The Rev. Lewis West, the minister of the Moravian church, at Brockweir, informs us that there is a singular and very "venerable" custom connected with St. Briavel's. In the neighbourhood there is a district of land which was originally in the possession of the crown, and which is usually called "the Hudnalls." This district was by some person, either with or without legal authority, given to the inhabitants and freeholders of St. Briavel's, for herbage for "cattle, sheep, and goats." As an equivalent to such poor who sent none of these animals to feed on the said district, a yearly "scramble" of bread and cheese was provided, by an annual tax of one penny levied upon every householder who availed himself of the privilege.

This scramble for about three centuries was made in the church, so that on the Sunday, at the feast of Whitsuntide, immediately after the invocation of divine peace on the assembly, which usually thronged together on that occasion, began the unseemly contest, as to whom was to belong the larger portion of the edibles dispensed. The clerk, standing in the front of the gallery, was the appointed chief agent in the affray, and the divisions of seats and pews became means of exercising the grotesque agility of all the old and young, the lame, the blind, and ragged boys and girls performing their parts in the scene, according to their peculiar humour and adroitness. Happily, with the growth of good sense and propriety, to say nothing of the piety, of the generations succeeding, this ludicrous scramble now takes place on the outside of the church.

land" laid out as a garden, where flowers and vegetables are pleasantly

LANDOGC.

intermixed. Every cottager is a freeholder, and in this little nook of the Wye they number no less than seventy; having, therefore, a pre-

ponderating influence, if they act together, in determining who shall be knight of the shire—Monmouthshire. Mr. Hulme has conveyed an accurate idea of this very charming scene, with its striking combination of wood and water, hill and dale, and cheerful cottages among groups of venerable trees.

On we pass—the river becoming somewhat less contracted, and losing much of the sameness that has marked its course hitherto, and which we

BROCKWEIR.

are again to encounter as we proceed downward; for rock, trees, underwood, and water, are its charms, row where we will on the bosom of the Wye. And soon we reach another village—Brockweir, in Gloucestershire. The brook that gave it a name, and the weir attached to it, are still there. Some good cottage houses skirt the bank; but the most striking and interesting object of the village is the little church, that stands

among a group of trees—its turret seen above the roofs of surrounding houses: it is a Moravian church, presided over by an excellent minister—the Rev. Lewis West. Its schools are ample for the district, and exceedingly well arranged; and the graveyard exhibits the singular and felicitous simplicity that prevails in all the habits of a primitive and tranquil band of worshippers, who seem fitly placed in this calm and beautiful locality.* The church was erected in 1832, on ground given for the purpose by his grace the Duke of Beaufort; there was, at that time, no more lawless district in the kingdom; and it was for that reason the Moravians, "the United Brethren," were induced to send there "a mission of mercy." It is impossible to visit this simple place of worship without a feeling of sober yet intense delight.

"Simplicity," in its ordinary sense, will soon be obsolete—if not as a word, certainly as a principle; to greet the eye only in old songs, novels, and churchyards—such as this. "Simplicity" is still to be met with in the "God's acre" of the Quakers and the Moravians; it is very tranquillizing to find, within the folds of our English hills—as we did the last resting-place of William Penn, in Berkshire, and here beside the wandering and beautiful Wye—the burial-ground of the departed. There is eloquent silence within its precincts; the song of the bird, or murmur of the bee, are the only sounds that mingle with the rustling leaves. The lights creep tenderly through the foliage, and chequer the soft grass. The "monuments" are few, and very plain—

"No storied urn, or animated bust:"

and the names recorded seem rather those of an old world than a new. We saw two little girls, one much older than the other, hand in hand, walking slowly from grave to grave; the elder paused, and read the inscriptions to the younger. There was something so singular in their

* It is a somewhat remarkable fact that, in the days which belong to the dark ages of this locality, the piece of ground now occupied by this sacred edifice, was a perpetual scene of revelry, and its usual accompaniments, at every holiday and feast time, as well as the favourite resort on the Sabbath, of the villagers at their rustic sports—fighters as well as dancers. Persons yet living remember the last bet that was laid here, to the amount of £120, by a farmer, from a distant county—for men came from far and near to this place of outlawry—upon a dying cock, whether it would raise its head once again from the turf to peck at its adversary.

appearance and manner, something so *un*-childish, that we asked them if they were looking for any particular grave. The younger said—

"Yes!" with so sad a tone in her voice, and so sweet an expression in her delicate face, that she riveted our attention from the moment she spoke. The elder was much handsomer, a really beautiful girl, about ten years old; she was health itself, while the younger was, even then, almost an angel. We asked whose grave they sought: and again the younger spoke—

"Mother's!"

"Mother," said the elder, "lies there, where the primrose leaves are so large, and you see the rose-tree. I saw her coffin go down myself; but little Rachel was ill, and could not leave her bed then. She will not believe but that mother has a head-stone; and she often coaxes me to come with her here, and read out to her all the painted letters. She thinks she will find mother's name on one of the head-stones. She will not believe me, when I show her the wild primroses, and the green grass. If father had been alive, mother would have had a head-stone; but father was drowned in the river, and, soon after, mother died. The doctor said she pined, but she died—"

"Come," said the younger, pulling her sister's dress, "come, we must find it to-day—come!"

"It hurts me so, that she won't believe me!" continued the elder; "and I have read her what is on every tombstone at least a hundred times; and still, every morning, her great eyes open long before mine, and I find her looking at me; and she puts her little thin arms round my neck, and whispers, 'If Rachel is good, Kesiah, will you come to the churchyard, and find mother?' She can understand everything but *that:* the doctor calls it a monomania; I am afraid—" she added, grasping her little sister's arm, as if resolved to keep her, whether God willed or not—"I am afraid, whatever it is, it will take her from me—and we are only two!"

"Come, come," said the little one; "come, and find mother!"

To the south of Brockweir, up a precipitous and well-wooded mountain, which you ascend by a winding path, you meet with "Offa's Chair,"

a point on the ancient embankment of "Offa's Dyke," erected by the Saxons as a barrier against the Britons. This relic of antiquity, originally consisting of a ditch and a mound, with a high wall, is said to have been erected about the year 758, by Offa, the successor of Ethelbald, who, having shrunk before the gigantic stature and bloody hand of his adversary, Edilthim, was, to remove the disgrace, killed on the following night by his own guards.

Offa's Dyke, or, as the Welsh call it, Clawdd Offa, is perhaps the most extraordinary earthwork in our island. Our oldest chroniclers who mention it say that it was made by the Mercian King Offa, in the eighth century, as a boundary between his own kingdom of Mercia and the territory of the Welsh, and in after times it was often the scene of remarkable events in Welsh history. The old chroniclers who mention it, all describe it as extending from sea to sea, and it may still be traced along the greatest part of this long line, consisting of a continuous mound, or vallum, with a foss or ditch on its western or Welsh side. From its commencement, on the coast of the Bristol Channel, in the parish of Tidenham, in Gloucestershire, it is traced for some distance very distinctly, but in its course through the cultivated country, and especially through Herefordshire, it is almost entirely defaced. It passed near St. Briavel's, and is said to have passed through Coleford, and on the edge of Monmouthshire. It is met with about two miles to the west of Kanchester, in Herefordshire (the site of the Roman town of *Magna*), passes by Weobley, through the town of Kerighton, in Radnorshire (which, on that account, is called by the Welsh Tref-y-clawdd, or the town upon the dyke), and crosses the valley of the Clun by the hamlet of Spoad. In this part of its course the mound and ditch are remarkably bold. Hence its course is easily traced; it passes by the Long Mountain, along the west side of the hill of Llanymynach, and near Chirk Castle, and becomes very distinct and bold as it crosses the country between Ruabon and Llangollen. It proceeded hence, by way of Mold, to Newmarket, among the mountains of Flintshire, beyond which place we cease to find any traces of it; but it points towards Prestatyn, and is believed to have ended on the coast of North Wales, a little beyond the

place last mentioned. The whole length of this great entrenchment has been estimated at not less than a hundred and fifty miles.

From this elevated spot the eye sweeps over the whole adjacent country, up to the beautiful falls of Clydden (which are falls, however, only in rainy weather), overlooking also the heights of Brockweir, the Villa of Coed Ithel, Nurton House, and the neighbouring villages, which seem enclosed in serpentine folds of the river, with its rich emerald banks.

On the same ridge of hill, as it diverges to the southward, and at a similar altitude, there is a peculiar and romantic eminence standing out from the surrounding wood, called "the Devil's Pulpit." The tourist must descend the narrow pathway by which he ascended to Offa's Chair, until he gains a grassy platform, or field, known by the name of "Turk's Ground;" then turning to the left, he will discover another steep ascent, striking off to the right hand, by a winding path, that will ultimately introduce him to a view of charming diversity. The rock was, until successive rains and frosts had pulverized the rude ascending staircase, very much in form like a pulpit, jutting out from underneath over-hanging branches of dark yew-trees.

We approach the village and church of TINTERNE PARVA, beautifully situate among trees on the river's brink. It is an old place; the church has been "restored," except the porch, a venerable relic. There was an ancient building here, of which there remain a few broken walls; they indicate, probably, the site of "the villa or extra cloister residence of the abbots of Tinterne, to which, at certain seasons, they could retire from the exercise of their public functions, and enjoy the privileges of social life—the society and conversation of friends and strangers—without the forms and austerities of the cloister." It is now, as it was then, a calm and quiet solitude;* where nature invites to simple luxuries of hill and

* "It would be difficult to picture to the mind's eye a scene of more enchanting repose; in such a place as this (Tinterne Parva), with such objects before him—the verdant pastures, the pendent groves, the winding river, the tranquil sky—with these before him, ambition forgets the world; sorrow looks up with more cheerful resignation; cares and disappointments lose both their weight and their sting; with so little of sordid earth, so much of the sublimity of nature, to contemplate, his thoughts become chastened, soothed, and elevated; and the heart expands under a new sense of happiness, and a feeling of brotherly kindness and benevolence towards everything that breathes." We extract this passage from "The Castles and Abbeys of England," by Dr. William Beattie—a work from which we shall

valley, rock and river; and forms a striking contrast to the gorgeous, yet graceful, and very beautiful ruin, at the water-gate of which we now moor our boat—the long-renowned ABBEY OF TINTERNE.

From the water, from the heights, from the road—no matter on which side approached, or from what position beheld—the abbey excites a feeling of deep and intense veneration, of solemn and impressive awe.

TINTERNE PARVA.

It may be less gloomy, less "monastic," than others of its order—deriving fame more from grace and beauty than from grandeur and a sense of power; but the perfect harmony of all its parts, and the simple, yet

free'y borrow, not only letter-press, but engravings, which circumstances enable us to do. The amiable and accomplished author has written at great length concerning this beautiful ruin—Tinterne Abbey; consulting the best authorities, and condensing nearly all that is valuable in their histories; passing an immense amount of information through the alembic of his own generous, inquiring, and reflective mind, and communicating the knowledge he had derived from books, in combination with the reasonings of the philosopher and the feelings of the poet.

sublime, character of the whole, give it high place among the glorious bequests of far-off ages, and entitle it to that which it universally receives —the earnest homage of mind and heart.

By the courtesy of the custodian of the abbey we were admitted within its gates when the solemnity of night was over the ruined fane. Bats were flitting through broken windows, and every now and then

TINTERNE, FROM THE WYE.

a "moping owl" uttered the deep plaint that at such an hour—or at any hour—there should be intruders to molest

"Her ancient, solitary reign."

It needed no light of sun, or moon, or torch, to let us read on these ivy-mantled towers—on that "Cistercian wall"—the "confident assurance" of its long-departed inmates.

"Here man more purely lives, less oft doth fall
More promptly rises, walks with nicer heed;
More safely rests, dies happier; is freed
Earlier from cleansing fire, and gains withal
A brighter crown."

It was a time and place for holy contemplation, for calm and hallowed thought, for a heart's outpouring in silent prayer, for earnest appreciation of by-gone glories, of solemn communion with the past. It was no hard task for Fancy, under such exciting, yet tranquillizing, circumstances, to see again the pale moonlight through "storied windows;" to hear the mingled music of a thousand voices rolling round sculptured pillars, ascending to the fretted roof; to follow, with the eye and ear, the tramp of sandaled monks—nay, to watch them as they passed by, their white

TINTERNE, FROM THE CHEPSTOW ROAD.

robes gleaming in the mellowed light, solemnly pacing round and about the ruin, restored to its state of primal glory and beauty, adorned by the abundant wealth of Art it received from hundreds of princely donors and benefactors.

> "In such a place as this, at such an hour,
> If aught of ancestry can be believed,
> Descending angels have conversed with men,
> And told the secrets of the world unknown."

Having spent a night at the humble, yet pleasant, hostelrie, "The Beaufort Arms"—which now, in its half a dozen rooms gives, or rather permits, hospitality to guests at Tinterne—in lieu of huge chambers, in which pilgrims rested, barons feasted, and princes were "entertained"—a morning was most agreeably and profitably passed among the ruins, accompanied by the venerable custodian who holds them in charge, and fulfils his trust faithfully. Everything is cared for that ought to be preserved: the *debris* is never left in unseemly places; the carpet of the nave is the purest and healthiest sward; the ivy is sufficiently free, yet kept within "decent bounds;" and there is no longer danger of those vandal thefts that robbed the church and all its appanages to mend by-ways and build styes. But the ruin belongs to the Duke of Beaufort; and those who have visited Raglan, Chepstow, Oystermouth, and other "properties" of his grace, will know that Tinterne is with him a sacred gift, to be ever honourably treated. Nor may those who, either here or elsewhere, express a feeling of gratitude to "the Duke," forget that to his excellent agent and representative, Mr. Wyatt, they owe very much for the satisfaction they receive, and the gratification they enjoy, when visiting remains on any one of the Beaufort estates.

The Abbey of Tinterne* was founded A.D. 1131, by Walter de Clare, for monks of the Cistercian order, and dedicated to St. Mary. The order of Cistercians, or Whitefriars, made its appearance in England about the year 1128. Originally the brotherhood was limited to twelve, with their abbot, "following the example of the Saviour." Their rules were exceedingly strict; they surrendered all their wealth to their order; they selected their localities in solitudes apart from cities; poverty and humility were their distinguishing characteristics. Gradually, however, they obtained immense revenues; and acquired a taste for luxuries; their stern discipline was exchanged for reckless licence; and their splendid abbeys, in which they "dwelt like princes," evidence

* The name is understood to be derived from the Celtic words *din*, a fortress, and *teyrn*, a sovereign or chief; "for it appears from history, as well as tradition, that a hermitage belonging to Theoderic, or Teudric, King of Glamorgan, originally occupied the site of the present abbey, and that the royal hermit, having resigned the throne to his son, Maurice, led an eremetical life among the rocks and trees here."

the "pride that goeth before a fall;" becoming, at last, so numerous and so powerful, that they were said to "govern all Christendom;" at least, they had preponderating influence over every government and kingdom of Europe. Thus they obtained enormous grants and large immunities from kings and barons; and undoubtedly extended learning and propagated religion—such as they believed religion to be. A natural consequence of unrestricted rights and unrestrained power followed, and the stern, silent, abstemious, and self-mortifying Cistercians became notorious for depravity. Their abbeys in England fell at the mandate of the eighth Harry; there was neither desire nor effort to continue the good they had achieved, while arresting and removing the evil they had effected. The Earl of Worcester received "the site" of Tinterne (28 Henry VIII.), and in that family it has ever since continued.*

A CISTERCIAN MONK.

Other munificent donors continued the great work Walter de Clare

* "In 1098 arose the Cistercian order. It took the name from Citeaux (Latinized into Cistercium), the house in which it was founded, by Robert de Thierry. Stephen Harding, an Englishman, the third abbot, brought the new order into some repute; but it is to the fame of St. Bernard, who joined it A. D. 1113, that the speedy and widespread popularity of the new order is to be attributed. The order was introduced into England, at Waverley, in Surrey, in A. D. 1128. The Cistercians professed to observe the rule of St. Benedict with rigid exactness; only that some of the hours which were devoted by the Benedictines to reading and study, the Cistercians devoted to manual labour. They affected a severe simplicity: their houses were simple, with no lofty towers, no carvings or representations of saints, except the crucifix; the furniture and ornaments of their establishments were in keeping—chasubles of fustian, candlesticks of iron, napkins of coarse cloth, the cross of wood, and only the chalice of precious metal. The amount of manual labour prevented the Cistercians from becoming a learned order, though they did produce a few men distinguished in literature. They were excellent farmers and horticulturalists, and are said, in early times, to have almost monopolised the wool trade of the kingdom. They changed the colour of the Benedictine habit, wearing a white gown and a hood over a white cassock; when they went beyond the walls of the monastery they also wore a black cloak. St. Bernard of Clairvaux is the great saint of the order. They had seventy-five monasteries and twenty-six nunneries in England, including some of the largest and finest in the kingdom."—Rev. E. Cutts, *in the Art-Journal.*

had commenced. The endowments were largely augmented by Gilbert de Strongbow, lord of the neighbouring Castle of Striguil, and by the Earls of Pembroke, his successors. It was Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, who founded the abbey church, when, A.D. 1268, the first mass at the high altar was celebrated; and almost to the period of "the dissolution," its benefactors included many of the princes and peers of England.

It seems to have become a ruin rapidly: it was stripped of its lead during the wars of Charles I. and the Commonwealth; for a century afterwards, it was treated as a stone quarry; and Gilpin, writing in 1782, gives a frightful picture of the state of filth and wretchedness to which the glorious pile of the Norman knights had been subjected, and the utter misery of the neighbouring inhabitants—a population of literal beggars;* in the place where food and drink had been accorded of right to all who needed; whence no man nor woman went empty away; where the weary and the sorrowful never sought relief in vain; where in letter, as well as in spirit, this was the motto for all to read:—

> "Pilgrim, whosoe'er thou art,
> Worn with travel, faint with fear,
> Halt or blind, or sick of heart,
> Bread and welcome wait thee here."

All writers are warm in praise of the exceeding beauty of the ruins of Tinterne; less of the exterior, however, than of the interior. "The Abbey of Tinterne" (writes Bucke, in his "Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature") "is the most beautiful and picturesque of all our gothic monuments: there every arch infuses a solemn energy, as it were, into inanimate nature, a sublime antiquity breathes mildly in the heart; and the soul, pure and passionless, appears susceptible of that state of tranquillity, which is the perfection of every earthly wish." We quote also a passage from Roscoe's charming book. "Roofed only by the vault of heaven—

* There is nothing like misery, nor much that looks like poverty, to be found now in the village and neighbourhood of Tinterne. Several neat, though small, houses are let as lodgings; and besides the comfortable little inn, "The Beaufort Arms," there are two other inns, with fair promises of "entertainment." The accommodation they afford, however, is by no means adequate to the demand in "the season;" but that is no great evil, inasmuch as Tinterne is but five miles from Chepstow, and ten miles from Monmouth—both places abounding in hotels.

paved only with the grass of earth, Tinterne is, probably, now more impressive and truly beautiful, than when 'with storied windows richly dight;' for nature has claimed her share in its adornment, and what painter of glass, or weaver of tapestry, may be matched with her? The singularly light and elegant eastern window, with its one tall mullion ramifying at the top, and leaving the large open spaces beneath to admit

THE EAST WINDOW, FROM THE ENTRANCE.

the distant landscape, is one chief feature in Tinterne. The western window is peculiarly rich in adornment, and those of the two transepts of like character, though less elevated." Thus also writes Gilpin: "When we stood at one end of this awful piece of ruin, and surveyed the whole in one view, the elements of air and earth its only covering and pavement,

and the grand and venerable remains which terminated both perfect enough to form the perspective, yet broken enough to destroy the regularity, the eye was above measure delighted with the beauty, the greatness, and the novelty of the scene."

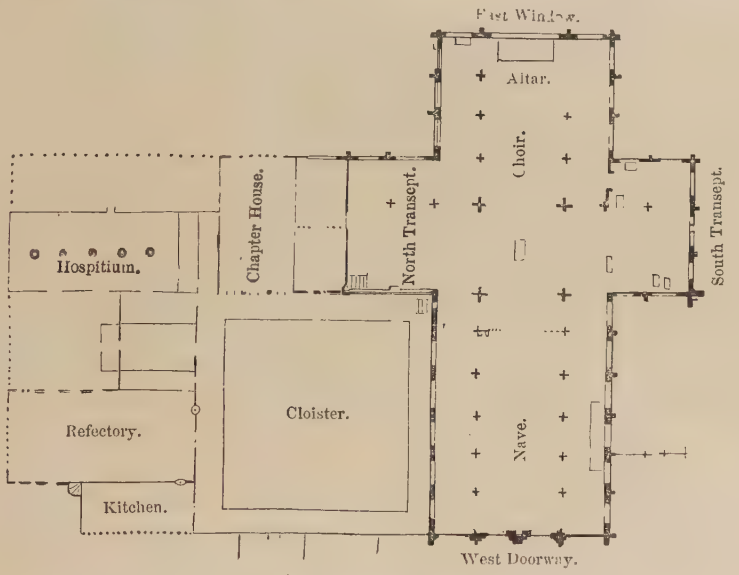
Besides the engravings that picture in our pages the Exterior of the Abbey, distant views taken by Mr. Hulme,—one "from the village, looking

THE WEST WINDOW, FROM THE CHANCEL.

down stream," the other "from the Chepstow Road,"—we give those that convey sufficiently accurate ideas of the peculiar charms and beauties of the Interior—the East Window, the West Window, and the Guest-Chamber.

Nearly sixty years have passed since Archdeacon Coxe wrote, and Sir Richard Colt Hoare pictured, the beautiful details of this deeply

interesting ruin; the "facts" are little altered since then. On entering from the west, "the eye passes rapidly along a range of elegant gothic pillars, and glancing under the sublime arches that supported the tower (entirely gone), fixes itself on the splendid relics of the eastern window, the grand termination of the choir. From the length of the nave, the height of the walls, the aspiring form of the pointed arches, and the size of the east window, which closes the perspective, the first impressions are those of grandeur and sublimity. But as these emotions subside, and



PLAN OF TINTERNE ABBEY.

we descend from the contemplation of the whole to the examination of the parts, we are no less struck with the regularity of the plan, the lightness of the architecture, and the delicacy of the ornaments; we feel that elegance is its characteristic no less than grandeur, and that the whole is a combination of the beautiful and the sublime."

The abbey is a cruciform structure, consisting of a nave, north and south aisles, transepts, and choir. Its length from east to west is 228 feet,

and from north to south, at the transepts, 150 feet. The nave and choir are 37 feet in breadth, the height of the central arch is 70 feet, of the smaller arches 30 feet, of the east window 64 feet, and of the west window 42 feet. The total area originally enclosed by the abbey walls is said to have been 34 acres. These walls may now be easily traced, and some of the dependant buildings are yet in a good state of preservation: in one of them the custodian of the abbey lives.

Judiciously placed, so as not to intrude on the eye, yet carefully preserved, are many relics of its former greatness. Among the old encaustic tiles, grouped into a corner—some of them cleansed, but the greater part retaining the mould which time has placed over them—are several which bear the arms of the abbey donors; we copy two of these tiles: others represent flowers, animals, and "knights in full career at a tournament." The most interesting of its relics, however, is the effigy of a knight "in chain armour, a pavache shield, and with crossed legs," supposed to be that of Strongbow, first Earl of Pembroke; but more probably that of Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, the builder of the church—Sir S. Meyrick so considers it. It is still in a good state, and is said to have been entire not many years ago, when a drunken brute, returning from a village orgie, struck the head from the body, and mutilated the members.

ENCAUSTIC TILES.

EFFIGY OF A KNIGHT.

One of the most beautiful, and by no means the least interesting, parts of the ruin is "the Hospitium," or Guest-Hall. It was a spacious and

lofty chamber, with a vaulted stone roof, supported on pillars, of which the massive bases yet remain. "Of the style of architecture employed in this dining hall, the numerous windows, with their mullioned partitions, tall shafts, and foliated arches, face shafts, and corbel heads along

THE GUEST-CHAMBER.

the walls, from which sprang the lofty groined vault that covered and connected the whole, present a tolerably distinct picture—

> "'Along the roof a maze of mouldings slim,
> Like veins that o'er the hand of lady wind,
> Embraced in closing arms the key-stone trim,
> With hieroglyphs and cyphers quaint combined,
> The riddling art that charmed the Gothic mind.'"

And such is Tinterne Abbey—a ruin eloquent of the past: a fine combination of grace and grandeur, well expressed by the single word, Harmony. A hundred years at least were occupied in its erection, from the commencement to the finish, and many hands must have been employed in its building and adornments; yet it would seem as if one

spirit presided over and guided the whole, so perfect is it in "keeping." Anywhere it would be an object of surpassing interest; but neither Art nor language can do justice to the scenery amid which the Abbey stands. Wood and water, hill and valley, were essentials to the monks, when they founded any structure; here they had them all in perfection.

Thus on this subject writes Gilpin:—"A more pleasing retreat could not easily be found; the woods and glades intermixed, the winding of the river, the variety of the ground, the splendid ruin, contrasted with the objects of nature, and the elegant line formed by the summits of the hills which include the whole, make altogether a very enchanting piece of scenery. Everything around breathes an air so calm and tranquil, so sequestered from the commerce of life, that it is easy to conceive a man of warm imagination, in monkish times, might have been allured by such a scene to become an inhabitant of it." These words we borrow from Archdeacon Coxe:—"The picturesque appearance of the ruins is considerably heightened by their position in a valley watered by the meandering Wye, and, backed by wooded eminences, which rise abruptly from the river, unite a pleasing intermixture of wildness and culture, and temper the gloom of monastic solitude with the beauties of nature." Undoubtedly the quiet enjoyment experienced at Tinterne is largely enhanced by the landscape charms in which the ruin is enveloped; but it has many attractions apart from the scenery: it is a graceful, beautiful, and deeply interesting remain of the olden time. The antiquary, Grose, complains of its want of solemnity, although he does full justice to its beauty. "On the whole," he says, "though this monastery is undoubtedly light and elegant, it wants that gloomy solemnity so essential to religious ruins; it wants those yawning vaults and dreary recesses which strike the beholder with religious awe, make him almost shudder at entering them, and call into his mind all the tales of the nursery. Here, at one cast of the eye, the whole is comprehended—nothing is left for the spectator to guess or explore; and this defect is increased by the ill-placed neatness of the poor people who show the building, and by whose absurd labour the ground is covered over by a turf as even and trim as that of a bowling-green, which gives the building more the air of an artificial ruin

in a garden than that of an ancient decayed abbey." . . . . "How unlike," he adds, "the beautiful description of the poet—

> "'Half-buried there lies many a broken bust,
> And obelisk and urn, overthrown by time;
> And many a cherub here descends in dust,
> From the rent roof and portico sublime;
> Where reverend shrines in Gothic grandeur stood,
> The nettle or the noxious nightshade spreads;
> And ashlings, wafted from the neighbouring wood,
> Through the worn turrets wave their trembling heads.'"

The venerable antiquary found elsewhere, no doubt, many scenes such as he desired, where neglect had effectually aided time: and, perhaps, where nature has been less lavish than here by the banks of the Wye, desolation may be more picturesque than order. But there will not be many to agree with him in condemning the care that has preserved without restoring, and the neatness that refreshes the soul without disturbing the solemn and impressive thoughts here suggested:—

> "How many hearts have here grown cold,
> That sleep these mouldering stones among!
> How many beads have here been told,
> How many matins here been sung!"

And be his creed what it may, he is cold of heart and narrow of soul who feels no sentiment of gratitude towards those who raised temples such as this, in which to worship the Creator, and to propagate or to nourish Christianity, in dark ages when the church, despotic as it was, stood between freedom and a despotism more brutal and more destructive. In these cloisters the arts of peace were cultivated, when a Vandal aristocracy acknowledged no law but power.

What food for thought is here—what material for reflection! Who will not

> "Envy them, those monks of old,"

passing a life in calm and quiet, amid scenes so surpassingly beautiful! Here they read and wrote; here the Arts were made the handmaids of religion. We may not, under the walls that shadow their dust, amid pleasant meadows, at the foot of wooded hills, by the fair river-side, all of which they had made charming and productive—we may not ponder over,

or even call to mind, the errors or the vices hidden under "the white robe with a black scapular or hood!" Let them be remembered elsewhere, but forgotten here!

We may fitly conclude our visit to "faire Tinterne" by quoting a passage from the eloquent historian Macaulay:—"A system which, however deformed by superstition, introduced strong moral restraints into communities previously governed only by vigour of muscle, and by audacity of spirit; a system which taught even the fiercest and mightiest ruler that he was, like his meanest bondsman, a responsible being, might have seemed to deserve a more respectful mention from philosophers and philanthropists. . . . . Had not such retreats been scattered here and there, among the huts of a miserable peasantry, and the castles of a ferocious aristocracy, European society would have consisted merely of beasts of burden and beasts of prey. . . . . The church has many times been compared to the ark of which we read in the book of Genesis; but never was the resemblance more perfect than during the evil time when she rode alone, amidst darkness and tempest, on the deluge beneath which all the great works of ancient power and wisdom lay entombed, bearing within her that feeble germ from which a second and more glorious civilization was to spring."

The tourist may proceed from Tinterne to Chepstow either by land or water, continuing to row upon the Wye, or pursuing the road that leads all the way immediately above its banks. The journey is, perhaps, preferable to the voyage; certainly it is more varied; for the river is seldom out of sight, its "winding bounds" a perpetual refreshment; here more than ever "a wanderer through the woods;" while the view often receives "enchantment" from distance, and the prospect frequently takes in a wide range of country, in which there is the very happiest combination of wild grandeur with cultivated beauty.

By water, the tourist necessarily sees to greater advantage those singular rocks, that supply so much of the peculiar character of Wye scenery; they are at either side, and all have names: thus the guides or boatmen will point attention to Plumber's Cliff, which is surmounted by an ancient intrenchment, and the highest point of which is the Devil's

Pulpit, the Banaghor Crags, the Twelve Apostles, St. Peter's Thumb, the Lover's Leap, Wyntour's Leap,* and so forth; while the surpassing charms of the demesne of Piercefield have been themes of enthusiastic laudation in all the Tour Books of the district, that have been written during the last century.

The beautiful seat—Piercefield—now belongs to a new owner, a gentleman who, within a comparatively recent date, acquired it by purchase. It has had many masters since it was formed, "an earthly paradise," nearly a hundred years ago, by its then lord, Valentine Morris. Let the reader imagine a continuous "range" of walks, of more than three miles in extent, laid out with consummate skill, with breaks at convenient and judiciously planned openings among dense foliage, here and there carefully trimmed and highly cultivated, where Art has been studious, wise, and successful; while every now and then trees, shrubs, and underwood, are permitted to grow and wander at their own will,—

"The negligence of Nature, wide and wild,'

—and he will have some, though but limited, idea of the natural or trained diversity of this beautiful demesne. Let him add the grandeur derived from stupendous and picturesque rocks, and the value of the auxiliary river that runs rapidly, now here now there, continually "winding;" the dense foliage, the dark or graceful trees, the gigantic ferns, and the thousand charms of park and forest scenery, in harmonious union,—and he will be at no loss to understand the fame that Piercefield has obtained—and retained—as the fairest bit of the Wye scenery, and, consequently, among the most delicious landscape graces of England. It is, indeed, and has ever been, a paradise; and surely he, who brought so

* Wyntour's Leap is associated with one of the fiercely-contested struggles of the civil wars. "The king's friends," says Corbet, in his "Military Government of Gloucester," "attempted a second time to fortify this spot, but before the works were complete, Colonel Massie attacked and defeated them. They forced Sir John Wyntour down the cliff into the river, where a little boat lay to receive him. Many took the water, and were drowned; others, by recovering the boats, saved themselves." Tradition asserts that Sir John leapt his horse down the cliff; but the precipice here is so abrupt that he most probably escaped on foot.

judiciously and so happily Art to the aid of Nature, was a man to be envied by his generation, and to be remembered by posterity, as one to whom Fortune had been lavish of her bounties, and whose destiny was that which tens of thousands would covet—in vain. Alas! it was not so; the story is a sad one, and supplies additional evidence of "the Vanity of Human Wishes!"*

Yes! the scenery here is indeed beautiful; Piercefield is, of a truth, entitled to all the praise it receives—and that is large, free, and full; and he who writes of it to-day, cannot do better than quote the words the eloquent historian of the county applied to it half a century ago: "The Wye, which is everywhere seen from a great elevation, passes under Wynd Cliff and the Banaghor Rocks, winds round the peninsula of Lancaut, under a semicircular chain of stupendous cliffs, is lost in its sinuous course, again appears in a straighter line at the foot of the Lancaut rocks, and flows under the majestic ruins of Chepstow Castle, towards the Severn. The rocks are broken into an infinite variety of fantastic shapes, and scattered at different heights and in different positions; they start abruptly from the river, swell into gentle acclivities, or hang on the summits of the walls; here they form a perpendicular rampart, there jut into enormous projections, and impend over the water. But their dizzy heights and abrupt precipices are softened by the woods, which form a

* A memoir of Valentine Morris, Esq., was printed in 1801 by Archdeacon Coxe, in his "History of Monmouthshire." He succeeded his father somewhere about the year 1752, and thus inherited Piercefield. Before that period it was unknown and unfrequented, the grounds being employed solely for agricultural purposes, or covered with inaccessible forests. These he converted, at vast expense, into the "wonder" it has ever since been. "He lived in a style of princely, rather than private, magnificence." Every chance visitor was entertained; large was his bounty to all who needed; his open hand was lavish of gifts; and to the poor he was ever a generous benefactor. But the mine was exhausted; he became embarrassed, and was driven forth from the paradise he had created, to a comparatively miserable shelter upon his depressed property in Antigua. His departure from Chepstow was an event long remembered. The carriage was surrounded by sorrowful and sympathising crowds; and, as he passed the bridge that crossed the Wye, "his ear was struck with the mournful peal of bells, muffled, as is usual on the loss of departed friends. Deeply affected with this mark of esteem and regret, he could no longer control his emotions, but burst into tears." He ultimately obtained the governorship of St. Vincent, and there "laboured with so much zeal and activity in promoting the cultivation of the island, that he almost made of it another Piercefield." The island, however, was taken by the French, and Morris was again a ruined man. His claims on the Government, though admitted, were never liquidated: his wrongs remained unredressed. During seven years he was a prisoner for debt in the King's Bench; "his books, and all his movables," were sold: his wife sunk under the heavy load of sorrow and privation, and became insane; and he died, in poverty, of grief!

no less conspicuous feature in the romantic scenery; they are not meagre plantations placed by Art, but a tract of forests scattered by the hand of Nature. In one place they expand into open groves of large oak, elm, and beech; in another, form a shade of timber trees, copses, and underwood, hiding all external objects, and wholly impervious to the rays of the sun; they start from the crevices of the rocks, feather their edges, crown their summits, clothe their sides, and fill the intermediate hollows with a luxuriant mass of foliage, bringing to recollection Milton's description of the border

> " 'Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
> Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
> As with a rural mound, the champain head
> Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
> With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
> Access deny'd, and overhead upgrew
> Insuperable height of loftiest shade.
> * * * *
> A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend
> Shade above shade, a woody theatre
> Of stateliest view.' "

All writers, indeed, are eloquent in praise of this most lovely scene; none more so than the antiquary, Fosbroke, who lived and died not far from the place he dearly loved. He thus writes:—"What a cathedral is among churches, the Wynd Cliff is among prospects. Like Snowdon, it ought to be visited at sunrise, or seen through a sunrise-glass, called a *Claude*, which affords a sunrise view at mid-day, without the obscuration of the morning mist. This cliff is the last grand scene of the Piercefield drama. It is not only magnificent, but so novel, that it excites an involuntary start of astonishment; and so sublime, that it elevates the mind into instantaneous rapture. The parts consist of a most uncommon combination of wood, rock, water, sky, and plain—of height and abyss—of rough and smooth—of recess and projection—of fine landscapes near, and excellent prospective afar,—all melting into each other, and grouping into such capricious lines, that, although it may find a counterpart in tropic climes, it is, in regard to England, probably unique. The spectator stands upon the edge of a precipice, the depth of which is awful to contemplate, with the river winding at his feet. The right screen is

Piercefield ridge, richly wooded; the left is a belt of rocks, over which, northward, appears the Severn, with the fine shores between Thornbury and Bristol rising behind each other in admirable swells, which unite in most graceful curves. The first foreground appears to the eye like a view from the clouds to the earth, and the rich contrast of green meadows to wild forest scenery,—the farm of Lancaut, clasped in the arms of the winding river, backed by hanging wood and rock. The further horn of the crescent tapers off into a craggy informal mole, over which the eye passes to a second bay; this terminates in Chepstow Castle, the town and rocks beyond all mellowed down by distance, into that fine hazy indistinctness which makes even deformities combine into harmony with the picture."

The reader must not, however, imagine that Piercefield is the only place of beauty that, in this vicinage, borders "Sylvan Wye:" ascend any of the heights, and the view is glorious; while the way is ever full of charms such as those we have been describing. Chiefest among all such heights—the fair rivals of its fair neighbour—is the far-famed Wynd Cliff, which the antiquary so eloquently describes. Let us mount this hill, while the cool shadows of evening are over us; for it is a labour when the sun is up, and half its beauty will be lost in the glare of mid-day. Coleridge, in his verses on this sublime scene, with its

> "Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills, and shoreless ocean,"

exclaims—

> "It seem'd like Omnipresence!—God, methought,
> Had built him here a temple; the whole world
> Seemed imaged in its vast circumference."

Adjoining the road, and nearly midway between Tinterne and Chepstow, the carriage stops at "the Moss House," a rustic cottage, prettily built, in which resides the care-taker of the hill,* who will accompany you if you please; but his companionship is not needed, for on its summit, where the "views" are, you will find an old soldier stationed—to direct

* Each visitor is requested to pay sixpence, and no more. The hill belongs to his grace the Duke of Beaufort. The fee is designed to effect what it does effect—a barrier to prevent the intrusion of mere idlers from the town, who would disturb the tranquillity of the scene.

your notice to such places as have names. You climb up a steep for a mile or more, by a narrow zigzag footway made through underwood at the foot of forest trees: every now and then a nimble squirrel leaps from branch to branch, or springs across your path, while birds of various kinds are singing from thick foliage. You may pause occasionally to obtain views of delicious bits; and, to aid you, judicious openings have been made in many places. Perhaps, however, it will be well to avail

THE WYND CLIFF, FROM ST. ARVEN'S.

yourself of none of them, but to wait until you are at the summit, and obtain at once a prospect so amazingly grand and beautiful, that words can give you no idea of it. Writers concerning this glorious district have sought, and sought in vain, to convey some impression of its charms. Roscoe writes:—"On gaining the open space"—a level flat on the summit of the hill, where a neatly-thatched shelter is provided—"one of the most extensive and beautiful views that can be imagined bursts upon the eye, or rather a vast group of views of distinct and oppo-

site character here seem to blend and unite in one. At a depth of about eight hundred feet, the steep descent below presents in some places single projecting rocks; in others, a green bushy precipice. In the valley, the eye follows for several miles the course of the Wye, which issues from a wooded glen on the left hand, curves round a green garden-like peninsula, rising into a hill studded with beautiful clumps of trees, then forces its foaming way to the right, along a huge wall of rock, nearly as high as the point where you stand, and at length, beyond Chepstow Castle, which looks like a ruined city, empties itself into the Bristol Channel, where ocean closes the dim and misty distance. On the other side of the river, immediately in front, the peaked tops of a long ridge of hills extend nearly the whole district which the eye commands. It is thickly clothed with wood, out of which a continuous wall of rock, festooned with ivy, picturesquely rears its head. Over this ridge you again discern water, the Severn, three miles broad, thronged with white sails, on either side of which is seen blue ridges of hills full of fertility and rich cultivation. The grouping of the landscape is perfect. I know of no picture more beautiful. Inexhaustible in details, of boundless extent, and yet marked by such grand and prominent features, that confusion and monotony, the usual defects of a very wide prospect, are completely avoided."

We have given the best of many descriptions; but the eloquent writer admits his inability to render justice to so grand, so glorious, so beautiful, and so wholesomely exciting a scene. Yet it is but one of many such attractions that border the river Wye.*

We are now leaving its peculiar charms—the stream henceforth becomes dark and muddy; the tide from the Severn ascends it with great rapidity. The ancient Castle of Chepstow comes in sight. We land, if we are voyagers, at a clumsy pier, but adjacent to a picturesque bridge, and almost under the walls of the huge fortalice of the Normans.

Are we voyaging to Chepstow? many are the landscape beauties we encounter on either side of the Wye. The left bank is steep and wooded

* Mr. Hulme made his view of the Wynd Cliff from the graveyard of St. Arven's Church; and has also given a sketch of the pretty and picturesque church, happily and tranquilly situated among so many landscape beauties.

to the water's edge; the right is also frequently the same, but now and then its line of trees is broken by fertile meadows. We pass several weirs, breaks in the channel at low water, and reach the charming peninsula of Lancaut, with its "wee little church" standing on a hillock a few yards from the river. Opposite are the grounds of Piercefield, and hanging over them is the Wynd Cliff. We borrow a passage from Archdeacon Coxe :—"At this place, the Wye turns abruptly round the fertile peninsula of Lancaut, under the stupendous amphitheatre of

ST. ARVEN'S CHURCH.

Piercefield cliffs, starting from the edge of the water, here wholly mantled with wood, there jutting in bold and fantastic projections, which appear like enormous buttresses formed by the hand of nature. At the further extremity of this peninsula the river again turns, and stretches in a long reach, between the white and towering cliffs of Lancaut, and the rich acclivities of Piercefield woods. In the midst of these grand and picturesque scenes, the embattled turrets of Chepstow Castle burst upon our sight; and, as we glided under the perpendicular crag, we looked up

with astonishment to the massive walls impending over the edge of the precipice, and appearing like a continuation of the rock itself. Before stretched the long and picturesque bridge, and the view was closed by a semicircular range of red cliffs, tinted with pendent foliage, which form the left bank of the river."

Journeying by land, the prospects are infinitely more grand, more beautiful, and more diversified, although views are obtained only of one side of the river, except occasionally, by ascending heights.

Either way, it is a charming tour of five miles between Tinterne and Chepstow. The tourist cannot miss a scene of beauty, look where he will,—from either of the surrounding hills, or even from the common road,—in any direction. It will therefore be easy to understand that there are few more happily situated towns in the kingdom than Chepstow, through which runs the South Wales Railway, and near to which, in a low and swampy dell, the Wye joins its waters to the Severn, both making their way hence together into the Bristol Channel.

Chepstow was a walled town, and of the walls there yet remain many picturesque fragments. It is said to have been a Roman town, but upon insufficient authority; Archdeacon Coxe, "after repeated inquiries," could never learn that any Roman antiquities had been discovered in its vicinity. The probability is that, according to Leland, "when Caerwent (one of the principal cities of the Romans, distant about seven miles) began to decay, then began Chepstow to flourish." The Saxons undoubtedly had a settlement here; and Coxe conjectures that its name is derived from *cheapian stowe*, signifying a place of traffic. A bridge connects the town, which is in Monmouthshire, with the opposite side, in Gloucestershire; and the Wye divides the two counties.

The objects to be visited in Chepstow—always excepting the "views" to be obtained anywhere—are the Church, the Castle, and the Western Gate. This gate is still entire, and is of much interest, although not of a date very remote; those who have time, and taste that way, may be gratified by tracing the old walls—a work of no great difficulty. To the church we first conduct the reader.

The church is part of a Benedictine priory of Norman work, said to

have been founded in the reign of King Stephen; it was a cell to the Abbey of Cormeille, in Normandy, and dedicated to St. Mary.* "Scarcely any remains of the ancient priory can be traced, but the church was part of the chapel, and is a curious remnant of Norman architecture. The body was once the nave of a much larger structure, built in the form of a cathedral, and at the eastern extremity appears one of the lofty arches which supported the tower. The nave is separated from the side aisles

THE WYE BRIDGE, AT CHEPSTOW.

by a grand range of circular arches, reposing on massive piers, which have a venerable and solemn appearance." The windows are ornamented Gothic, much posterior to the era of the original structure. "The entrance to the north is through a Gothic porch, which covers the

* There were formerly four churches in Chepstow, three of which have been destroyed, viz., St. Ann's, St. Nicholas's, and St. Ewen's.

original doorway, formed by a semi-circular arch, enriched with zigzag mouldings, and supported by two columns; but the entrance to the west front is a magnificent portal, in the highest state of preservation: it consists of a semi-circular arch, reposing on receding columns, and richly decorated with divisions of diagonal and diamond mouldings, peculiar to the Saxon and early Norman style."

Since Archdeacon Coxe wrote these remarks, much has been done to the church in the way of restoration, and, generally, well done. It is,

CHEPSTOW CASTLE, FROM THE WYE.

unquestionably, a venerable and very interesting edifice, with unmistakeable evidence of antiquity. Of monuments there are few of note, excepting that to Henry Marten, so long a prisoner in the castle, and who was here interred. The body was buried, and the stone placed, originally in the chancel; but a bigoted vicar, objecting to the remains of

a regicide lying so near the altar, ordered the removal of both, and they are now in a passage leading from the nave into the north aisle.* The stone records the day of burial,—September 9, 1680,—and contains a verse and an acrostic, said to have been written for the purpose by himself. Those who read them will incline to believe that this is an error; the sturdy and intellectual republican could never have produced a composition so utterly wretched.†

The castle is the principal object of attraction in Chepstow; it has a fine effect from the railway, as the train passes over the bridge; but it is best seen from the opposite side: its solemn grandeur, however, and amazing strength, are fully appreciated as we pass under it, voyaging the river, and entering the town. It is situated on the brow of a precipice, overhanging the right bank of the Wye; the northern

* The name of this clergyman was CHEST; some idea of his character may be formed from the following epigram written by his son-in-law on the vicar's death:—

"Here lies at rest, I do protest,
One CHEST within another
The CHEST OF WOOD was very good—
Who says so of the other?"

† We append these lines, that the reader may judge for himself:—

HERE, SEPT. 9, 1680,
WAS BURIED
A TRUE-BORN ENGLISHMAN,

Who, in Berkshire, was well known
To love his country's freedom 'bove his own;
But being immured full twenty year,
Had time to write, as doth appear—

HIS EPITAPH.

H ere or elsewhere (all's one to you or me)
E arth, Air, or Water, gripes my ghostly dust,
N one knows how soon to be by fire set free;
R eader, if you an old try'd rule will trust,
Y ou'll gladly do and suffer what you must.

M y time was spent in serving you and you,
A nd death's my pay, it seems, and welcome too;
R evenge destroying but itself, while I
T o birds of prey leave my old cage and fly;
E xamples preach to the eye—care then (mine says)
N ot how you end, but how you spend your days.

side is advanced close to the edge, and so constructed as to appear part of the cliff; it was, therefore, apparently unassailable from this quarter. On the other sides it was defended by massive walls, flanked with strong and lofty towers; it is said there was a moat also, but there are no traces of it; and it is not likely that it ever had that defence, the situation being so high above the Wye, and there being no tributary stream in its vicinity. In early times it was considered impregnable; it was required to be so, for it was situate in the midst of brave and merciless enemies.

The castle seems to have borne different appellations: it is said to have been called by the Britons, Castill Gwent, or Casgwent; by the Saxons, Cheapstowe; and by the Normans, Estrighoiel, or Striguil. The structure, of which the ruins now exist, and which occupy the site of an earlier fortalice, is ascribed to a kinsman of the Conqueror, William Fitz-Osborne, Earl of Hereford,—"the chief and greatest oppressor of the English, who cherished an enormous cause by his boldness, whereby many thousands were brought to miserable ends."

For a long period after the Conquest, the hereditary lords of the town and castle were the old Earls of Pembroke, of the house of Clare, the last of whom was the renowned Richard Strongbow, Earl of Striguil, Chepstow, and Pembroke, who died in 1176, leaving a daughter Isabel, by whose marriage the estates and title passed into the family of Marshall; afterwards, by a similar union, into that of Herbert; and, subsequently, by the marriage of Elizabeth, sole daughter and heiress of William Herbert, Earl of Huntingdon, and Lord Herbert, of Raglan, Chepstow, and Gower, the estate descended to Sir Charles Somerset, created Earl of Worcester. It is now one of the numerous castles of the noble representative of an illustrious race—Henry Charles Fitzroy Somerset, Duke of Beaufort.

History records but few sieges to which this huge stronghold was subjected. The latest and greatest was that which took place in 1645, when garrisoned for the king, and assailed by the troops of the Commonwealth. It had been taken and re-taken; but such was its importance, that Cromwell marched against it in person, obtained possession of the

town, and assaulted the castle without success, though its defenders amounted to no more than one hundred and sixty men, commanded by a gallant soldier, Sir Nicholas Kemeys. Cromwell then left Colonel Ewer, with a train of artillery, seven companies of foot, and four troops of horse, to prosecute the siege. But the garrison defended themselves valiantly, until their provisions were exhausted, and even then refused to surrender, under promise of quarter, hoping to escape by means of a boat, which they had provided for the purpose. A soldier of the parliamentary army,

GATE IN CHEPSTOW CASTLE.

however, swam across the river, with a knife between his teeth, cut the cable of the boat, and brought it away. The castle was at length forced, and the brave commander slain, with forty of his men—some accounts say "in cold blood." The castle and park of Chepstow were confiscated, and settled by parliament on Oliver Cromwell; at the Restoration, how-

ever, they reverted to the Marquis of Worcester, and so descended to the Duke of Beaufort.

The entrance to the castle is from the town; it was defended by two circular towers, double gates, portcullises, and a port-hole. A massive

TOWER IN CHEPSTOW CASTLE.

door of oak, covered with iron bolts and clasps of singularly quaint workmanship, still stands intact, with a four-pound shot to serve the purpose of a knocker. This passed, we are in the great court, the walls and buildings enclosing which are richly covered with ivy. Little more than

half a century ago, it was in a habitable state; but the roofs fell in, there was no presiding spirit to care for its safety, time did its wonted work, and it is now a ruin, excepting a small part—one of the towers, in which the warden resides. The court is a fine green sward, huge walnut-trees are flourishing there, and—as in all cases where the Duke of Beaufort is master—there is no danger of farther decay, except that which naturally arises, and will now rather add to, than take from, the picturesque.

The ramparts are, for the most part, in a good state, so are some of the towers; a pleasant walk may be taken from one of these to another,

ARCHED CHAMBER IN THE CASTLE ROCK.

and charming views obtained of surrounding scenery. One of the most remarkable of the remains is the baronial hall; such, at least, it is generally supposed to be; but there is no certainty on the subject; its

pointed arches and elaborately carved windows indicate its former dignity. A more striking object, however, is an arched chamber in the castle rock; to reach it some steps are descended, it is, therefore, lower than the foundations of the structure, and from a port-hole one looks directly down upon the Wye. Tradition states this to have been the place where the severest fighting occurred during the assault, and that here Colonel Kemeys was killed. It is added, indeed, that the boat in which the beleaguered garrison designed to escape, was moored immediately underneath; the rope that secured it, and which the soldier cut, having been fastened to an iron ring within this chamber. In confirmation of the story an iron ring may still be seen strongly fastened to the stone floor; unless for some such purpose as that referred to, it is hard to guess what possible business it could have had there.*

The portion of the ruin, however, that attracts most attention, and is carefully examined by all visitors, is the KEEP, which contains the PRISON of Henry Marten. Southey's memorable lines, written when Southey was a republican, have been quoted by all tourists :—

> "For thirty years, secluded from mankind,
> Here Marten lingered. Often have these walls
> Echoed his footsteps, as with even tread
> He paced around his prison. Not to him
> Did nature's fair varieties exist;
> He never saw the sun's delightful beams,
> Save when through yon high bars he poured a sad
> And broken splendour."

Denuded of fiction, the facts are these :—Henry Marten, one of the most active and zealous allies of Cromwell, a man of much ability, and of great energy, was "a member of the high court of justice, regularly attended the trial of the king, and was present when the sentence was pronounced, and signed the warrant of death;" he was, therefore, one of "the regicides," and one of those who had least claim to life

* There is a monkish legend attached to the chapel within the castle: it is said to have been erected by Longinus, a Jew,—the soldier who pierced the side of Christ, and who was condemned to visit Britain and build a Christian edifice there; this command he obeyed, selecting this pleasant spot on the Wye to do architectural penance. "Nevertheless," remarks a quaint old commentator, "he must have had a fine Gothic taste;" and certain it is that the "sanctity" thus obtained for his chapel brought many an offering into the holy hands of the priests.

when "the Restoration" re-established monarchy. He was tried, and found guilty; but pleading that "he came in on the proclamation" of mercy, and petulantly adding, "that he had never obeyed any proclamation before this, and hoped that he should not be hanged for taking the king's word now," he obtained pardon on condition of perpetual imprisonment.

After a brief confinement in the Tower, he was transmitted to Chepstow Castle, where he remained a prisoner during twenty—not "thirty"

THE KEEP: MARTEN'S TOWER.

—years, and where he died suddenly, in September, 1680, at the age of seventy-eight.

His "room" in the Keep is still shown; but it may be taken as certain that the whole of the rooms in this tower were his: they were pleasant, sufficiently spacious, had fire-places, and, no doubt, all such other comforts as a man of substance could have required, and acquired. A well of pure water immediately fronted the entrance,—it is there

still,—and a purer draught never flowed from mountain rill. From the summit, wide and beautiful views were, and are, obtained. Even within the walls there was abundant space for exercise; but there is evidence that occasionally, at all events, he was permitted to make visits to the neighbouring gentry. Latterly, during his incarceration, he had the free companionship of his wife and daughters. In a word, Marten was rather

THE ORATORY, IN THE KEEP.

confined than imprisoned, treated with lenity rather than severity, and received indulgence instead of oppression. There is little doubt that his remaining life—for twenty years—was far happier, more tranquil, and more comfortable, than his earlier years had been; and that, instead of shuddering as we enter the room that bears his name at Chepstow, we may envy him the fate that gave him seclusion when he pleased, a release

from labour when he liked, and as much freedom as an aged man, sick of toil and turmoil, could have coveted or desired.

While we thought over his career—quoting the lines of the Laureate—and looked from out those imaginary "bars," through which the sunlight of a summer's day was shining gloriously, gazed over fertile land and

ARCHED PASSAGE.

fair river, heard the busy hum from the near town, and listened to birds among the branches of trees blossoming in the castle yard, murmuring

"Here Marten lingered!"

we confess it was with a feeling of envy—an intense desire to exchange a life of toil for one of such intense tranquillity—a willingness to purchase, at any price short of disloyalty to God and Queen, the privilege to "pace round such a prison."

The Wye continues to pursue its course for two miles below Chepstow, where it joins the Severn; but they are miles of anti-climax: low meadows and sides of mud mark the parting of the fair river, in mournful contrast with its beauties passed. We may not, however, bid

PLAN OF CHEPSTOW CASTLE.

it a grateful farewell without recalling and quoting the lines of great Wordsworth:—

"Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
How oft
In darkness, and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight, when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!"

We have thus conducted the reader down the Wye, and again to the station of the South Wales Railway at Chepstow.

As we have stated, the Wye divides the two counties—Gloucestershire and Monmouthshire; the town of Chepstow being in Monmouthshire, which is bounded on the north by the counties of Brecknock and

Hereford; on the east by Gloucestershire, on the south by the Bristol Channel (which is thus understood to advance as far the junction of the Wye and Severn); and on the west by the counties of Glamorgan and Brecknock, the river Rhymney, or Rumney, separating it from Glamorganshire. The Normans, after its subjugation, had no fewer than twenty-five castles in this shire, the sites of which may still be traced—"a regular chain of fortifications." Monmouthshire was anciently a part of Wales. It was included among the counties of England in the reign of Henry VIII.*

Having passed over the railway bridge that crosses the Wye, and left the small station at Chepstow, we notice, right and left, remains of the

THE WYE RAILWAY BRIDGE.

old walls that enclosed and defended the town, and very soon we obtain a view of the junction of the Wye and Severn: they meet in a broad haven, with three huge sandbanks—Matherne Oaze, Dun Sand, and Northwick

* The whole of this district was formerly called Gwentland; and "such was, probably, its designation till the formation of the English county of Monmouth, by statute, in the reign of Henry VIII." According to Mr. Octavius Morgan, "no satisfactory etymology of this name of *Gwent* has yet been given."

Oaze, with some "awkward" rocks—the Charston Rocks—immediately in front. The channel, however, is wide and deep, and vessels of heavy burthen may voyage safely at high water. The neighbouring shores are low, although in part wooded, with occasional steeps. The junction is by no means picturesque; it would seem as if the river had wearied of perpetual beauty, or was unwilling to grace its gigantic sister in whose

JUNCTION OF WYE AND SEVERN, FROM THE PARK OF ST. PIERRE.

embraces it was to be lost. The artist has pictured a distant view of the scene; his sketch is taken from the charming grounds of St. Pierre, the seat of a family who have dwelt there for seven centuries.

Before we reach this beautiful park, however, we pass the ancient and venerable remains of MATHERNE. It was long the episcopal residence of the Bishops of Llandaff,—was once, as described by Leland, "a preaty pile in Base Venteland,"—and is now a farm-house, with many unmis-

takeable evidences of early magnificence. The last prelate who resided there, died in 1706. It is distant about a mile from the railway, but a glimpse may be obtained of the trees that surround it. Matherne is supposed to derive its name from "Merthyr Tewdric,"—Theodoric the Martyr,—and the story goes that, A.D. 560, having resigned his kingdom of Glamorganshire to his son, he "led an eremetical life among the rocks of Dindyrn." He was, however, reluctantly dragged from his hermitage to command an army against the invading Saxons, in the belief that having always conquered his enemies, he was destined to do so again;

MATHERNE.

and he did: but being mortally wounded in the battle, he directed his son to erect a church on the spot where he should die. This was the spot; and Bishop Godwin, in his account of the see of Llandaff, asserts that he found, in a stone coffin, the bones of the hermit-king. Right or wrong, the prelate commemorated the circumstance in a fitting epitaph which relates the tale. The See, one of the poorest of Great Britain, was impoverished by one Anthony Kitchen—"its shame and reproach"—who having taken the oath of supremacy to Henry VIII., being the only bishop who did so, continued at Matherne unto the fifth year of

the reign of Elizabeth, and then died, "first having so impoverished the Bishopricke by unreasonable demises of whatsoever was demiseable, as there was no great cause he should be so loth to leave it." The artist has pictured the CHURCH, and also the RUINS, now a farm-house.

MATHERNE CHURCH.

Moinscourt, another ancient house in this vicinity, was also a residence of the prelates of Llandaff. And here resided Bishop Godwin, "a passing great lover of venerable antiquitie and of all good literature," to whom Camden—

> "Camden, 'the nourice of antiquitie'
> And lantern unto late succeeding ages"—

was indebted for much assistance, which the learned antiquary acknowledges gratefully.

The railway skirts the park of St. Pierre, and above the trees may be

seen the chimneys of the old house. The family, however, as we have intimated, are many centuries older than their mansion—"descendants of Cadivor the Great." It is pleasant to offer involuntary homage to those who have kept their name and land when thousands of illustrious men have "left no sign," except in the pages of history, or are indistinctly traced in the dim "twilight of tradition."

A mile or so onwards and we arrive at "the New Passage," for so a very old passage is called. It is about three and a-half miles across the Severn at low water, and has "from time immemorial" belonged to the family of St. Pierre, and is theirs still. There is a rock, "The Black Rock," joining the shore, concerning which a well-authenticated story is told. King Charles I., being pursued by his enemies, was ferried across hence into Gloucestershire. The republican party arriving soon afterwards, compelled the boatmen, who had returned, to do a like duty for them. The boatmen were Royalists, and left the soldiers on a reef, pretending it to be main land, but which they knew would be covered at high water; and as the tide, that had just turned, came in very rapidly, the whole of the party were drowned. Cromwell, informed of the event, abolished the ferry, and it was not renewed until 1718, and then only after a suit at law between the family of St. Pierre and the guardians of the Duke of Beaufort.

The station next reached is PORTSKEWET,—Portscwit, in old histories,—"now a village a mile from the shore, but formerly washed by the sea, and probably the port to Caerwent," the Roman city we are approaching. It is stated by the Welsh historian, Caradoc, that Harold, after conquering part of Wales from Prince Gryffyth, built here a magnificent house, "in which he splendidly entertained the king," a house, however, that was, not long afterwards destroyed by the Welsh.* No trace of it appears to have been discovered by early English writers.

* "Harold's house at Portskewet was destroyed by Caradoc ap Griffith ap Rhydderch, in or about the year 1056." (Octavius Morgan.) Caradoc, in his history, translated by Powel, informs us that Harold, after conquering part of South Wales from Prince Gryffyth, built a magnificent house at the place, which he calls Portascyth, in Monmouthshire; "and stowing it with great quantity of provision, splendidly entertained the king, who honoured him with a visit. This was by no means pleasing to Tostig, to see his younger brother in greater esteem and favour with the king than himself, and having concealed his displeasure for a time, could not forbear at length but discover his grievance; for one day

There is at Portskewet a Roman encampment, called Sudbrook, or Southbrook, upon the verge of a cliff, abruptly rising from "the Severn

SUDBROOK CHURCH.

Sea." It is surmised to have been formed as a defence to those vessels

at Windsor, while Harold reached the cup to King Edward, Tostig, ready to burst with envy that his brother was so much respected beyond himself, could not refrain to run furiously upon him, and pulling him by the hair, dragged him to the ground; for which unmannerly action the king forbad him the court. But he, with continued rancour and malice, rides to Hereford, where Harold had many servants preparing an entertainment for the king, and setting upon them with his followers, lopped off the hands and legs of some, the arms and heads of others, and threw them into the butts of wine and other liquors which were put in for the king's drinking; and at his departure charged the servants to acquaint him—'That of other fresh meats he might carry with him what he pleased, but for sauce he should find plenty ready provided for him.' For which barbarous offence the king pronounced a sentence of perpetual banishment upon him. But Caradoc ap Gryffyth gave a finishing stroke to Harold's house and the king's entertaiment at Portascyth, for coming thither shortly after Tostig's departure, to be revenged on Harold, he killed all the workmen and labourers, with all the servants he could find, and utterly defacing the building, carried away all the costly materials which, with great charges and expense, had been brought thither to beautify and adorn the structure."

lying in the pool beneath, by which a communication was kept up with their naval stations on the opposite shore, near King Road. The singular remains of an old church or chapel are still standing on the very brink of the cliff. "It could not have been so placed at the time of its erection, for it is evident the greater part of the camp and part of the churchyard have been washed away, since the ruins of the church stand absolutely on

CALDECOT CASTLE.

the edge of the sandstone cliff, which is here of so very soft a nature, that if the sea makes any farther encroachments, a portion of the chancel wall must of necessity fall." *

A somewhat better fate than that of Portskewet has attended the Castle of CALDECOT, the ruins of which may be discerned from the railway,

* We borrow these remarks from a work written by Octavius Morgan, Esq., M.P., and Thomas Wakeman, Esq., for the Monmouthshire and Caerleon Antiquarian Society; and also transfer to our columns an engraving of this venerable remain, from a drawing by John Lee, Esq., the excellent Secretary to the Society. Probably in a few years it will exist no more.

amid trees, on the right. Caldecot, or Calecoyd Castle, "a corruption probably of Cil-y-coed, or the skirt of the wood," exhibits some interesting remains, the gateway being, as usual, the most perfect. Caldecot is called by Camden "a shell belonging to the constables of England," the De Bohuns; but "that the castle and the constableship were for many generations vested in the same person was quite accidental, and had nothing to do with the tenure." In 1613, the jury, at a Court of Survey, represented the castle as then in ruins, and that it had been so before the memory of any of them. Mr. Octavius Morgan, to whose valuable work on the early architecture and remains of this fertile district we shall have frequent occasion to refer, considers "there is no feature of decidedly Norman character in the building," and refers its date to the latter part of the twelfth century. "It seems to have been constructed and repaired at different intervals, but on the whole bears a Norman character," so writes Archdeacon Coxe. It was early in the possession of the great family of Bohun, Earls of Hereford, but very often changed its lords, according to the will of the ruling sovereign. An important post it was, almost in the centre of a district ever active, for the "Welsh enemy" of the Norman seigneurs seldom slumbered, and kept their foes continually awake. It is now a graceful and picturesque ruin, discoursing eloquently of the past, but with less power than its far older neighbour—"remote CAERWENT."

The Roman city of Caerwent is distant about three miles from the railroad: it was the "Venta Silurum" of the conquerors of Britain and of "the world," and in the days of its glory must have been a place of vast importance. Early writers, however, afford but little information concerning it. It is supposed to occupy "the exact site" of the chief city of the Silures; but Archdeacon Coxe states that he sought in vain for any trace of British occupation. Caerwent is situated on a gentle rise in the middle of a broad valley, bounded on the north and south by ranges of low hills. The walls enclose an area of about 40 acres, in the form of a parallelogram, in round numbers about 500 yards long by 400 wide; the great Roman highway, the "Via Julia," now the turnpike-road from Chepstow to Newport, passing through it from east to west,

and dividing it into equal parts. To-day, as when Leland wrote, "there yet appeare pavements of old streates, and yn digging they finde foundations of great brykes." These relics of a remote age are growing scarce; but occasionally even now fragments of stone, coins, and other "Roman remains" are delved by the peasantry from the soil that covers "the city,"

CAERWENT.

in the orchards and meadows that flourish on the site. The "great city" is a poor village, with a church built of stones that were hewn by Roman hands, and a population barely enough for seed-time and harvest where the "legions throng'd." That it was "sum time a faire and larg cyte" there can be no doubt; now, and for generations back, might be applied to it the lines of the poet Spenser—

"I was that city, which the garland wore
Of Britain's pride, delivered unto me
By Roman victors which it won of yore;
Though nought at all but ruins now I be,
And lie in mine own ashes, as you see."*

The station next reached is Magor, a small town where there are some interesting ruins, of which the artist made a sketch. We are now

MAGOR.

in a district full of such ruins—Penhow, Pencoed, Llanvair, Dinham, and Striguil, are the names of but some of them. They are rich in the

* Many writers have treated this subject—ancient Caerwent; but so little have they agreed, that, according to the most intelligent of them,—Donovan, whose "Descriptive Sketches in South Wales" were published in 1805,—"one might almost imagine there must be some fatality to err in speaking of the ruinous old walls of Caerwent." In 1856, a paper on "Excavations within the Walls of Caerwent" was communicated to the Society of Antiquaries by Octavius Morgan, Esq., M.P., one of its Vice-Presidents, which establishes "the identity of Caerwent, or Caergwent, with Venta Silurum, one of the stations of the Via Julia mentioned in the 14th Iter of Antonine. With regard to the name *Venta* it is very probably only the Latinized form of the British Gwent—the ancient name of the district." "All we certainly know of the place," adds Mr. Morgan, "is that it was a Roman station; and the

picturesque, and the pencil might be well employed in describing each. We have selected PENCOED as that on which the eye may rest for a moment as the train flits by, between Magor and Newport. Each, too, has its history of "battles, sieges, fortunes," from the days of the Normans, who chiefly built them to "curb the natives, a bold and spirited

PENCOED CASTLE.

race," and to secure the lands they had taken from a people who never admitted they were conquered.

Pencoed—"the head of the wood"—stands at the extremity of a hilly

remains of the walls still visible, and the discoveries that have been made, from time to time, within the walls, and in the neighbourhood, prove, I think, beyond a doubt, that it was a town of considerable importance, and, during the Roman occupation, second only to Caerleon." Mr. Morgan has collected all the information it was possible to obtain on this subject from previous writers, and from careful examinations, measurements, and excavations; and his paper is accompanied by various plans and copies of tesselated pavements found within the city.

and wooded district, on an eminence from which charming views are obtained. It appears to be "the most ancient of these agrarian fortresses, and was probably constructed soon after the Conquest." The principal remains are a gateway with circular arches, flanked by two narrow pentagon turrets, a round embattled tower, and parts of the ancient wall.

We are travelling by railroad at the rate of forty miles an hour, perhaps, and these "strong houses," that have stood sieges for months, would fall in a day before the assaults of modern artillery: let us fancy how the old lords of the Pale, or ancient dwellers by "Severn side," would marvel at the sight of these modern innovations upon ancient usages. It is stated that, within a century, a gentleman of this vicinity, being examined by the House of Commons concerning a turnpike bill, was asked —"What roads are there in Monmouthshire?" answered, "None." "How then do you travel?" "In ditches." Records also are preserved of a journey hence to London, which occupied eight days, at large cost, with perpetual dread of highwaymen. Let us be thankful for the marvellous changes wrought in our day, and not discourage a belief that still greater wonders even than these will astonish and benefit another generation.

We have yet a station, at which the slower trains only stop, that of Llanwern, when we arrive in sight of the church that stands proudly on a hill, and the masts of tall ships that indicate the quays at NEWPORT ON THE USK. The river Usk rises from three springs in a wild and cheerless tract, under the northern side of the highest point of the Black Mountain, or "Caermarthenshire Van." It is called by Drayton "the sprightly Usk," that, gathering rapidly her tributary streams, hastens on her way—

"So much she longs to see the ancient Caerleon."

The river after a long and dreary route reaches Trecastle, and passing under its bridge of a single arch, pursues its winding course, by Roman fortresses. Druidic stones, fair mansions, ancient castles,—each of which has its local history,—until it reaches Brecknock, where it is joined by the Honddy; thence proceeding to refresh other towns and villages: among them Crickhowel—"a preati townlet" in Leland's time, now a

thriving and a populous town; Abergavenny,—charmingly situate in a lovely vale, and neighboured by scenery of surpassing beauty,—where yet stand some shattered remains of a castle of the infamous William de Braose—the castle in which he treacherously slew a band of Welsh lords, as they sat at table, his invited guests. In this immediate neighbourhood is Llanover, the seat of a noble lord, to whom the far-off parks of London owe so much of grace and beauty: it is the hereditary estate of his estimable and accomplished lady—proud of her descent, loving with ardour her native land, and ardently labouring ever for its honour and its welfare. After traversing a beautiful country, the river reaches the town to which it gives name,—Usk, the Burrium of the Romans; where yet exist the remains of a castle, in which, it is said, the two sons of Richard, Duke of York—Edward IV. and Richard III.—were born. The river then passes under New-Bridge,—below which it forms "a remarkable curve, making almost a complete circle,"—and soon reaches Caerleon; whence its progress is over masses of mud to the thriving and populous town of Newport.

A visit to the Castle of Usk will amply recompense the tourist, although some miles from the route we are describing. We borrow details and two engravings from Dr. Beattie's book. "The castle occupies a commanding position—an abrupt rocky eminence that overlooks the town, river, and valley, which were once the property of its feudal lords. It is a domestic fortress of great antiquity, and with the advantages of its natural site, strengthened and improved by all the appliances of military art—art as it was practised in the days of chivalry—these mouldering walls, though now stripped of all their massive proportions, must have presented a bold and almost impregnable aspect. The lapse of centuries, however, has materially changed its appearance; and the castle that once entertained the redoubtable Strongbow and his companions, is now little more than a mass of ruins—the chief recommendation of which is its picturesque character as a prominent feature in the landscape."

The ruins consist merely of a shell, enclosing an area or court, and some outworks on the west, formed by two straight walls converging one

to the other, and strengthened at their union by a round tower, as represented in the accompanying engraving. At the extremity of the south wall is a grand pointed gateway, with grooves for a portcullis, which was the principal entrance. The upper part has been converted into a farmhouse with considerable additions. The annexed woodcut represents one of the chambers of the castle with an arched window and

TOWER IN USK CASTLE.

a huge fireplace, indicating the hospitality of its ancient lords; this work, however, is of a comparatively recent date, for it is a chimney—a comfort and convenience that did not exist when the castle was erected. Chimneys do not seem to have been introduced much before the time of Henry VIII., as appears from the following extract from Leland's

Itinerary :—"One thynge I much notyed in the haule of Bolton," built temp. Rich. II., "how chimneys were conveyed by tunnels made in the syds of the wauls, betwyxt the lights in the haule; and by this means, and by no others, is the smoke of the harthe in the haule wonder strangely carrayed."

CHAMBER IN USK CASTLE.

Newport is distant 158½ miles from London, and 44½ miles from Gloucester. The station is one of the most important on the South Wales line. Two other lines lead from the town: one to Pontypool, Abergavenny, Hereford, Shrewsbury, and thence to all parts of the kingdom; the other, to the great mining districts of Merthyr Tydvil and Aberdare, and thence by a continuous route to Swansea. The traffic hence arising has been necessarily beneficial to the very old town of Newport. No one can pace its streets without obtaining evidence of its growing prosperity: there is an air of business, without bustle; its wharves are thronged; and two or three active manufactories give employment to the population. Of late years a suburb, called "Maindee," has sprung up, and has already become a flourishing and populous adjunct of the old town.

Newport is called by Giraldus, "Novus Burgos," or New Town, and by the Welsh "Castele Newydd," or New Castle. Its distinguish-

ing title, "New," was no doubt derived from its proximity to ancient Caerleon—its rise dating from the decline of the Roman city, its near neighbour.

Long before the station is reached, we see on the summit of a hill, overlooking the town, the old and venerable church, dedicated to St. Woollos —to be examined presently; and soon the eye falls on the ancient castle, that once guarded and protected the river. The engraving well describes

NEWPORT CASTLE.

this interesting remain: it is now a brewery, but retains many evidences of its former strength and early splendour, with indications of the space occupied by its outer towers and ramparts. It is said to have been erected by Robert, Earl of Gloucester, natural son of Henry II., who acquired the lordship of Monmouth in right of his wife, Maud, the daughter of Robert Fitzhamon; but Sir Samuel Meyrick was of opinion that its date is no

older than the end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century. It had many famous lords: Richard de Clare, Earl of Hereford; the younger Hugh le Despenser; Hugh de Audley; Ralph, Earl of Stafford, the brave comrade of the Black Prince at Cressy; Edward, third Duke of Buckingham, and the Herberts of St. Julian.

Newport was "a towne yn ruine" when Leland wrote; yet a very early writer states that "many saile to Bristowe from that port;" and

THE QUAY AT NEWPORT.

towards the close of the last century some of its walls and one of its gateways remained. It is now, as we have intimated, a thriving sea-port town; the two engravings, from drawings by Commander May, will convey some idea of its sea-traffic and convenient quays.

The Usk, near the bridge, presents a striking resemblance to the Thames near Rotherhithe, but on a smaller scale. The banks of the

river on the Newport side being a mass of docks, quays, and creeks, the river exhibits a peculiarly animated appearance at high water, when numerous colliers are taking their departure to the several ports of England. Our sketch represents the view of the river from the Newport side of the bridge; the tall forest of shipping stands out sharply against the afternoon sky, while the sun shoots its rays strong enough even to

THE USK AT NEWPORT.

light up the muddy waters of the Usk, which here is by no means what the poet calls it—

"The lucid Usk."

Our second view is taken lower down the river at low water, showing the great rise and fall of the tide in this river. The colliers can haul alongside the jetty at high water, where they remain on the top of the mud at the receding of the tide. The distance shows a continuance of "docks" and ships, though two miles from the bridge.

The Church of St. Woollos is among the most ancient in South Wales, or rather the portion we have pictured—the massive square tower, decorated by the statue of a headless warrior. St. Woollos, to whom the church is dedicated, is called in Welsh *Gwnlliw;* in Latin, *Gunleus.* "He was the eldest son to a king of the Dimetians, in South Wales;"

ST. WOOLLOS CHURCH.

was married, and had two sons, who became also "saints." He retired wholly from the world long before his death, "lived a solitary life," his drink water, his food barley bread, "on which he usually strewed ashes." After existing thus in voluntary wretchedness, he died "nobly," towards the end of the fifth century, and was "glorified by miracles." From the summit of the church there is a glorious view of the town, the surround-

ing country, the Usk, and the Bristol Channel, which the river joins about two or three miles below the town. Hence, also,

"Men see a part of five faire shires."

Newport and its neighbourhood is full of singular traditions: there is a ford near the castle in which the second Henry laved his freckled face, and washed away its deformity—to fulfil a prophecy that the Welsh should be conquered by a fair prince, who "would do this thing." To Fair-oak Hill, when Cromwell was pondering over means to assail the beleaguered castle, there came a traitor, by night, who sold to the enemy a subterranean passage; the castle was thus taken, the money paid down, and the betrayer hanged, with the gold in his pocket, on the nearest tree. Happily, to be treated only as a tradition now—although shot marks may yet be seen on the pillars of one of its leading hotels—is the story of the Chartist riots of November, 1839, when a foolish mob of miners was headed by a magistrate, who paid by transportation the penalty of his crime.

The tourist in South Wales may visit many towns as interesting as Newport; he will, however, find no place in the Principality so remarkable as that we now approach—distant about three miles from Newport—the ancient CITY OF CAERLEON. We enjoyed the great advantage of having for our guide and companion to this singular locality, its accomplished historian, John Edward Lee, Esq., who resides in a restored part of the old Priory, built upon foundations laid two thousand years ago, close to all the more prominent remains, and adjoining "the Museum," to contain relics, every now and then delved from the soil—rich in memorials of the past. We quote from the old poet, Churchyard—his "Worthinesse of Wales,"

"Let Caerleon have his right,
And joye his wonted fame."

We drive through a pleasant country, the Usk all the way in sight,*

* The Usk winds considerably between Newport and Caerleon, the road to the latter town passing through some picturesque scenery. Our view from the back of a pile of old farm buildings, showing a most pretty bend of the river, is very striking: the Abergavenny train on the opposite bank sending jets of steam between the beautiful trees which grow on the hilly-banked river, with distant hills lighted by an evening sun.

and our attention is first directed to a farmhouse—St. Julian, a very venerable mansion, although of its old glories there are but few remains; it was, however, some time the home of that ever-famous knight, Lord Herbert of Cherbury. He obtained this estate by marriage with the daughter of Sir William Herbert of St. Julian, to whom he was wedded in his fifteenth year, she being of the age of twenty-one. The farmhouse,

VIEW ON THE USK.

notwithstanding its memorable associations, need not delay us. We see the bridge, beside which is an ancient tower, that which commanded the ford, and a few houses—village, town, or city, either or all—which we are told is Caerleon—Isca Silurum,* the residence of the second Augustine

* "It is denominated in Antonine's 'Itinerary' Isca Secundæ Augustæ; by the monk of Ravenna, Isca Augusta; by others, Isca Silurum; and by Richard, Isca Colonia."—(Archdeacon Coxe.) Its

legion, and the chief station of the Romans in the wild country of the fierce Silures.

So early, or rather, so late, as the twelfth century, thus is old Caerleon described by Giraldus:—"It was handsomely built by the Romans, adorned with sumptuous edifices covered with gilded tiles, and stately towers surrounded with brick walls three miles in extent; had ancient temples, an amphitheatre, hot baths, subterranean vaults for ice, hypocausts, reservoirs, aqueducts, and everything that could add to the convenience or administer to the pleasure of the inhabitants." And to it may be applied the lines of Spenser, though they have reference to another Roman city:—

> "High towers, fair temples, goodly theatres,
> Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces,
> Large streets, brave houses, sacred sepulchres,
> Fine gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries,
> Wrought with fair pillars and fine imageries."

And these pictures can scarcely be considered as exaggerated or overcharged, for every now and then the delver of the soil brings to the surface some relic of unquestionable grandeur, a proof of refinement, an evidence of luxury, a testimony of advancement in elegance and in Art; while the laborious antiquary and the industrious archæologist trace its walls and "guess" at the enormous extent of ground they protected, when they enclosed the dwellings of the legions.*

Let us walk over the bridge, and examine that thing of yesterday, the broken tower,† which predecessors of the Normans built, and mount yon

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comparatively modern name, Caerleon, is supposed to be derived from *caer*, the British word for a fortified city, and *leon*, a corruption of *legionum*, meaning "the city of the legions." Mr. Owen, author of the Welsh Dictionary, derives it from *caer lleon*, or the city of the waters.

* Archdeacon Coxe (1800) and Donovan (1805) estimate the "enclosure," formerly within the walls, as 1800 yards in circumference; "but the suburbs of the place extended, as it appears, to an amazing distance beyond these walls, especially to the westward."

† According to Domesday Book, there was a castle here at the time of the Conquest; this tower is said to be a part of it, "exhibiting in its circularly-arched doorways and embrasures the early style of fortification." It was at first intended to place the "Caerleon Museum" here, but it was found too limited in extent. To the enterprise and industry of Mr. Octavius Morgan, Mr. J. E. Lee, and other gentlemen of the district, we are indebted for this interesting museum, a catalogue of which is printed. Due honour, however, must be rendered to the memory of Sir Digby Mackworth, Bart.; he first gave to the town the old Court House, a picturesque building, now removed; it contained the four Roman pillars which support the floor of the museum. When that building was found insufficient and inconvenient, he gave the materials, and a lease for 999 years of the ground on which the present edifice

hill, where stands a church—new, for it is but six centuries old—Christ Church—so grandly on its rise, a beacon to a purer and safer harbour than those worshippers of "Great Diana" ever knew. Let us look down on the site of the buried city. What food for thought! what material for reflection! All—even its name—is conjecture. Cannot these huge tumuli beside us give up one of their dead to unravel this confused thread of an eventful history? Is this poor village, an assemblage of ragged houses and mouldering walls, is it indeed that great city where the legion

CAERLEON.

named "invincible" lived, giving it to successors who again to successors gave it, keeping their "own" here in the midst of enemies—aliens and strangers, though conquerors—for four hundred years? Was it in truth here that King Arthur held his court, and is yonder green sward the only record of a name that has been for ages famous in song and story?

stands. It is amazingly rich in curious Roman relics. The building is a Greek temple, strangely out of character and harmony with the associations called up by the scene without, and the remains within. There is also a society,—the "Monmouthshire and Caerleon Antiquarian Association,"—that labours earnestly and successfully to preserve, and where possible, to restore.

Let us descend the hill, and walk among broken stones with half-obliterated inscriptions—altars or monuments, or both—will *they* tell us nothing? little more they tell us of "the unknown God they ignorantly worshipped;" although of fragments there are many, and of memorial marble "bits" enough, to hint of loves, and hopes, and fears that had their influence and power two thousand years ago. If there be ample food for fancy here, if the imagination may here revel,—and we presume both have fed and revelled here, for in a neat way-side inn some time lived the Poet-Laureate, penning his "Idylls of the King,"—there are "facts" enough to furnish the antiquary and the archæologist with materials for volumes.* These thick walls are Roman beyond doubt, "composed of rude pieces of stone or rubble, cemented firmly together with a sort of mortar of singular hardness—a compound of sand, of pebbles, and pounded bricks being intermixed with the lime." Remove these facings of a later date, and you will see the work of Roman hands. Look at the excavation in that field—"the Round Table field," of which we shall speak presently—surely this was the amphitheatre in which citizens sported: the grass is green over the seats they occupied, and the arena where gladiators fought. The "oval, or depression," is in length 220 feet, and in breadth 190 feet: it tells its own tale; we need not the additional evidence that here stone seats have been disinterred, and that here was found a statue of Diana, to carry conviction that it is of this place Giraldus writes, "et loca theatralia muris egregiis partim adhuc ambitum omnia clausa."

The Romans, however, do not engross all the interest at Caerleon. This was the residence of the famous King Arthur, the hero of a thousand legends and as many fights, whose name has been for centuries familiar

* The scene of the "Idylls of the King" is laid here, and in this neighbourhood, for Arthur

"Held court at old Caerleon, upon Usk."

It is needless to add that of this most beautiful book Arthur and the knights are the heroes. Although the Laureate has dealt but little in pictorial description, it is not difficult to trace here the sources of some of his pictures—

"Writ in a language that has long gone by;
So long that mountains have arisen since,
With cities on their flanks."

to every reader of song and story, and who holds also a prominent place in history, although enveloped in fable so thoroughly that inquiry fails to recognise the natural form of the "Prophet! Hero! King!" Stand, good reader, in the centre of King Arthur's Round Table. As we have said, it is no doubt a Roman amphitheatre, but for many centuries the name of the great "Prince of Wales" has been associated with it,

KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE.

and probably not without reason, for it is certain that he and his knights held high festivals here; and Fancy does but little if she picture the twelve, the twenty-four, or the hundred, with their chieftain, revelling upon the ever-green sward; and rehearse the unforgotten legends that

"Gleam through Spenser's elfin dream,
And mix in Milton's heavenly theme."

And so the Welsh bards have sung for centuries—

> "How he first ordain'd the circled board,
> The knights whose martial deeds far-famed that table round
> Which truest in their loves, which most in arms renowned:
> The laws, which long upheld that Order, they report;
> The Pentecosts prepar'd at Caerleon in her court,
> That table's ancient seat; her temples and her groves,
> Her palaces, her walls, baths, theatres, and stoves."

Denuded of fiction, there is no doubt that Arthur actually existed, and was a great and good king, as well as a brave chieftain, who led the Britons to successful battle against the Saxons; that he was the theme of contemporary poets, and that his deeds were highly extolled while he lived, and largely magnified after his death. Probably about the year 517, being then merely a chieftain of the "fierce Silures," he was elected to the sovereign authority. He fell at length on the battle-field, A.D. 542—his nephew Medrod fighting against him on the side of the Saxons, when the traitor too was slain. From this fatal encounter the Britons never entirely recovered, although King Arthur was succeeded by his son, Morgan Mwynfawr, a wise and humane prince, of whom it is recorded that "all quarrels among his subjects should be decided by twelve pious and merciful men."* He removed, it is said, his court from Caerleon to Cardiff, the country being thence called after him Gwlad Morgan.

Neither does the interest of Caerleon terminate here—it is famous in the annals of early Christianity in Britain. Here two of the first missionaries—St. Julius and St. Aaron—suffered martyrdom. Here, in the year of our Lord 182, if tradition obtain credit, was an archbishop's see, when Caerleon was the metropolis of all Wales; and in the year of Christ 521, the see was translated to Menevia, in Pembrokeshire, by the great national saint, St. David, who gave to it his name; the reason for removal being that "the noisy interruptions of a populous city were ill adapted for holy contemplations." Of the cathedral there are no remains,

* "The great bulwark of English liberty," trial by jury, was in Wales long before it was introduced into England—having been practised by one of its earliest kings, Morgan Mwynfawr, King of Glamorgan, who "established an ordinance that enjoined the appointment of twelve wise, erudite, and merciful men, to determine all claims—the king being their supreme councillor."

but the church, dedicated to St. Cadoc, a son of the recluse king St. Woollos, who, following his father's example, became a saint also, is venerable for its antiquity, and of striking and interesting character. Of abbeys, monasteries, and cells in ruins there are very many in the neighbourhood: in one of them, as we have stated, Mr. Lee resides, a passage from his garden leading into the field which now contains the "Table" of the renowned king.

There is yet another object at Caerleon to which we must direct the reader's attention—the singular Mound which the artist has pictured.

THE MOUND, CAERLEON.

It has been popularly termed "a tumulus," but such it is not—so, at least, say the best "authorities;" yet artificial it no doubt is. It stands in a large meadow by Usk side, and is but three hundred yards in circumference, diminishing gradually towards the summit, approached

by a pleasantly-winding path bordered with shrubs and flowers. It is "generally supposed to be the site of a Norman keep or citadel," the ruins of which are clearly discernible on the height. At the time of Leland they were "very considerable;" and Churchyard describes it as "a castell very old," that stands "upon a *forced* hill." It is no doubt the "turrim giganteum" of Giraldus.

We have surely written enough to induce the tourist in South Wales to visit this singular and deeply interesting locality: at every step he will tread upon some relic of a long past; the eye falls everywhere upon a spot renowned in tradition or famous in history: here the Romans, the Britons, the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans ruled each in turn—the brave princes of Wales, "Kings of Gwent and Lords of Caerleon" resolutely "holding their own," or fighting, foot to foot, hand to hand, while yielding to the on-march of the conqueror; and here the pure light of Christianity came, in its happy dawn, to leave ineffaceable traces of learning, virtue, and piety.

There are twelve miles of railway between Newport and Cardiff. The only station we pass is that of MARSHFIELD,—a name that indicates the nature of the locality. There is no other object of interest, if we except Tredegar Park, the trees of which are seen to the right, and the tall chimneys of the mansion of Lord Tredegar, known, esteemed, and honoured as "Sir Charles Morgan," the representative of a race that traces back its history to a time long ere a Norman heel had trodden upon the neck of a Welsh chieftain. Part of the original edifice, which is mentioned by Leland as "a very faire place of stone," still remains as one of the out-offices. The present house has a date no earlier than the time of Charles II. "The family of Morgan," we quote Archdeacon Coxe, "being so conspicuous in the history of Wales, the Welsh bards have exerted their utmost ingenuity to trace its origin and lineage. Fanciful genealogists derive it from the third son of Noah, and modestly affect to correct the mistake of the English, in carrying the pedigree to Ham, his second son. Some stop with Brutus, the conqueror of Britain; others with Beli, one of the British kings; and some are even content with Caradoc, or Caractacus. It is, however, generally agreed that

Cadwir the great, Lord of Dyfed, who died in 1084, was their great ancestor."

"A Welsh pedigree" has been a theme for joke time out of mind; but there are many families besides that of Morgan, in South Wales, who trace—and prove—their lineal descent from men who were "heroes" centuries before history gave a place to the founders of the oldest monarchies in Europe.

We are in sight of Cardiff, and presently reach the gay and busy station—looking thence over the masts of ships, the hulls of which are hidden by intervening houses. We have passed the railway-bridge, that crosses the river Rhymney, dividing the shires of Monmouth and Glamorgan. In Glamorganshire, therefore, we are now; just four miles from its borders, and distant 170¼ miles from London.

Will the reader permit us to wile him, for a moment, from these venerable walls and consecrated memories, and lead him through one of the green lanes, of which there are many, peculiarly seductive, in this neighbourhood, from their exceeding fertility of mosses, ferns, and wild flowers. Our purpose is to visit that which has been, time out of mind, so pleasantly, tranquilly, and happily familiar—a village churchyard in South Wales.

In Wales, they retain the habit of planting the graves of departed relatives or dear friends with flowers, and not unfrequently grandchildren and great-grand-children may be observed tending, weeding, or, as they sometimes call it, "flowering," the last earthly home of forefathers they have never seen! *.

> "These to renew, with more than annual care,
> There wakeful love with pensive step will go;
> The hand that lifts the dibble shakes with fear,
> Lest haply it disturb the friend below."

* "The grave of the deceased is constantly overspread with plucked flowers for a week or two after the funeral; the planting of graves with flowers is confined to the villages, and the poorer people. My father-in-law's grave in Cowbridge Church has been strewed by his surviving servants for these twenty years." (Archdeacon Coxe.) A Welsh bard, David ap Gwillym, in one of his odes, thus beautifully alludes to the custom of planting flowers upon graves:—"Oh, whilst the season of flowers, and the tender sprays thick of leaves remain, I will pluck the roses from the brakes, the flowerets of the meads, and gems of the woods, the vivid trefoils, beauties of the ground, and the gaily smiling bloom of the verdant herbs, to be offered to the memory of a chief of fairest fame: humbly will I lay them on the grave of Ivor!"

In truth, however, such instances of order, neatness, and loving care as that to which we are about to conduct the reader, are not to be encountered often in South Wales. The village churchyards are, for the most part, a painful mingling of flowers and weeds—the weeds largely predominating; proofs of heedless indifference being much more frequent than evidences of affection or respect. Seldom, however, have we entered one of them "away from populous cities" without being refreshed by the sight of well-trimmed and carefully-kept graves, dignified by no stone, marked by no name, but kept in memory by those who know the place well, and who are frequent pilgrims there, to render simple homage to the unforgotten dead.

We were driving through one of the delicious lanes in quest of a church, where, we had heard, there were many "flowered" graves: the only impediment to our progress being the wantonly wicked branches of wild roses, that would arch themselves across the road—as if desirous to pay opposite neighbours a visit. What a drive it was!—on one side a copse with its youth renewed, having been carefully trimmed last year, and consequently too thinly timbered to obstruct the view; on the other, a series of sloping banks, descending gradually from an immense height to the lane, here and there looking as if, at some antediluvian period, they had been cut into terraces—and now presenting to the eye banks on banks of wild flowers, occasionally overshadowed by clumps of promising hazel, and stubbed but brilliantly green holly. In some places the effect was dazzling: there clustered the waxen tassels of the magnificent Solomon's seal, the scarlet blossoms of the whortle-berry, no end of pink and white wind-flowers; there a long straggling patch of modest wood-roof, its rich perfume suggestive of new-mown hay; tangled masses of pretty wood-vetch, so bright and seemingly conscious of its prettiness; with fields, almost, of bee orchis. Never was there such a wealth of wild flowers as in and about that lane. The day was one glow of soft, warm sunshine; occasional breaks in the high hedge-rows afforded us peeps, through dark fir plantations, of the sea, one sheet of silver—with far stretches of green turf, where sheep and lambs were straying; sometimes we saw the pool, covered with its "green mantle," or with bright white

flowers; or a knoll, crowned with amber furze, gorgeous and perfumed; or a pretty school in the hollow; or a farm-house, not on the huge scale of farm-houses in Hampshire or Berkshire—perfect towns of stacks, and ricks, and barns, and all manner of English home comforts. The Welsh farm-houses are more like those we remember in the County Wexford—very well-to-do, but not overflowing; and the cows, either in field or byre, looking—as, indeed, cows always look in meadows—indolent and contented. Then we crossed a clear stream that came singing and bubbling across the road, refreshing the pattering hoofs of our ponies, who were strongly inclined to dip their noses, as well as cool their feet. It had been a lovely drive; not hurried, for we had stayed to gather flowers, and to look into an empty nest, and to taste some delicious water from the impromptu cup of a dock leaf, and to question an itinerant rat-catcher, whose erect figure, slung about with nets, and traps, and snares, and coils of rope and wire, was suggestive of other "small deer" than rats; but he scorned our insinuations, and "stuck" to the "rats," or the "moles"—"When he get 'im, which wasn't often in Wales; they were 'quare things,' and had their pet 'runs,' as everybody knowed. No: rats war his game, he wanted no other—rats and 'varmints'—and not a farmer in the country but was glad to see him and his dogs—'Ben and Brisky'—rare dogs they war, but of the two, little Ben was the beauty; he was so small, he could almost get into a rat hole; he lost his eye down beyond Cardiff, a-meddling with what he'd no call to—a Turkey cock; and half his foot in a trap set in a preserve—No, we need not smile—he was going his road *innocent*, as he always did, not thinking of nothing but the rats at the Brook Farm—Master John Jones's place—when, all on a sudden, he heard sich a shreek of pain—and he knew Ben's cry—and, sure enough, hard by, there he was—a *gnawing his foot off*, like a Christian, 'rather than be disgraced in a trap,' like a fox! Blind and lame as he was, he was worth any other five dogs at ratting!" The animal looked up at his master during the eulogy, and it was pleasant to see how his ugly, hard, bitter little face softened into that peculiar expression of canine affection that is quite unmistakeable. And his master lifted him up, and said "Kiss me, Ben," and he obeyed,—and

then crawled on his shoulder, like a cat, laying himself lovingly round his neck. We presented to the rat-catcher a small coin, in token of good will; and, while driving on, could not avoid looking back at his gaunt but picturesque figure; his long grey hair just moved by the breeze, and the sun lighting up a bit of copper, or the bright wires of a trap, or catching at the shining brass of Ben's collar, who was still lying very composedly on his master's shoulder.

"He's wonderful clever," said our boy driver, "after rats or any vermin—very clever! but, for all he says, there's more than rats goes into the great pockets of his fustian jacket; and as to the birds!—there's not one he cannot win off the bushes: and Ben is as crafty as his master."

We came upon the church we sought sooner than we expected. Truth to tell, we were, as we turned out of the lane, thinking much more about the rat-catcher and the wild flowers than of the church: there it stood amid the trees, and there was the long wooden gate—only opened on Sundays—and the high wooden stile. The church was very small, with the usual castellated tower, set in a bright green churchyard, nearly filled by the nameless graves of the hamlet's "rude forefathers." The church walls were grey, and time-eaten, patched here and there by that *crinkly*, stone-coloured moss, to be found only on the bark of very old trees, or upon old walls—the grey lichen; here also grew little tufts of fern, and small, stunted wall-flowers, or pretty wreaths of stone-crop.

Within were two old monuments, utterly defaced by time, with evidence of there having been "a brass" near the little communion-table. The light fell in streaks athwart the high-fashioned pews, and there was an air of simple reverence and care-taking, within and without, that pleased us greatly. The swallows flitted about the outer walls, while two or three jackdaws cawed, from the tower, their disapproval at our intrusion. Having paid homage to the church, we went among the graves. A rose-tree or cypress had been frequently planted where the headstone should have been; some graves were covered with primroses or violets, but no other wild flowers had found their way into the churchyard: wherever there was a headstone, woodbine, or clematis, or

roses—even myrtles—were trained over it; and no weed was suffered to mar the beauty of the rich green turf. There had evidently been a rich bloom of spring flowers: some graves were almost concealed by the long leaves of early-flowering bulbs; others had hedges of box and blooming thrift.

We thought we were alone in "God's acre," but passing round the church, and directly under a long, slender "lady-birch," the delicate green leaves of which shimmered in the air—(for there was no perceptible wind)—we saw a young girl planting flowers round a grave-mound: a basket by her side contained double primroses, of various hues, polyanthuses, and Russian violets; these had been carefully taken up in "the ball;" she was so intent on her labour of love, that she started as we gently touched her shoulder. When she looked up, we at once saw she was—a gipsy!—a gipsy planting flowers in a Christian churchyard!

She was unlike, and yet like, her people: her skin was of that soft, clear brown, which, though it does not wear well, is charming in youth; her face was rosy, round, and sunny, set in a frame-work of jetty braided hair, that would not be altogether restrained, but rose and fell in little ripples, that if let alone would have been ringlets—so much had she of the gipsy; but her eyes, though black, were not long and sly—they were as round and frank as Christian maiden's eyes could be; she blushed when spoken to, but in a moment rose, and stood before us, with a combination of gipsy grace and "ungipsy" independence. She had no gipsy preference for rags, but she had the gipsy love for scarlet; her skirt was of that colour, and above it was a light cotton jacket with loose sleeves, that had been washed nearly white. Her little brown hands were well formed, and her arms were round yet delicate; there was a sad but fearless expression in her eyes; and she neither said "lady," nor offered to tell a fortune!—There was something in her look that made us ashamed of having disturbed her, and we apologised, adding, that we did not know her people buried in churchyards.

In a young, liquid voice, she told us that was not a gipsy's grave.

"Then, why do you take care of it?"

"It is the grave of the gipsy's friend."

There was neither headstone nor board: it could not be the grave of even a rich peasant.

"It is the grave of a very poor person," we said.

"Yes; he died very poor—poorer than we are: but he was not always so. My father, who planted this tree," she placed her hand on the birch, "remembers him rich; and then he was so good to our people."

"Did he leave no children?"

"His sons were killed in the wars—his daughter does not like to remember that her father died poor. Mother says she is ashamed of it. If she spoke to me, I would not answer her." A look of natural indignation flushed to her brow as she said this.

We felt it,—and she saw we did; she was "quick as a gipsy;" her young heart opened:—

"Oh," she said, "he was our good friend; our people still tell how, when we were forbidden the common, and not suffered to light a fire by the hedge, be the night ever so wet and cold, we had the shelter of his barn, or the freedom of a little field with a great oak tree in it,—and (for mother always liked trees and tents better than barns) under that tree I was born. He would give us wood to cook with, and plenty to cook if we wanted; and he would sit with our people round the fire, and read a book—which father says made them better. He gave my mother bread and sweet milk when I was born: and if any of our young men got into trouble, he would speak for them. There wasn't a Lee in England that would not stand up for him. But, he got into some kind of trouble, and lost all he had—farm, and house, and barns, and all. His sons were dead; and his daughter had married some rich gentleman, in a far-off county, and allowed him just enough to *keep the lamp in.* Our people come this way may be once in six or seven months, no more; and one fine summer evening father was walking up that lane, and who was leaning against the church-stile but old Mr. Matthews—that was his name; so father took off his hat,—'Ah, Lee,' he says, 'is that you? I never thought to see you again. I've just been looking out a spot to be buried in. I shall ask them to lay me there.' So he walked back,

and showed father the spot. It was April, and one grave in particular shone like a little mountain of gold, with the yellow crocus,—and another was like a long basket of primroses; and, poor gentleman, he looked on them till the tears drowned his sight; and, turning to father—'Lee,' he says, 'I don't want a tomb-stone,—but there will be no one to plant a flower on my grave, when I am gone!' And somehow, my father said, his knees bent under him, and his hat was off his head, and he was kneeling down beside the old gentleman, and says he, 'While there's a Lee in the land, there will be flowers on the grave of the GIPSY'S FRIEND!' He looked, father said, so happy after that promise, and sat with him on the stile till the moon rose, talking about past times, and things beyond the stars, and glad to find that father remembered the prayer he taught him—belike you know it—it begins—'Our Father, which art in heaven,'—and he said, but for that prayer he could not have waited patiently, as he had done, for death—though he still loved the beautiful world—and especially the flowers. Father will talk to this day about that evening, and will stand outside his tent, with his bare head, and say that prayer. The dear, good gentleman died about a week after that—without pain or trouble. Every man, woman, and child of our tribe came to the funeral,—and indeed few else, for he was quite poor when he died. And that same night, father planted the birch, which is now such a beautiful tree; and mother has brought flower-roots twenty miles to flower his grave."

She dropt on her knees to resume her task, and yet we lingered and looked. She set the flowers with much judgment—alternating the colours.

"How is it your father does not plant the flowers to-day?"

"Poor father's in a little trouble," she answered, looking up sadly; "there's no GIPSY'S FRIEND to speak for him now—and they are as strict about a bit of a hare, as if it was a sheep. It's hard our men find it to pass game on the moor. I came quite eight miles from our people this morning—as father charged me to do—to plant these."

"And how do you get the flowers?"

"Some we beg, others we buy—*honestly buy*," she added, seeing a

doubt upon our lips; "we'd scorn to plant what was not honestly come by on *his* grave!"

"Why do you not plant wild flowers—they are very beautiful?"

"Well, they are very nice, some:—but nothing is so hard to tame as a wild flower; they will only grow where they are used to grow: plant them away from where they are born, and they don't look like themselves. Some ladies fancy them, and I bring them roots,—but, lor'! they won't live neatly, or in rich ground,—and if they did, why the others would look down on them, and call them weeds; and they'd look nothing out of the hedge-row—they can't be kept in order or trimmed. I often think," added the pretty creature, with her sweet smile, "that they're something like the gipsies—no taming a wild flower!"

And so we left her planting flowers on the grave of the "GIPSY'S FRIEND!"

As we have intimated, we have passed over the railway-bridge that crosses the Rhymney, quitted Monmouthshire, entered Glamorganshire, and are now in South Wales.

Wales has been so long a "part" of England, ruled by the same sovereign, and governed by the same laws, that all important distinctions between the two have gradually given way; and although the Welsh are proud of their country, and very proud of their descent from the ancient Britons, there is little jealousy, and no hostility, now-a-days, to divide the two people who are so essentially and emphatically one. Still, the Cymry retain many of their old customs, and speak the language of their far-off ancestors—so much so, indeed, that in many districts English is not understood, and even in courts of law sometimes the jury, as well as the witness, use no other than the native tongue. In the costume there is not much to strike the stranger as peculiar. The hat, the shape of which varies in different counties, is still somewhat generally worn by women; it is costly, a good "beaver" being of the value of twenty shillings—and even a farmer's wife of small means will not be content with inferior head-gear. The short semi-coats of coloured flannel, pinned under the bosom, which is covered by the folds of a kerchief, are made at home, and are encountered in all market-places,

where "the best" is donned,—and it is always a pretty and cheerful sight to see the women, old and young, in such assemblages, with neat white baskets, vending the produce of the garden or farm. The hats are broad-brimmed, high, and mostly peaked in the crown; their use does not, however, date farther back than the reign of Elizabeth. Of late they have been much displaced by a small closely fitting bonnet-cap, not unlike a jockey's cap. The red linsey petticoat, usually both made and dyed at home, is still common; it is generally worn very short, and displays the shoe tied with ribbon, or the wooden-soled "clogs." The women are always neatly attired, and rags are never by any chance seen either in byway or highway. They are for the most part pretty without being handsome, and are essentially feminine in features, form, and manners.

The Welsh language is usually considered guttural; and so it is—with its superabundance of consonants—to the eye; but to the eye only, for to the ear it is harmonious: and as the voices of Welsh women are generally "sweet and low," the sound of the strange tongue is very pleasant among the hills or in the valleys, where it is often a delicious harmony. Even a casual acquaintance with the "Cymraeg" is sufficient to show that it is far from being inharmonious, and that in wealth of words and power of expression it is unsurpassed among living languages. Indeed, so copious, flexible, and energetic is it, that according to excellent authority, "whatever is translated into it gains in strength, power, and conciseness of expression." From a belief that it tends to retard the social and intellectual advancement of the people, active measures have at various times been taken to extinguish or suppress it, but all such attempts have been unavailing. And its enduring prevalence will occasion no surprise when we discover the affectionate pride with which it is regarded by the Welshman, who, it is admitted by unprejudiced judges,* "possesses a mastery over is own language far beyond that which the Englishman of the same degree has over his;" whilst "readiness and propriety of expression, to an extent more than merely colloquial, is certainly a feature in the intellectual character of the Welsh."

* Report of the Commissioners of Inquiry into the State of Education in Wales.

The excursionist into Wales will find that some knowledge of its language, ever so slight, were it only sufficient to enable him correctly to pronounce the names of places, will be of avail to him in his endeavour to become personally acquainted with the peasantry and their social habits.

Of the Welsh alphabet, the letters that seem to be difficult of pronunciation, are in reality not so. The *dd*, which presents itself so frequently, is soft, as *th* in "thou;" *f* is like the English *v*; *h* has the same power as in the English "hand;" *ng* as *ng* in "long;" *c*, *g*, and *th* are hard, as in the English words "cat," "dog," "thin." The remaining letters have the same power as they have in English, with the exception of *two*, which offer a slight difficulty in their pronunciation by an English tongue. These are the guttural *ch* and the aspirate *ll*. The names of two stations on the South Wales Railway illustrate the sound (*Lougher* or Locher, and *Llanelly*), and it is amusing to listen to the remarks and the humorous manner with which the peasants hear the guards murder the "Queen's Welsh." There are no sounds in our language equivalent to these of *ch* and *ll*, but most of our readers will be able to enounce them when they are informed that the former has the same sound as the *ch* in the Scotch "*loch*" (a word with which all are familiar), and that the latter expresses the sound of the Italian *gl*, or the aspirated *ll* of the Spanish.

Having mastered these letters—a work of little labour—there will be no difficulty in learning to read Welsh, which is incomparably easier than English or French, from the fact that in Welsh *no letter in a word is mute*, and *the accent*, with insignificant exceptions, *is always uniformly placed on the penultimate.*

Mr. J. James, writing in the "Archæologia Cambrensis," has some interesting observations relative to the different Welsh dialects, and to the similarities that exist in the languages of Wales and Ireland. He gives the following examples :—

IRISH.	WELSH.	ENGLISH.
Awn-ree	Avon-rhi	King's river.
Tigh-mor-ri	Ty mawr rhi	King's palace.
Duir	Derwen	Oak.
Coll	Collen	Hazel.
Lismore	Llys mawr	Great hall.

GAELIC.	WELSH.	ENGLISH.
Cath-mor	Cad mawr	Great in battle.
Lamhor	Llaw mawr	Mighty hand.
Neartmor	Nerth mawr	Great strength.
Rothmor	Rhuthr mor	The roaring of the sea before a storm.
Malmor	Moel mawr	A great mountain.
Moran	Mawr-ran	Major part.
Morlath.	Mawr ladd	Great in battle.
Lochlin	Llychlyn	Norway.
Morannal	Mawr annadl	Strong breath.
Ferg-thon	Brig ton	The rage of the waves.
Kean-teola	Cun teulu	Major domo.

Innis, Gaelic and Irish—Ynys, in Welsh—Island.

Coom duv, in the county of Kerry, means "the black valley." I know two places in Wales of this name; one of them is within half a mile of my native spot in Cardiganshire, near Tre'-Hedyn; the other in Brecknockshire, where the late celebrated *Carnhuanawc* lived and died, the learned and pious Vicar of *Cwm du*. *Faiodh* is the Irish word for alphabet, and signifies a voice; as *F* has the form of the old Greek digamma, if we substitute *g*, the word will become *Gaiodh*, similar to *Gwaedd* in Welsh, which means the same thing. The Latin *v* comes from the old digamma, and this is the reason that the Latin words which begin with *v* have *gw* prefixed to words of the same meaning in Welsh; *e. g.*, vacuus, *gwag;* vidua, *gweddw;* vilis, *gwael;* verum, *gwir;* viridis, *gwyrdd;* vir, *gwr*, &c. *Rath* is an Irish word, it means a fortress; it appears to be cognate with the Welsh word *rhaith*, which is retained in the compound *cyfraith*, *i. e.*, a law. If the negative particle *an* be prefixed to *rhaith*, it becomes *anrhaith*, which signifies pillage, or spoil. *Roath*, near Cardiff, having the same radicals, probably belongs to the same root; and, were Roath Court broken into, its respected occupant, C. C. Williams, Esq., would, no doubt, consider it a great *anrhaith*, and the burglars a set of *anheithwyr*. *Roath* is still retained in the Cornish, and signifies *form*, as may be seen in the first chapter of Genesis—"And the earth was without form;" in Cornish is—"Ha thera an noar heb *roath*." *Croom* is an Irish word for temple. *Crom* also, in the same language, is the *Jupiter tonans* of the Irish—very expressive this, as if the whole canopy of heaven were the god himself. *Cromen*, in Welsh,

signifies a dome, or roof; hence the compound *cromlech*—the stone that lies horizontally upon the perpendicular ones, as in Stonehenge, Stanton-Drew, and other Druidic altars.

Those who are of opinion that Welsh is hard or dissonant, would do well to hear any Welsh preacher of note in his native tongue—hear him display the rich resources of his poetic language, and pour out his harmonious sentences in solemn and sonorous tones, and they will see cause to alter their opinion, and understand why it is he excites the enthusiasm of his hearers, and learn at the same time that it is possible to awaken powerful emotions even in those who are utter strangers to the language of the speaker.*

In this wise came the county of Glamorgan (Gwlad Morgan) into the hands of the Normans. It was when William Rufus reigned in England, and Rhys ap Tewdwr was Prince of South Wales. The prince sought to corrupt the wife of Jestyn, Lord of Glamorgan; a furious war was the result, in which Jestyn was worsted; so he applied, through "Einon ap Cadifor ap Collwyn, Lord of Dyfed," for aid of the Normans, promising Einon his daughter Gwladys, or Nêst, in marriage. Einon prevailed on the Norman knight Fitzhamon to associate with him twelve of his brothers in arms, and march to the help of the beaten Lord of Glamorgan. They encountered Rhys "at a place still called Penrhys," and there took and beheaded him. Jestyn kept his word with the Normans, but treated Einon with contempt, refusing to fulfil the promise of his fair daughter Nêst. Einon, resenting this ingratitude, ran post haste after Fitzhamon, and reached the sea-shore—"some say near Penarth"—in time to arrest the sailing of ships in which they had actually embarked. Waving his mantle as a signal, they returned, and, tempted by the representations of the indignant Einon, proceeded to dispossess the Lord of Glamorgan of his castles and lands. This was easily done. Fitzhamon took and divided the lands of the expelled prince, keeping Cardiff for himself, and bestowing castles and manors by dozens on his fellow-

* "Though there are supposed to be two thousand books in the Welsh language, there are none of immoral tendencies, none that propagate principles of infidelity."—Archdeacon Coxe.

knights: giving, however, reasonable shares to the three sons of Jestyn, and to Einon, besides the fair prize he had fought for, the lordships of "Miskin, Glyn, Pentyrch, and Trewern."

CARDIFF is "the county town" of Glamorganshire, very inconveniently situate, for it is close to the extreme border of the shire, and distant nearly forty miles from its western boundary. It stands at the mouth of the River Taff valley, a distant view of the opening to which is obtained

CARDIFF.

from the railroad—to the right—high wooded hills on either side looking down upon the river. The Taff rises on the western side of the Brecknockshire Van; its birthplace is a dreary sheep-walk—a tract of boggy, unsightly land; pursuing a monotonous course until it reaches Merthyr Tydvil, entering the mineral "coal-basin" of South Wales, and passing through veins of iron ore, which are the true sources of the wealth and power of Great Britain. Merthyr (Martyr) Tydvil is so named from a female saint who was murdered by a party of "Saxons and Irish Picts" in the fifth century. In Leland's time, Merthyr was merely a parish

through which "Morlay's riveret goeth into the ripe of Tave." It was of little note until the middle of the last century, when riches underground were explored and made available. It is now a populous town, whence issues a large proportion of the iron that supplies the world. A visit to the iron-works here may give profitable employment for a day. On its course downwards, the river passes under the famous bridge, Pont-y-Pridd. Well may the historian of the Welsh rivers, John George Wood, writing in 1813, "rejoice exceedingly" over this fine effort of human skill: "composed of a single arch of 140 feet span, it has more the appearance of having been wafted across the turbulent torrent by supernatural agency, than produced by the labour of man—such is the extreme lightness and elegance of its form." This bridge we shall picture and examine presently.

Cardiff, from its peculiarly advantageous position, as the nearest outlet to the sea from the great iron and coal district of South Wales, ranks among the busiest and most prosperous towns of the kingdom. Its commercial advance, however, is but of recent date: in 1826, its exports were, of coal, 40,718 tons, and of iron 64,303 tons; twenty years afterwards they had increased to—coal 626,443 tons, and iron 222,491 tons.

Its busy, large, and admirably-constructed docks and quays begin to rival in extent and power those of Liverpool and London; its people prosper, its population has largely increased, and its railways are night and day thronged with huge waggons, bearing to the quays the dark produce of the hills, contrasting strangely with a time not far off, when coals were brought thither in bags on horses, mules, or asses, a boy or woman driving two or three of them into the port.

Anciently "it was known by the name of Rhatoslabius;" and when the Romans invaded Britain, Aulius Didius, one of the generals, stationed a garrison there to curb "the fierce Silures;" it was then called Caerdidi; since Caerdaf, "*vulgo* Caerdydd, or Cardiff;" the name, however, is expressive of its original state, and the situation of the town—*i. e.* "a fortress on the Taff."

"Meurich, a king or chieftain of Glamorganshire, the reputed father of the celebrated Arthur, historians say, was born at Cardiff. It is

asserted likewise that many distinguished persons resided here, long before the conquest of the country by the Normans. A town appears to have been here built, or a former one improved, at the same time that the castle was erected by Fitzhamon. It was fixed upon for his usual place of residence, and was endowed with certain privileges and immunities which it would not otherwise have obtained. In those days of warfare there can be little doubt of Fitzhamon having placed it in a respectable state of defence, such as he deemed capable of withstanding the hostile attacks of his restless neighbours the Welsh, who were by no means inclined to bow with implicit obedience to their conqueror. The castle is unanimously attributed to Fitzhamon; perhaps he erected also those walls by which the town was surrounded in later times. Leland speaks of these and of five gates, which were standing in Henry VIII.'s reign; and part of them are remaining even in the present day,"—*i. e.* in 1805, when Donovan visited the town.

Cardiff (or the greater part of it) is now the property of the Marquis of Bute, into whose family it came by marriage with the daughter and heiress of the Herberts, ancient lords of Glamorgan.

A graceful Bridge, pictured in our engraving, leads to the town. The artist has also conveyed an idea of the picturesque character of the buildings that border the banks of the lower Taff. These are seen to great advantage from any of the neighbouring heights.*

The old and venerable Church of St. John—famous for the loftiness of its proportions, and the elegance of its pierced battlements and airy pinnacles—is a very stately and beautiful structure. It has a high tower of peculiar beauty, the parapet of which is richly carved, and crowned with four light gothic pinnacles at the corners. "It is a bold effort of masonry, for one of the abutments is supported on a very small arch, beyond the centre of which it projects considerably." It is to Cardiff Castle, however, the attention of the tourist will be specially

* For the greater portion of the drawings that picture Cardiff, Neath, and the neighbourhood of Swansea, we are indebted to J. D. Harding, Esq. They were placed on the wood by Mr. Robert Hulme, and engraved by Mr. Mason Jackson.

directed, as among the most interesting of the many ancient remains in South Wales.*

CARDIFF BRIDGE.

"The castle" is a modern residence, one of the seats of the Bute family. It contains some old rooms, and there are, we understand, many

* It was at Cardiff, according to an ancient Welsh chronicle, this incident occurred. Sir Foulk Fitzwarren was speaking of toils encountered and hardships endured when warring with the Saracens, and his knights murmured, and each one said he could have done as much as their chief had done. "But," said Sir Foulk, "these were nothing to one feat I accomplished." "What was that?" quoth they all. "I jumped," answered the knight, "from the ground to the top of yonder tower of my castle, which ye know to be the tallest tower in these parts." So they laughed scornfully, and gainsayed his words. "If," said the knight, "you will dine with me at noonday to-morrow, I will do it once again." So every one of the knights came to the feast; and when they had well eaten and drunken, "Now come," said Sir Foulk, "with me, and you shall see me jump from the ground to the top of the castle tower." They proceeded to the foot of the stairs, and Sir Foulk jumped to the top of the first step, then on to another, and so on, until he jumped upon the topmost step. "Oh!" said the knights, "we could do that ourselves." "So you could," quoth Sir Foulk, "now I have taught you the way to do it."

proofs of its antiquity; but the dwelling has been sadly metamorphosed, and of its ancient character, externally, there is nothing left. In the terrace walks, however, the old battlements may be clearly traced, and THE KEEP is a singularly picturesque ruin, standing on the summit of a huge mound. The CURTHOSE TOWER, recently restored with much sound judgment, is that in which Robert, Duke of Normandy, eldest son

THE KEEP, CARDIFF CASTLE.

of the Conqueror, was a prisoner during twenty-six years; and here he died, A.D. 1144, being interred in the Cathedral of Gloucester. He was said to have been "blinded by order of his cruel brother Henry;" the statement is, however, contradicted by our best historians; and William of Malmesbury asserts, that his imprisonment was made as easy as possible; that he was supplied with an elegant table, and had buffoons

to divert him,—pleasures he preferred to the duties of sovereign power. Probably he had the range of the whole castle.

We give the story of the unhappy prince as we find it related in Donovan's "Tour:"—"That Henry deprived his brother Robert of the throne, and confined him within the precincts of the castle, is not to be denied: the only remaining question is, whether he lingered away the rest of his days in this solitary abode, in a lamentable state of misery and

THE CURTHOSE TOWER.

blindness; or being allowed the unlimited range of apartments within the castle, the horrors of perpetual confinement were in a slight degree alleviated; and this is likely to remain ever a matter of conjecture. But the testimony of Caradoc deserves the most serious consideration. This historian, unbiassed by any party views, relates the circumstances of Robert's captivity, as well as the occurrences that led to it, in a manner so plausible, and apparently correct, as to silence many doubts, and at least induce us to dispute the veracity of those who maintain a contrary

opinion, in their zeal to support the character of an ambitious prince, free from censure; a prince who, by means the most violent, perfidious, and unjust, deprived his elder brother of the throne. The relation of Caradoc is to this effect. Robert, the eldest son of William the Conqueror, being prevented from succeeding his father as King of England through the intrigues of his brother, William Rufus, retired to his possessions in Normandy, that he might meditate in safety upon the proper means to be employed for the recovery of his kingdom. But being at length persuaded he should never be in a condition to maintain his rights against the power of Rufus, who was now firmly established on the throne, he thought it most expedient to accept the sum of ten thousand marks that was proposed to him, on condition of his surrendering his pretensions to the kingdom into his hands. With this sum of money he determined to set out with a pompous train of attendants: the money was paid, and Robert proceeded accordingly on his expedition. During his absence, William Rufus was killed in the New Forest by Sir Walter Tyrrel, and Henry, without any scruple, immediately seized upon the throne as his successor. The death of the late king soon reached the ears of the indolent Robert, but it was not till the following year that he came to England to put in his claim to the kingdom, and by that time Henry also was too securely seated in his authority to be removed by the indecisive measures of his brother. Matters were compromised very indifferently between the parties, when Robert thought proper to return to Normandy; where, as he was not disposed to submit to the usurpation of Henry, he might still concert means for obtaining possession of the crown. Robert de Blesmo, Arnulph de Montgomery, and William, Earl of Mortaign, three powerful nobles, entered into the views of Robert, encouraged him to persevere, and promised to support him. Henry, who was not ignorant of these proceedings, was equally determined to act with vigour. He fitted out a powerful armament, and set sail in the fifth year of his reign from England to the coast of Normandy, in order to suppress this rebellion against his power, when Robert and his allies, as it turned out in the sequel, imprudently gave Henry battle, for the king, obtaining a decisive victory, Robert, and William, Earl of Mortaign, fell into his

hands, both of whom he brought back with him to England. To punish his brother Robert most effectually for his presumption, as the historian tells us, he first caused the eyes of the unhappy captive to be plucked out, and then condemned both him and his ally, William, to imprisonment for life in the Castle of Cardiff." *

In the Castle of Cardiff, in the terrible year 1555, a still more illustrious prisoner was confined. Rawlins White was a poor fisherman; his child had been taught to read the Scriptures in the English tongue; the father learned from the child, and instructed others in the truths of the Gospel: for this he was burned at a stake in the market-place. The story of his devoted zeal is very touching, as "reported" by one of his friends, who, though reproved by the priests, took the doomed man by the hand, and kept it until "the fire arose, and forced them asunder." He was confined in the prison "called Cockmarel—a very dark, loathsome, and most vile prison," previous to undergoing his sentence. On the fatal day "then went he cheerfully and joyfully, and set his back close unto the stake. As he was thus standing, a smith came with a great chain of iron, whom when he saw he cast up his hands with a loud voice, and gave God great thanks. Then the smith cast a chain about him, and as he was making it fast on the other side, Rawlins said unto him, 'I pray you, good friend, knock in the chain fast, for it may be that the flesh would strive mightily; but, God, of thy great mercy, give me strength to abide the extremity.' Now when the smith had made him sure to the stake, the officers began to lay on more wood, with a little straw and reed, wherein the good old man was no less occupied than the rest, for, as far as he could reach with his hands, he would pluck the straw and reed, and lay it about him in places most convenient for his

* Old writers give this legend:—"During his imprisonment, it happened that Henry his brother, and then kinge, had brought him, upon a feast daye, in the morninge, a scarlet garment to putt on, with a cape for the head, as the manor then was, whioh, as he essayed, he found it too straighte in the cape, insomuche that he brake a stitche or twoe in the seame, and, castinge it aside, he bad his gentleman give it to his brother Robert, for his head (quoth he) is less than myne. The garment was brought him, and when he sawe it a little torne, he demanded how it happened that it was not sewed; the gentleman told the trouthe, which, as he understode, he fell into a great melancholy, sayinge, 'And dothe my brother make me his bedeman, in that he sendethe me his cast clothes? Then have I lyved too longe!' and, refusing all sustenance, he died."

speedy dispatch, which thing he did with such a cheerful countenance and familiar gesture, that all men there present were in a manner astonished."

About two miles from Cardiff is the ancient and venerable "city" of LLANDAFF, and a pretty and pleasant walk it is from the town to the city. "Though an episcopal See, it is a most pitiful place"—a poor and

CROSS AT LLANDAFF.

uninteresting village, with few remains to indicate its former greatness.* The OLD Cross has been repaired, and the Cathedral is in course of

* "Elsewhere we are accustomed to find our greater churches, those especially of cathedral rank, sometimes in the densest parts of our great cities; but at all events in towns of considerable size, rising as witnesses above the din and bustle of busy life. But the founders of the Welsh cathedrals would seem, as indeed is recorded of the greatest among them, almost to have fled from the presence of man, and to have fixed their dwellings in places adapted rather for retired contemplation than for any active government of the church, in sites suited rather for Cistercian abbeys than for cathedral churches."—FREEMAN.

restoration, under the direction of accomplished architects, Messrs. Prichard and Seddon, who are aided by the skill of an admirable carver in wood and stone, Mr. Edward Clarke. Time and strife had sadly ill-used this venerable structure; a few years ago, it was in a state absolutely ruinous; happily, however, the estimable Bishop of the See, the Dean, and other authorities, have set themselves to the task of its renovation, and, ere long, Llandaff Cathedral will rank among the most beautiful sacred edifices of the kingdom. Browne Willis represented it, in 1715, as "in a most deplorable state of decay, the storm of 1703 having completed its destruction." In the middle of the last century a sum of £7,000 was contributed towards its restoration; but that sum was expended, "under the agency of one Wood," in so debasing the old building as to render it "absolutely hideous," doing to it more serious injury than had been accomplished by tempest and by time. Happily, "one Wood" has been succeeded by architects of a very different order: "the love of Art, the love of country, and the love of Christ, require that Llandaff Cathedral should exist again, whole, perfect, and beautiful." We repeat with reverence the sentiments of one of the many zealous and good advocates for the restoration of this hallowed and time-honoured structure, and rejoice to know that ere long their hopes and efforts will bear glorious fruitage.

"Llandaff," according to its zealous and intelligent historian, Mr. Freeman, "is usually regarded as the most ancient episcopal See in Great Britain." In the dawn of Christianity, there was here "an edifice of very humble pretensions." Bishop Urban, the original founder of the present structure, "found there a small British church, A.D. 1120." According to another authority, "the annals of our church present us with little more than an uninteresting list of twenty-one prelates, successors to Dubritius, before the Norman conquest of the district." *

* Of its second bishop, St. Teilo, the monks had a legend, which for centuries obtained implicit belief. After his death, three places disputed for his remains: Pendy, the place of his birth (Penally, near Tenby, according to the "Liber Landavensis"); Llandeilofawr, which he had selected for monastic retirement; and Llandaff, the See of his diocese. In order to allay the fierce storm thus created, it was agreed to leave the matter to the arbitration of Heaven: each set of clerical rivals commenced praying

The church was built chiefly by "the liberality of men," in consequence of the Archbishop of Canterbury "releasing the fourth of all penance inflicted," as a set off against their contributions. Owen Glendower destroyed the episcopal mansion, and also burned and demolished the castle: in all likelihood neither of them was repaired or rebuilt; for, in 1600, Matherne, now also a ruin, was, as we have before stated, "the only house left to the bishop to put his head in."

As the name of this patriotic chieftain, Owen Glendower, is so intimately associated with the remains of many of the ruined castles on our route, the reader will be pleased to know something of his singular and romantic history. He was one of those characters which every country, under certain conditions and in certain stages of its history, is sure to produce. Switzerland had hers in William Tell; Scotland produced William Wallace; and France had the Maid

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for his own special order, kneeling beside the corpse; when, lo! as morning broke, the early sunbeams shone not upon one body, but upon *three* bodies, so exact in form and lineaments, that it was impossible to say "which was which." Consequently, these three places were equally endowed and enriched; although Llandaff absurdly and unfairly claimed for *their* body the largest share of miraculous power! According to ancient Welsh bards and historians, this district was "beginning to become the retreat of saints so early as the sixth century, and thus it continued to be down to the Reformation. An ode of Hywel ap Jeuan ap Rys, a bard of the year 1460, is still extant, which he sang to celebrate that classic ground, and the 20,000 saints buried therein." A portion of this poem has been translated by David Lloyd Isaac, Esq., and printed in a small volume, published by him at Newport, entitled "Siluriana; or, Contributions towards the History of Gwent and Glamorgan:"—

"See the rich and fertile meads,
Where the friars count their beads,
It is a garden God hath made,
Which no robber dare invade.
All the images behold
In its abbey decked with gold;
As you enter at the door,
View the tesselated floor,
And its marble altar spread
Thick with offerings for the dead;
Thus survey its burying-ground,
Checkered all with graves around.
At the tolling of the bell
Each was laid within its cell.
See, in coffers wrought of stones,
Relics old and holy bones.
Twenty thousand saints of yore
Came to lie on Bardsey shore."

of Orleans. The Welsh hero, "the irregular and wild Glendower," at whose birth

> "The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
> The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
> Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields,"

was born, it is supposed, in the year 1349. Three places claim the honour of his birth—Glendourdy, in Merionethshire, after which place he took his name; Sycharth, in Denbighshire, which was one of his residences; and Trefgarn, in Pembrokeshire, where was the seat of his maternal grandfather, Thomas ap Llewellyn. Little is known of his childhood and early days. In his youth he became a law student, and at the usual period was called to the bar. His prospects, perhaps, would have been bright had he here remained, for he had married Margaret, daughter of one of the justices of the King's Bench; but Owen, relinquishing legal pursuits, became a courtier in the train of the Earl of Arundel. He afterwards exchanged the service of that nobleman for that of King Richard II., whose fortunes he sustained to the last. In 1399 Owen followed Richard to Ireland, and, on his return, made one of the train of eight persons who accompanied the unhappy king to Conway. When the royal household was finally dissolved, Owen retired to his patrimony. Here a severe trial awaited him. Lord Grey de Ruthin, who was his neighbour, had forcibly taken possession of a certain common which Glendower, in the former reign, had recovered from him in course of law. Owen brought the case under the notice of Parliament; but the suit was dismissed, Henry taking part with Lord Grey. This was not the only injury he received. Glendower was a crown tenant: Henry IV., meditating an expedition against the Scots, issued writs of summons, but Owen did not receive his till it was too late, Lord Grey, who was intrusted with its delivery, having kept it back. The consequence was that by the tenure of vassalage the land of Owen was forfeited, and a portion of it bestowed upon Lord Grey. Glendower did not tamely submit. He drove off the armed retainers of his enemy, repossessed himself of the common that had been the

occasion of the first dispute, and ravaged the domains of his foe. The affair was represented at court in as unfavourable a light as possible. Henry IV. dispatched Lords Grey and Talbot to seize the person of Owen, but he had escaped from their grasp. The differences between Owen Glendower and Lord Grey occurred in the early part of 1400. On the 19th of September Henry issued a proclamation from Northampton, addressed to the Lieutenants of Warwickshire, Leicestershire, and eight other counties, enjoining upon all persons capable of bearing arms to prepare themselves for marching to such place as his majesty directed. He also acquainted his lieutenants that on the Monday following he should lie at Coventry on his way to Wales. On the 20th there was a fair at Ruthin. As is usual on such occasions, vast crowds of people had assembled with the peaceable intention of buying and selling. Suddenly there was a stir: fear fell upon all. The crowds were dispersed: the town was pillaged and burnt. Owen Glendower, with a strong body of adherents, had rushed down from the hills and proclaimed himself the true Prince of Wales, and the rightful descendant of its former rulers. From that day Owen was a thorn in the side of the ruler of England. The Welsh, who were strongly attached to the cause of Richard II., had selected a good opportunity for freeing themselves from the oppressive yoke of the English, and had chosen Glendower as their chief, as well for his attachment to the deposed king as for his pretensions to the Principality. Henry marched into Wales, but, finding himself unable to follow the Welsh chieftain, who had retreated, as his ancestors had done, to the fastnesses of Snowdon, he was obliged to return. Pains and penalties having been tried in vain, in November a proclamation of a conciliatory nature was issued, in which the royal protection was promised to all "who would resort to the city of Chester, and there make their submission to Prince Henry," after which they might repair to their respective homes. This proclamation brought over to the king's authority thirty-two of the principal adherents of the insurrection; but the army of Glendower was receiving constant accessions of his countrymen, not only from Wales, but from England. Welsh labourers and artizans flocked to his standard from all parts of

the kingdom, and even Welsh "students of the university abandoned their studies to fight for their fatherland."

Glendower reserved his strength during the winter of that year, and in the summer of 1401, marched to Plinlimmon with the intention of making that lofty mountain the base of his operations. From thence he proceeded to lay waste the surrounding country. "The county of Montgomery suffered greatly; he sacked the capital town, burnt the suburbs of Pool, and ravaged all the borders. He destroyed Crombie Abbey, in Radnorshire, took the Castle of Radnor, and caused the whole garrison, to the number of threescore, to be beheaded on the brink of the castle-yard. The provocation to this piece of cruelty does not appear." But there was in Wales itself an enemy that owed Owen a grudge, an enemy who had ever been true to the crown of England, and one, moreover, that had lately been the special mark of Owen's vindictiveness. This was the Flemings of Pembrokeshire, an industrious race — phlegmatic, possessed of long patience. But at length their patience was exhausted. Fifteen hundred of them assembled, and marched with expedition, scaled Plinlimmon, and surrounded Owen before he was aware of their approach. The Welshman did not give them much time for maturing their plan of operations. Hemmed in on every side, it was apparent that something must be done or he would be starved out. He and his followers, it is said, did not amount to more than one hundred and fifty men. The only chance left for them was to force a passage through the Flemings. This was done. Henry, taking serious alarm at the progress of the Welsh chieftain, led another force into Wales, destroyed the Abbey of Ystrad Flur, in Cardiganshire, and ravaged the country; but his army was exhausted by famine and disease, and he was obliged to make a disgraceful retreat. Another expedition, undertaken in the same year, met with the same fate; the indomitable Welsh chieftain alternately watching and fighting among his mountain fastnesses.

Shakspere, in his play of "Henry the Fourth," makes Owen Glendower claim supernatural powers, and the ability to

"Call up spirits from the vasty deep;"

and there is no doubt that he was well read in the writings of the bards of his country, whose mystic prophecies, prefiguring the delivery of the Cymry, he certainly applied to himself.

"Sometimes," says Hotspur, "he angers me

> 'With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
> Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies;
> And of a dragon and a finless fish,
> A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,
> A couching lion and a ramping cat,
> And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
> As puts me from my faith.'"

In 1402 the appearance of a comet was interpreted as a good omen to Owen, and the predictions of the bards instilled spirit into the hearts of his countrymen. During the year he fought several engagements with success. He took Lord de Grey prisoner, and, turning his arms against those enemies amongst his own countrymen who had adhered to the English king, he burned their mansions, and ravaged their estates. The king determined to lead another expedition into Wales, but Owen, in the meanwhile, having obtained a great victory over Sir Edmund Mortimer, near Knighton, in Radnorshire, when eleven hundred of Mortimer's followers were slain, and himself taken prisoner, Henry had to look to his own safety. Instead of one army, he determined to raise three separate divisions, and make three simultaneous attacks upon the Welsh. Owen's cause gained strength. Mortimer and the Percys entered into an alliance with him, by the terms of which the Earl of March, rightful heir to the English throne, was to have all the country from the Trent and Severn, to the western and southern limits of the island. Northumberland would have all north of the Trent, while Glendower was to take all the country west of the Severn. Owen now, at the height of his glory, assembled the "states" of Wales at a place called Machynlleth, in Montgomeryshire, where his title to the Principality was acknowledged, and he was formally crowned. On the 21st of June, 1403, was fought the battle of Shrewsbury, in which only four thousand of his men were present, he himself, it is said, with the main body, not being able to take part in the fight, on account of his detention at the siege of Kidwelly Castle; or, according to other authorities, being unable to cross the

Severn, in consequence of a high flood.* For two years he maintained himself with various success; but in 1405 eight thousand of his partisans being defeated in Monmouthshire, and an army of his, commanded by one of his sons, being defeated, with great loss, by the English, under Prince Henry, he was under the necessity of concealing himself. His affairs were, however, again improved by the arrival, in Milford Haven, of an army of twelve thousand men, sent by the king of France to his assistance. Glendower met them at the little town of Tenby, having himself, by some means or other, raised ten thousand more. The combined forces marched into Worcester, where they were opposed by the English king. For eight days the two armies faced each other, without entering into an engagement. At the end of that time the king, having cut off their means of supply, the Welsh and French secretly retreated into Wales, and the latter retired to France, without making any further attempt. Thenceforward the fortunes of Glendower began to decline. On Henry's death, however, he remained unconquered, and "in 1415, his affairs again bore so formidable an aspect, that Henry V. deputed Sir Gilbert Talbot to negotiate a treaty with him, offering him and his followers a free pardon, should they request it." The result of the commission is unknown; the proceedings were probably interrupted by the decease of the leader of the insurrection—the renowned Glendower himself. He died in the sixty-third year of his age, on the eve of St. Matthew (September 20), 1416, at the house of one of his daughters, at Monnington on the Wye, in the churchyard of which place he is traditionally said to have been buried.

Llandaff Cathedral has been very fully described by Dean Conybeare, in the "Archæologia Cambrensis:" a portion of his elaborate description we may transfer to our pages:—"The western façade of our cathedral is a very beautiful and characteristic specimen of the transition between the later Norman and early Pointed styles, which prevailed throughout the last twenty-five years of the twelfth century, contemporaneously with

* An ancient and very venerable oak yet exists within two miles of Shrewsbury, among the branches of which, according to a generally received tradition, Owen Glendower was seated during the fight in which Hotspur fell—the Welsh chieftain having been unable to cross the river.

the age of our Richard Cœur de Lion. It appears to rest on the clearest evidence that the principal features of this new style—its pointed arches, with their multifoil or cuspidated mouldings—were borrowed from Saracenic architecture, and first introduced by the influence of the Crusades; and we therefore naturally associate the style so derived with the name of a monarch so identified with these military adventures. Our western façade presents a specimen of this style exquisitely beautiful, and nearly unrivalled for the elegance and simplicity of its composition and execution, and, from the great predominance of its Pointed, over its Norman, features, seems to be a late example of the Transition style. It is composed of three stories, besides the extreme angle forming the upper termination of the pediment. Of these three stories the lowest exhibits the great western doorway, which is Norman just so far as its rounded arch can entitle it to that denomination; but this is supported by triple clustered columns, with slender shafts, surmounted by capitals with long thin necks, overhung by protruding foliage, intermingled with birds, apes, and human figures—all marked characters of the confirmed Pointed style. Within the main arch it is subdivided by turning two minor round arches, not supported, however, by any central pier, but united only by a projecting drip-stone. Above this, the interval between these two subordinate and the general including arch is occupied by a vesica piscis, containing an image of some sainted prelate, with mitre and crozier—probably that of our second bishop, St. Teilo, who was considered as the most especial patron of our church. The second story of the western façade presents three narrow and lofty lancet windows, which, with their two intermediate piers, are faced by an arcade of five lancet arches, alternately broader and more narrow, the former corresponding with the windows, the latter with the dividing piers; these rest on thin shafts, surmounted by foliated capitals of the usual early Pointed type. The third, or subpedimental story, exhibits a central window, with an arch very nearly, if not exactly, round; this is flanked, on either side, by an arcade guadually lowering, which is formed by a series of three arches, the successive descent of which is thus accomplished: each arch consists, as it were, of two foils, so arranged that the higher side of each arch (that

nearest, of course, to the central window) is composed of a single semi-circle, from the more remote cusp of which the lowering side is made to fall by dropping a second circular segment which rests on the capital, supported by the shorter shaft. All the shafts and capitals of this arcade are still of the early Pointed style. The interior of the eastern pediment in the choir of Salisbury presents a central window with lateral descending arcades constructed on similar general principles, only that here the

RUINS OF THE BISHOP'S PALACE, LLANDAFF.

Pointed character is still more decidedly pronounced—every curve, even those of the double foils, constituting the means of descent, being lancet-shape, and of the most acute form. A comparison of these two examples is necessary to make us sensible of their striking difference of effect, and to convince us of the considerable priority in date of the Llandaff specimen. The pedimental angle crowning this third story contains only a trefoil

niche, containing the image of another episcopal saint, which we may consider to be that of St. Dubritius, still overlooking the cathedral he originally founded."

Of the Episcopal Palace at Llandaff the remains are interesting. The artist has pictured the castellated gateway—"a fine object, which comes well into the grouping from several points, but has no particular reference to the cathedral." The ruins have nothing distinctly episcopal about them, "they might as well have been the stronghold of any Norman robber, the lair of the wolf of the flock, rather than the dwelling of its shepherd." The gardens are kept up with much care, and charming views are obtained from the summit of the gateway and from the towers that terminate the ramparts.

But Cardiff and Llandaff—however interesting as remains of old time, or for the prosperity that rewards labour and enterprise—have additional interest for the tourist as entrances to the beautiful Valley of the Taff. Our excursion must be limited: we propose a journey of but twelve miles—from Cardiff to Newbridge. A railway takes us there, and will, if we please, convey us thence to Merthyr Tydvil, and on to Neath; or, at Aberdare, we may branch off to Pontypool, and so make our way to Liverpool, or, indeed, to any part of our island.

Leaving Cardiff, we are soon among the hills and woods, the rapid, and sometimes brawling, river, always at our side. The first object to arrest the eye is the ruin of a very ancient castle, perched on the summit of a steep cliff to the right: it is Castell Coch—Red Castle, so named from the colour of the stones of which it is built. We may look up to it from the valley: the crag on which it stands is covered with rich underwood. On that side it was inaccessible to an enemy; none could approach it without being seen from afar off: and aided by fosses, moats, and outworks, and guarded and fortified, as it no doubt ever was, it seems, more than any other fortress in South Wales, to have been "impregnable." A pleasant walk among well-grown trees and shrubs, planted by the lavish hand of nature, leads to the ancient gate-tower, into the small court, and to the north tower (pictured by Mr. Wimperis), underneath which is the dungeon. It is conjectured by Mr. G. T. Clark,

who has amply described these interesting remains, that no part dates farther back than the time of Henry III.; but it is certain that fortifications existed here long anterior to that reign. "A Cymric camp" adjoins the castle, and there are evidences that the first Norman "settlers" knew the value of this natural check upon their fierce and ever watchful foes. No doubt when they made "the Red Castle" here, it was a

CASTELL COCH: INTERIOR.

fortress of the Cymry. Hence there is an extensive view on all sides, north, south, east, and west: the long ships of the Danish rovers could be seen far out at sea, and a beacon fire lit on this height would be repeated from "the summits of distant mountains of Brecon and Carmarthen."

Of the history of this powerful "castle" very little is known; legend

and tradition have, therefore, been busy with it. One of its foremost heroes was Ivor Bach—Ivor the Little, a patriot among the Welsh, a freebooter among the Normans, who was a terrible thorn in the sides of the invaders.* "He used to boast that he had twelve hundred men, who would beat the best twelve thousand in the world."

Many castles of the Principality are believed to have subterraneous passages leading to other castles: thus, it is said, there is one that leads from Cardiff to Castle Coch. The popular tradition is sustained by Donovan, who writes—"That there were passages of this kind that extended from Cardiff Castle to some place unknown, upon the other side of the Taff River, is certain, from an event that happened here during the civil wars in the time of Charles I. The castle was then garrisoned by the king; Cromwell besieged it in person, but being a stronghold, and bravely defended by the royalists, would have caused the usurper much trouble to reduce, if a deserter from the place had not conducted the republican forces through one of the secret passages that laid immediately under the river. Passing through this avenue, the soldiers entered the castle in the dead of night; surprised the garrison, and took possession of the place. The prisoners were honourably treated, and the traitor rewarded with a halter. Oliver, who had every reason to discourage treachery, even in his friends, ordering him to be executed as an example to his own soldiers, after the royalist garrison had marched out. This, or some other subterraneous passage, was discovered very lately in the town, close to the 'Cardiff Arms' Hotel, by a party of workmen, who, for some purpose,

* A large painting in the Town-hall at Cardiff commemorates one of the incidents in the career of this hero of the Cymry. When Robert, the natural son of Henry I., succeeded to the lordship of Glamorgan by marriage with the daughter and heiress of Fitzhamon, "he sought to force the English laws upon the Welsh." This the brave Cymry resolutely withstood, but with little prospect of success, until "Ivor, son of Cadevor"—called Ivor Bach (little) "from the smallness of his stature, contrasted as it was by his formidable prowess"—heading a body of his followers, broke suddenly into Cardiff Castle, seized on Robert and his wife, and held them close prisoners till they consented to restore their ancient laws and liberties to the people, "and all their privileges as they had ever stood, since the time of Howel Dha, the famous lawgiver." These concessions were of necessity made, and Ivor and his men returned to their mountain fastnesses, but not until the grants of Earl Robert had been confirmed by the king. The picture which commemorates this event was presented to the corporation by the artist, Mr. Frank Howard. It was one of the works exhibited at Westminster Hall in 1846, and is a work of considerable interest, as well as merit. It is, however, much to be regretted that this seems to be the only work of art in the Principality, that commemorates the heroism of the ancient Britons, or, indeed, their gallant ancestors—if we except the pillar in Carmarthen, to the memory of the slain of the 23rd Fusiliers.

were employed to dig there. One of them while busy at his work, perceiving the ground sinking beneath him, called out lustily for help, when his astonished comrades had just time to throw a rope within his reach, of which he caught firmly hold, and thus saved himself from falling into the uncertain depth below. The magnitude of this excavation, or the course it pursued, is equally unknown. Neither of the workmen had the

CASTELL COCH: EXTERIOR.

curiosity, or perhaps the courage, to explore it, and the opening which led to the discovery, was closed up again as soon as possible."

Of course, there is a legend connected with Castle Coch. It was communicated to us, and as we received it we give it. Many years ago a lady of good family, but small income, obtained permission to appropriate to her own use, and fit up according to her own taste, four or five rooms in Castle Coch; and there she resided, with two old servants, a man and his wife,

who still followed her fortunes. She heard, and they heard, at different times, various noises, which, as they could not be accounted for in any other way, were set down to either rats or jackdaws. One night, however, the lady woke suddenly, and saw a venerable gentleman, in a full-dress suit of the time of Charles I., looking fixedly on her: his face was deadly pale, and every feature impressed by sorrow. She started up, and he retreated, passing through a door that was in shadow. She had sufficient resolution to follow, when, to her amazement, she found the door securely locked and bolted as she had left it. She did not tell her servants, but a few mornings after her servant told *her*, he thought they had been too long living there, and that he really heard noises that could not be made by rats or jackdaws. She laughed away his fears, but her own were strengthened, for the same evening, coming from a turret garden she had made, along a corridor, which terminated in a dead wall, she saw the self-same venerable gentleman who had disturbed her repose. She advanced to meet him, but he backed, and disappeared into the wall; the incident frequently occurred, and always with the same result. A tradition existed in the neighbourhood, that during the civil wars the then master of Coch Castle had deposited money and plate and jewels, to an immense amount, in an iron chest, in the subterraneous passage leading from his castle to that of Cardiff; and having been killed by the bursting of a petronel, he never returned to claim it. In process of time the lady found that her old servants were too terrified to remain; she preferred giving up her apartments to parting with her humble friends, and so Coch Castle was deserted.

Some years afterwards, a party of stout-hearted gentlemen resolved to explore this subterraneous passage—wherever it might lead to. So, provided with torches and pickaxes, they set out on their expedition. On and on they went, and at last, shining through the darkness, they saw four bright red lights—very bright and very red they were. Nothing daunted they advanced, and presently found that the four red lights were the eyes of two huge eagles, who were composedly perched on an Iron Chest. Now here was confirmation of the legend of Coch Castle! They walked bravely forward, when suddenly the eagles sprang upon them

with claw and beak; and very glad they were to make good their retreat, while the royal birds flew screaming back to the chest. But the men were persevering fellows, and the following day returned armed with pistols and eight good bullets, and when they came within proper distance of the eagles they fired, but with no effect; their enemies flew screaming towards them, beat out their torches with their wings, and sent the intruders back crest-fallen. They then cast some silver bullets, and got them duly blessed, and even persuaded a minister with his holy book to companion them. Again they saw the four red lights—an exorcism was read, which the eagles did not heed—the charmed bullets were fired with no better result than those of lead—a third assault was made by the eagles upon the disturbers of their watch and attackers of their ward, the enraged birds punishing them more severely than on either of their former visits. It is believed that the eagles are still there, though no one is bold enough to disturb them.

Resuming the Taff Vale Railway, having journeyed eight miles from Cardiff, we alight at a singularly picturesque station, Taff's Well, to visit one of the most remarkable of all the relics of old times to be found in the Principality. We are now in a great mining district; the hills above us produce the iron and coal that make the district "rich," and give its true power to Great Britain. The mountain before us is the Garth Mountain; at its foot is an iron foundry of great extent, around which are collected the dwellings of labourers. The object to which we direct special attention is "the Well," on the left bank of the river; the hill and the cottages being on the other side.

Taff's Well has long been famous for the cure of many diseases—rheumatism especially. It stands in a field, close to the water's edge—so close as to be frequently overflowed. Several springs are bubbling from the earth; they are tepid, and have a slight mineral tinge: only one of them is enclosed, and that is encompassed with sheets of iron. At all hours of the day and night, there are ailing and decrepid persons, men, women, and children, waiting "a turn" to bathe. Women must bathe here as well as men, and when a bonnet is hung on the outside, it is a sign that the gentler sex have possession. As but

two, or at most three, can find room in the bath inside, it is obvious that persons seeking relief must wait sometimes for hours before they obtain right of entrance. Yet it would be easy to procure larger accommodation; for, as we have observed, there are several other springs at hand, that might be, at little cost, fitted up for bathers. These bathers, however, are of the poorer classes, and although we believe a fee is paid by them to the farmer who owns the ground, there is little prospect of any

THE GARTH MOUNTAIN.

better accommodation, until some practically benevolent person interferes to promote the comfort and restore the health of humble visitors to the Well. From our inquiries, we have reason to conclude that the waters do relieve, and, in some cases, banish, chronic disorders. Our attention was directed to a lad who came there a cripple, and who was, after a fortnight's bathing, enabled to run about the green meadow and enjoy life.

There was another patient who seemed unable to move without the aid of crutches. In his own country—for a very few words told us to what country he belonged—he would have been called a "bocher" (lame man); in the neighbourhood of Taff's Well he was termed "the Irish rebel,"—whether from any political "talk" we cannot tell, but there was obviously an over-allowance of combativeness, mingled with the national humour, in his nature: his broad sonorous Kerry brogue echoed somewhat

TAFF'S WELL.

too frequently adjacent to "the well," and in the "Vale of the Taff" at a reasonable distance from its healing waters. We came upon him when he was in a state of high indignation with some schoolboys, whose satchels and slates bespoke the vicinity of an old-world school.

"Sure, honourable gintlemen, it's ashamed of meeself I am, to be overtaken in the Principality by the quality, when thim boys have put me beside meeself. They may call mee an 'Irish rebel' from sunrise to

sunset, if it's any pleasure or satisfaction to them in life—I'll never gainsay it; but I won't be called an 'Irish beggar.' I never asked charity in meal or malt, silver or copper, since here I've been for the good of my health, like every other gintleman. I never even give the 'God save all here' when I enter a house, or bid 'God speed ye' to man, woman, or child on the high road, for fear they'd misunderstand my maning, and think it's charity I'm looking after."

"Sure you sleep in the barns, and pay for no lodging," said an aggravating urchin, out of reach of the crutch.

"Sleep in the barns! to be sure I do, to keep them aired: it's thankful the farmers should be for that same; it's dirty damp places they'd be, but for me."

"And though you don't ask nothing in our house, you sit down and take share of whatever we have," suggested a pale-faced, long-legged boy of very miserable aspect.

"Oh, then, is it the bit and the sup ye'd be throwin' in mee face! do ye call the food th' Almighty sends upon the earth for man and baste, charity? is *that* the way wid ye, ye spalpeen! It's little good ye get out of your school, if that's all ye know, and the sooner yer father sends ye to another siminary the betther."

"But how," we inquired, "how is it that with such a number of holy wells in your own country you leave them and come to St. Taff to be cured?"

"Becase I'm for justice to ould Ireland. Does your honour think that when I had the misfortune to take up with the rhumatis in this country, I'd go bothering my own saints to give me the cure? I'd scorn it! hav'n't they enough to do with their own *blind* and *bochers*, without bein' put upon to do the work that belongs to St. Taff? It was down in his mines I got it, and it's his duty to see me righted; and so he will, with God's help, some day. If the *gorsoons* would let me alone, I'd be a dale heartier in meeself; but afther mee dip in the well, when I come down here to go over mee bades, and say 'God be wid ould times,' and think of where mee heart lies bleedin',—of the pleasant places, the singing strames and singing birds, and one that is singing sweeter than

either up there now!—why it's wonderful aggravatin' to a knight o' Kerry to be set upon by them Welsh spalpeens, that never had so much as a handle to their names; and to be called an 'Irish beggar,'—that never belonged to our seed, breed, or generation. Wait till the Lord restores me the use of my limbs, and I'll not lave a whole bone in their bodies!"

We are now deep in the Vale of the Taff; high hills, green dells, and thickly wooded steeps all about us; while the river, too shallow for

TAFF VALE.

traffic, but usually rapid and brawling, adds much to the interest and beauty of the scene. It is frequently crossed by long wooden bridges and aqueducts, that convey water to the works. Occasionally, as the reader will suppose in such a district, the picturesque is impaired somewhat by smoke from huge chimneys, and *débris* from mines, while the ear is

greeted by other sounds than those of nature. Yet the valley is charming, in spite of all that has been done to mar its beauty; and there is health in all the breezes that come from hill-tops, for the air is not rendered impure by the iron delved and smelted, nor is it much affected by the smoke from thousands of tons of coal burnt in the neighbouring factories.

It is indeed a beautiful valley—the vale of the Taff—and none the less beautiful because, here and there, you obtain glimpses of "pits" upon mountain sides, or suddenly alight upon some dell in which vast

NEWBRIDGE.

heaps of coal are collected, to be consumed in furnaces to receive the brown ore of adjacent mines, that will come forth as iron, the mission of which is to guide and govern the destinies of the world.

Our next station is NEWBRIDGE (PONT-Y-PRIDD), now a town of some extent—created to supply the wants of the many labourers in adjacent

iron works. It is situated in a dell, rising from the banks of the Taff, where the river is joned by one of the most lavish of its tributaries, the Rhondda. And the vale of the Rhondda is even more beautiful than that of the Taff, being, at all events, more wild and grand, and bearing a general resemblance to the Wye, in the cliffs, clothed with lichens and evergreen shrubs, between which it runs. Newbridge* is, however, chiefly famous, and to be visited for, *the* Bridge, justly renowned, upwards of a century, as one of the most remarkable achievements of engineering skill. It adjoins the town at one extremity of it. "It consists of a single arch, which is the segment of a circle, said to be the largest in the world; 145 feet in span, and 35 feet high. It was finished by William Edwards, 'a common mason,' after three ineffectual efforts, occasioned by the savage impetuosity of the Taff, over which it stands. It appears he owed his success to a curious device of turning three circular tunnels through each abutment, which effectually prevented its weight from springing the light crown of the arch, which was the case in the former trials: this contrivance added also to the singular beauty of the bridge."† It looks like a fairy structure as it spans the brawling river, being "so narrow that there is barely room for a carriage, and so steep as to cause many to alight from their horses when crossing it." It has been not unjustly styled "the wonder of Wales;" but within this last few years its beauty has been entirely sacrificed, for another bridge has been built so close to it, as entirely to destroy the graceful effect of Mr. Edwards's design. It is, therefore, now never used, for its ungainly rival has certainly the advantage of greater convenience. The sacrifice seems to have been

* In this immediate neighbourhood was the porcelain manufactory of Nantgarw, which gave employment to some of its best artists, when the renowned establishment at Chelsea was abandoned. "The porcelain manufactory at Nantgarw was conducted by the ingenious Mr. W. W. Young; and it is to be lamented that the proprietors did not find their interest compatible with its continuance; for the beauty of the ware was unequalled, and many of the articles manufactured were of great elegance." The few specimens produced here are highly estimated by collectors, and bear very large prices.

† Appended to the Swansea Guide (1802) we find a MS. note, stating that Mr. Edwards was on the eve of abandoning the work in despair, when an old soldier, accidentally passing, pointed out the cause of failure—too great a weight on the abutment. The hint was taken by the heaven-born architect, and Pont-y-Pridd was erected. The original name of the bridge is Pont-y-ty-Prid, or the Bridge of the Mud Hut.

wanton, for there are many other places that might have been selected for the new bridge that was destined to destroy the old bridge, and, moreover, places nearer to the town and therefore better for the inhabitants.* Edwards, and his son and successor, built many other bridges in South Wales, and on a similar plan, but this—PONT-Y-PRIDD—is undoubtedly the *chef-d'œuvre* of the self-taught architect.

PONT-Y-PRIDD.

A short distance farther up the river and we reach another bridge, the BERW (boiling) BRIDGE. It is an aqueduct across the Taff, to convey water to the Glamorganshire Canal. When the artist sketched it, a year ago, it was one of the most picturesque objects in the district; the venerable wooden piers and planks had been honoured with age, and time

* The artist has wisely pictured the bridge, without the companionship of its distasteful neighbour.

had given to it the interest that often stands in the stead of beauty. At the time of our visit, however, Gothic hands had been busy with it; it is now a very commonplace affair, but our sketch will enable the tourist to recall it as it was, and justify a sigh of regret that one of the adornments of the place has been removed from it. And this is not the only evil: the huge boulders that arrested the river in its progress, and formed a

THE BERW (BOILING) BRIDGE.

graceful waterfall, have been blasted and broken, and carried away to construct furnaces and tram roads.

On our way between the two bridges, keeping close to the water-side, we encountered one of the wells of which many exist in the Principality, to which old superstition or long experience, or it may be both, has attached faith for the cure of some particular disease. This well is called in Welsh, Ffynon Gelly-dawel, "the Eye Well," and is said to have,

in very many cases, restored sight to the blind, or at all events averted the progress of an afflicting ailment. It is a pleasant place—that quiet nook; removed far enough from unwholesome sounds of traffic,—the busy town and gigantic forges entirely out of sight.

It was evening when we ascended the hill that looks down on Newbridge. We passed over the canal bridge,—the Glamorganshire Canal,—and learned, with astonishment, that the water which conveys the boats is raised up by a regular series of locks to no less a height than 500 feet; it is literally carried over a mountain; and the number of its locks is no less than thirty, within a distance of twenty-four miles; some of these locks have a rise of twenty feet, yet the water rushes on so rapidly, that a very few minutes are expended in passing through any one of them. An idea of the great cost of the canal may be thus obtained: yet it was a profitable undertaking from the first, and its profits have increased rather than lessened since the railway was placed side by side, to run the same distances, and to and from the same places. The canal is admirably kept, its banks are in the best possible order, and the traffic-boats are neat as well as convenient, although so often laden with coal.

The ascent of the hill begins immediately after we leave the canal. We soon reached the far-famed Logan Stone: it is strictly one of those that

"The slightest touch alone sets moving;"

for the hand of a child can make it vibrate. Very near it, we were startled at the sight of a Druidic temple—a series of stones regularly placed, with an inner and an outer circle, and a place of sacrifice within. It was, however, easy to see that this was a modern creation: it is the work of an enthusiastic gentleman of the neighbourhood, but is by no means without plan or purpose; for ancient authorities have been scrupulously studied and followed, and we have no doubt of its being an accurate copy of that which was there two thousand years ago; for certainly the Druids assembled on this height, and here held their solemn rites.*

* Near to this Druidic circle stands a huge upright stone, to commemorate the "virtues and abilities" of some one whose name an envious hand has obliterated. He was, it appears, overseer of the

From this elevated plain we looked down upon the busy valley, following, first, the course of a brawling rivulet, that, rushing over stones of all shapes and sizes, carries its contribution to the Taff—the Taff that here "wanders at its own sweet will;" but presently to be in a thousand ways distorted into all possible shapes that can aid the miner, the machinist, and the labourer, and lessen toil.

TREFOREST IRON WORKS.

There are three large manufactories in this valley: that of Messrs. Crawshay, of tin and iron; that of Messrs. Fothergill, of iron rails; and

adjacent works: to quote his epitaph, "after managin the chainwork on my right side for the space of 21 years, much to the benefit of all mankind, I died, and was buried herein, 1840, aged 69." The works are the chain-works to the right of the hill, on which this singular record stands. There is no doubt, however, that the plain on the summit of this hill was the burial-place of the ancient princes of Wales. Rudely formed coffins of stone slabs are found here, and there are several mounds which clearly indicate such graves underneath the sod.

that of Messrs. Brown, Lennox & Co., of chain cable. The iron-works of Messrs. Fothergill is introduced into the artist's sketch. The population of Newbridge has increased, within thirty years, from 1,000 to 10,000; while that of Aberdare, from which come so many loads of coal through this valley, is now 23,000; less than twenty years ago, it was but a few hundred. A branch railway from Newbridge leads through the Rhondda Valley to Cwmraerbren, twelves miles. At the head of the Glamorganshire Canal and the Taff Vale Railway is the ancient, populous, and flourishing town of Merthyr Tydvil.

We look first to the right, beyond the town of Newbridge; the eye, refreshed, rests upon a tree-clad hill, that rises high and steep above the river and the dell we have so lately visited.

Turning to the left, how different is the scene! The evening is closing in, but the hours of labour are not yet over. The three busy mills, all at work, are within ken. The sights and sounds are not those of nature; very opposites are they to those the poet loves. The breeze comes laden with vapour you do not wish to breathe; no song of bird is there in wood or from heather; the sounds you hear are those of toil; but it is toil accumulative and remunerative, and, therefore, comforting and cheering.

From this relic of a remote age, and a vanished superstition, where the old Britons worshipped, and whence they looked down on their then altogether lovely valley, surrounded by hills through which runs the rapid Taff, we gaze over a scene that markedly illustrates the altered character of the kingdom. The dale is now full of habitations; the perpetual ding-dong of the hammer from enormous foundries—one of rails, the other of anchors, destined to aid millions in passing land and sea—reaches the ear; now and then, these ding-dongs are mingled with the shrill whistle of the railway, or the growl of the not distant train. The eye takes in the blazes of tall chimneys, pouring out fire, while the smoke rises above them, first in a narrow black line, then spreading out into a broad sheet, and literally and perceptibly mingling with the clouds above the mountain-top.

That line of dark, moving masses, like a huge following of sepulchral

hearses—that is the train of coal-waggons, with their contributions to recruit these flames; that puff of clear white vapour is the steam that guides them. How green are the meadows beneath us! for every now and then these fields are covered with water. Thickly jammed together seem the dwellings that house the artizans—of whom many thousands are busy here, giving to England her true jewels—iron and coal. That long and picturesque viaduct is for the Works alone; they convey the wrought produce to the adjacent canal. There is another sound—it is the blast from yonder quarry, hidden from view by intervening trees; there the iron king is yielding up his treasures, at the bidding of stalwart mountaineers.

We descend the hill by another and more rugged pathway, again cross the fairy bridge, and are made comfortable at one of the neatest and best ordered of hotels, having in prospect that always pleasant sight—a bookseller's shop.* We may borrow a passage, peculiarly applicable to this district, from a writer to whom these singular localities are much indebted:†—"The mountains and retreats of Glamorganshire are studded with tumuli, cairns, and other remains of another age and religion; and how much did our forefathers, true to their name—Celtiaid—love the wilds of the mountain, the recesses of their Cromydd, and the shades of their woods. It was from these circles the hoary Druid expounded the law; the bard, Cadeirwl, adjudicated; the judges dispensed justice, the saints worshipped, and the chieftains from the tombs of the ancient did here stimulate their descendants to acts of heroism in defence of their independence. The barrow served also the purpose of a tomb, of a *speculum*, of a fortress, and of a temple. And how dreary, and melancholy, and contemplative are these 'Carneddan' of our wild slopes, and the dark, shady retreats of our valleys! The warrior or the bard fell,

* At Newbridge we especially noticed that nearly all the inhabitants had names varying little from one name. It was almost amusing to read the continual recurrence of Thomas Evans, Evans Thomas, John Thomas, Thomas John, and so forth. "It was a remarkable usage of the Welsh, derived from high antiquity, for the son to take the Christian name of the father for his own surname." (Archdeacon Coxe.) Many heads of families took the names of their own houses, estates, or places; but the former mode was the most general. Thus, a man named John, whose father's name was William, would be John William, and his son William John.

† "Siluriana," by David Lloyd Isaacs.

and the cairn arose upon his grave to point out his resting-place for ever. The mist enshrouds it, the wind plays its requiem over it, the unearthly roars, and moans, and music of the elements have acted like a charm upon the manes of the Celtic dead, so as to rivet them to their mountains; and this will explain the theory of the 'Tylwyth Teg,' of the 'Gwyllion Gelltydd,' and 'the Naiades of the Streams.'"

This immediate neighbourhood, however, in which enormous wealth is gathered, is not to be taken as illustrative of the landscape beauty of Taff Valley; nor does the river, here applied to so many uses, at all example its rapid and turbulent, but clear and bountiful course. The valley, we repeat, is very charming, wherever intervening hills or woods act as screens to mines and factories; and this advantage is obtained frequently, even when but a short distance from busy Works. Hill and dale, rock and stream, are everywhere; green meadows, through which run musical rivulets, and sometimes grand and extensive falls: these are among the attractions, but only some of them, that give delight to the tourist in the Vale of the Taff.

It is not, however, as the tourist will readily imagine, while traversing a country by railroad, or, indeed, along broad highways, that its beauties and peculiarities can be seen and estimated. This is especially true of South Wales, where so many hills and dales are away from beaten tracks —where so many brawling rivers are comparatively hidden from the eye until they reach valleys or harbours where they may be made available for purposes of manufacture and commerce. So with many of the Norman castles, and nearly all the more ancient remains; they must be sought for to be found. Some of the most remarkable are in out-of-the-way places, where the "business traveller" never goes—among thick woods, upon high steeps, or on grass-covered plains; but the antiquary will be amply repaid for the toil of inquiry, and the lover of nature be largely recompensed, any day, or even hour, that deviation from "a main road" procures acquaintance with the marvels or the beauties so abundantly scattered over all parts of the country. To some of these we may be able to accord justice, but it is apart from the limited plan of our book to do more than direct attention to them, with a view to induce tourists

who have seen much of other parts of the kingdom to believe that in South Wales there is a vast fund of interest—a mine of instruction and delight hitherto comparatively unexplored.

The South Wales Railway may convey us to a large proportion of them, but we must leave the train whenever we desire sources—such as we continually find—of intense enjoyment in this interesting country.

Let us close our day's excursion by revisiting "the Eye Well," to which we have briefly alluded as one of the peculiarities of the famous river in this immediate locality. The relation of an incident that chanced us here will not, we hope, weary the reader.

A writer in the "Archæological Cambrensis" has these observations on holy wells in Wales :—

"Many a parish in Wales can boast of its sacred well, bearing generally, if not always, the name of the saint by whom the church was founded, or to whom it was afterwards dedicated. In a credulous age, these wells were supposed to be endued with some supernatural efficacy, and indeed a few of them are still regarded by the ignorant populace with feelings of no ordinary awe. Probably the origin of this superstition may be dated in times anterior to the Christian era, for, as we are aware, rivers and fountains entered deeply into the Druidical economy, in consequence, no doubt, of some traditionary reminiscence of the deluge, —that great event which destroyed and kept alive. So far was veneration for them carried, that in Gaul it degenerated into rank idolatry, for divine honours were actually paid to *Onvana* or *Divona*, as the goddess who presided over the waters :—

'Divona, Celtarum lingua fons addite divis.'

And though indigenous Druidism never tolerated polytheism, yet we are assured by Gildas, that the worship of rivers and mountains was not unknown even in Britain.

"The British missionaries, whilst engaged in the work of evangelizing the country, were careful to do as little violence as possible to ancient prejudices. Their aim was to hallow them, by clothing them with Christianity. Hence, as we are informed, they continued to perform divine

service within the old circles, and chose the future ministers exclusively out of the Bardic College. It is not unreasonable to suppose, therefore, that they also appropriated for the church the Druidical wells, by selecting them as 'the lavers of regeneration;' and thus exhibited vividly to the minds of the people the great truth, that the diluvian types received their fulfilment in Christian baptism.

"But whether such an appropriation existed or not, we can well imagine that the primitive saints of Britain would consecrate particular wells or streams for the purposes of baptism, before the erection of parish churches. The people would naturally think that these cured bodily ailments, and resort to them accordingly."

Several of these wells retained, until a comparatively recent period, the old superstitions attached to them in early times, and perhaps some retain them still. Of one it is recorded that, "The patient must repair to the well after sunset, and wash himself in it; then, having made an offering into it of fourpence, he must walk round it three times, and thrice recite the Lord's prayer. If he is of the male sex, he offers a cock; if a woman, a hen. The bird is conveyed in a basket, first round the well, then round the church, when the rite of repeating the Pater Noster is again performed. It is necessary that the patient should afterwards enter the church, creep under the altar, and, making the Bible his pillow, and the communion cloth his coverlet, there remain until the break of day. Then, having made a further offering of sixpence, and leaving the cock or hen, as the case may be, he is at liberty to depart. Should the bird die, it is supposed that the disease has been transferred to it, and the man or woman consequently cured."

In Ireland—where superstition has, perhaps, greater charms than in any other country—such Wells would be called "Holy." The earnestness, the vivacity, the impulsive poetry of Irish nature creates mysteries; while veneration is ever active to elevate into the supernatural what it cannot comprehend. In the Scotch, and, perhaps, in the Welsh character, there is even now, despite all education, the same tendency—with a difference: they do not parade their belief in the holy water of holy wells, by public pilgrimages, at particular times, to the "blessed

well" of a "St. Kevin," or a "St. Catherine," but go alone, or in small groups, to partake of the healing waters. However intense their belief, they do not parade, or even defend it. We visited in Wales several wells which, in Ireland, would be "holy," or "blessed;" and, among others, some that are called "eye wells," as they are believed to cure all diseases of the eye, even blindness; and we have heard from persons, whose words may be relied on, that in certain affections of that delicate organ, the water of the "eye wells" has been of great benefit. How much the imagination may have to do with this, we do not pretend to say; but at all events these "eye wells" retain their popularity, and are likely to do so.

To the eye well, close to Pont-y-Pridd, we desire to conduct our readers. The artist has pictured it. In Welsh it is called Ffynon Gelly-dawel, "eye well:" the vicinity is rich in the tangled beauty of uncared-for wood, and unguided water: nature did what seemed best and most beautiful to herself, and enveloped the "eye well" in the mysteries of silence and shadows. The path that led to it was tangled and intricate, every bush had its bird, and the soft black eyes of the rabbit, or the bristles of the retreating hedgehog, frequently beguiled us from contemplation of the exquisite foliage, combining every degree of tint, from the tenderest green to the dark hues of the oak and fir. Some pious, believing people, of bygone years, had protected the source of the well by a rude fortification of stone, and it is also partially covered at the top, which preserves the water from falling leaves, that would certainly render it impure; but the water will have its way—not all the guardianship of slate and stone can restrain its will to outflow and overflow: thus keeping up its independence, and disdaining human care, it oozes forth in little trickling rills, and falls into musical eddies, murmuring its pretty perversity to grey standing-up stones, and twinkling in mimic cascades round a tuft of rushes, and over the twisted roots of a gnarled tree. The peasants seem to associate the idea of sunrise with its healing qualities, and the greater number of those who visit the "eye well," approach it during the grey mists of morning.

A pastoral people always attribute virtues to the dews of morning:

thus "May-dew" is considered a beautifier of the complexion; the dew shaken from off the flowers of a bed of camomile is said to cure consumption; Midsummer dew, shaken from the leaves of a shamrock, on the brow of a new-born babe, will make it brave; and the dew of a white June rose will endow a new-born girl with beauty, if sprinkled over her little face before sunrise.

We were—we almost shame to say it—unable to visit the "eye well" before sunrise: the "god of day" was much too early up for us. He was

THE EYE WELL.

also too early for a little blind maiden, who was led to the well regularly by a young girl, moved to rise at dawn by pity for a calamity that was

all but hopeless. The little sufferer was singularly delicate and graceful, with a wealth of pale golden hair, parted over a clear, fair brow. She had been brought to the neighbourhood by a charitable lady, who had as much faith in the "eye well" as if she had been born a peasant. When open, the child's eyes had a weak appearance, but her guide insisted that she should "shut them fast" when she neared the well, and open and close them rapidly while near the water. There was something very touching in the devotion of the elder to the younger girl: she was but a farm-servant in the cottage where the child was lodged, doing field-work more like a Bavarian than an English maid—herding cows, and sheep, and pigs, and children; and yet astir before the lark met the morning, in the hope of getting her little friend to the healing waters before sunrise.

One evening late we met her bending beneath the weight of a heavy bundle, and dragging a couple of poles much longer than herself. Where was she going?

She bobbed and curtsied, and, disengaging herself from her burden, still heaving and panting from its weight, she confessed that, finding Maddy's eyes were no better, and that she could not wake in the morning (she was such a dreadful sleeper) in time to get to the well before sunrise, she had prevailed on "the mistress" to let her make a tent close to the well, "just at Midsummer, when the water was strongest;" and she would watch Maddy there all night, so that she should have the full strength of the water, while the first sunbeam was in it. Mistress thought it would be a great chance for Maddy, and, sitting up all night, she would "by certain be early, and get back to the farm in good time for the cows."

We asked her how she could do without sleep, after her hard day's work?

Her great round eyes deepened and darkened, and, doubting if she had heard our question correctly, she inquired—"What d'ye please to say?"

"How can you, who work so hard, do without sleep?"

"Eh, sure, it's for Maddy; I shan't feel the want. We shall be like two birds in a nest, down there. Maddy will sleep with her head on my lap, and my arms round her, all the night, as sweet as in a blanket bed;

and the pale pink and yellow clouds that I can see over the scrub will tell me when the sun's coming. I'll get her head over the well all in good time, so that it and the first sunbeam will go in together. I must do it for three mornings running, and then stop three, and then do it three mornings again, if—" she paused, and great girl though she was, she put her fingers in her mouth, and a shade of pain and perplexity clouded her bright, homely face; at last she said, "I'd like to make up my mind she must get her sight, because, if she don't, she'll be sent to an asylum, and never hear the song of a bird, or smell a cowslip again. An' she's such a loving little thing, and can tell all the flowers, and a heap about them, by the touch. I'd have double strength to my work if mistress would let me tend her always. But I'm sure she'll get well."

"And you are not afraid, you two children, to stay all night by the eye well?"

"Afeerd," she replied, "what of? Sure God takes double care of the blind. Afeerd," she said again, while resuming her burden and her poles, "two little maids afeerd beside the eye well, an' God looking down on 'em!"

Our return to Cardiff from Newbridge is by another route, and, if we please, by another railway, to visit the old Castle of Caerphilly, distant about seven miles north of Cardiff. "Caerphilly is by very much the most extensive castle in Wales, and is reputed to cover with its outworks and earthworks about 30 acres." It may not boast the architectural decorations of Caernarvon, the commanding position of Conway, nor the picturesque beauty of Raglan: "it is simply a ruin of great extent, and possessing that sort of rugged sublimity which is inseparable from an asemblage of lofty walls and massive and partially overthrown towers, neither bosomed in woods nor mantled to any extent with ivy."* It was the great border fortress, standing on the debatable ground between England and Wales, which was so long contested by both nations, under

* "The castle is placed in the midst of a valley, open on the east towards the Rhymmy, and divided from the valley of the Taff by the mountain ridge of Myndd Mayo." A small river, the Nant Gledr, flows underneath the castle walls.

the title of "the Marches." These Lords Marches were sovereigns in their districts. They had their parliaments, their courts of justice, and their other offices executive and jurisprudential, in which they, and not the King of England, were supreme. They exercised jura regalia, and did not hold of the crown, but per gladium, as their term was. They were generally, for the greater safety, in close alliance with the King of England, but were not his subjects. With respect to their baronies and

CAERPHILLY: DISTANT VIEW.

estates in England they were, however, to all intents and purposes subjects. "Huge Caerphilly" is situate in a wide-spreading vale, "bounded by mountains of very moderate height and gentle ascent;" it is, according to Leland, "sette among marishes, wher be ruinous waulles of a wonderful thickness;" and Camden, speaking of it, says, "it is probably the noblest ruin of ancient architecture in Britain."

"The mellow tints
That Time's slow pencil lays from year to year
Upon the ancient towers, spread o'er the wreck
A grateful gloom."

It was dismantled in 1219 by Rhys Vychan, rebuilt by John de Braose in 1221, and enlarged and strengthened by Ralph Mortimer and Hugh Spencer the younger, "whose immense wealth was adequate to the under-

CAERPHILLY: THE KEEP AND LEANING TOWER.

taking." But there is little doubt that the Britons occupied the site; that a Norman fortalice was here earlier than the time of De Braose; and that a monastery here existed, dedicated to St. Cenydd (whence its original name, Senghenith), which was burnt by the Saxons, A.D. 831. The Spencers—the favourites of Edward II.—maintained it for a long

time against Roger Mortimer; and, on its fall, King Edward II., then sheltered within its walls, is said to have escaped in the disguise of a peasant, and to have hired himself as a cowherd at a farm about twenty miles distant, "still known by that event." Malkin states that the king thus escaped and thus disguised, obtained employment from a farmer, who, "finding him but an awkward and ignorant fellow, soon dismissed him." It seems to have been a place where its rapacious lords, the Spencers, amassed everything they could possibly get by plundering their vassals, or tenants, and its inhabitants in general. From this circumstance arose the Welsh proverb, "It is gone to Caerphilly"—signifying that a thing is irrecoverably lost. The old ruin is now the property, by marriage, of the Marquis of Bute.

The history of Caerphilly has been ably written by the accomplished antiquary, George T. Clark, Esq. It is, however, less interesting than that of many other Welsh fortresses, its "battles, sieges, fortunes," having been neither many nor remarkable. The most striking feature of the grand and extensive ruin is "the leaning tower," which the artist has pictured in his sketch.* There can be little doubt that it is the ruin which the Laureate pictures in his "Idylls of the King;" for, as we have elsewhere observed, he was some time a resident in the vicinity, and in this immediate neighbourhood the scene of his poem is laid:—

> "All was ruinous:
> Here stood a shattered archway, plumed with fern;
> And here has fallen a great part of a tower,
> Whole, like a crag that tumbles from the cliff,
> And, like a crag, was gay with wilding flowers."

* The south-east tower, which "leans" eleven feet from its perpendicular, has retained this singular position during several centuries; "the evident strength of the cement is the means of keeping it together." The breach is thus accounted for by Malkin:—During one of its sieges, when the castle was in possession of the Spencers, and the besiegers were commanded by Roger Mortimer, "in one of the towers every apartment was crammed full of salt; under this tower was a furnace for smelting iron, hot masses of which had been thrown by engines on the besiegers, who, when they had got possession of the castle, let out the fused iron from the furnace, and threw water on it: this occasioned a most dreadful explosion, that rent the tower in two, and destroyed the salt." "It is more probable," according to another authority, "that the besiegers, after the capture, undermined the tower, placing under it supports of timber, which they set on fire. In the act of falling, a huge mass of stone was thrown upon the base of the tower, which thereby was kept standing. The corresponding tower is totally destroyed."

It was a most deeply interesting day that which we spent among these enormous ruins, guided by one to whom every stone was familiar, and who loves the old place as a dear and long-cherished friend:* from him we heard some of its legends—that of the Green Lady, who is seen now and then flitting among the broken ramparts—a kind of banshee, whose mournful wail is heard occasionally above the stream that still runs over the foundations of the inner moat.

Very beautiful are the views from any of the adjacent heights—that from "Thornhill" especially so: a rich valley immediately underneath, through which winds the bounding Taff; Cardiff fully displayed; and, in the distance, the famous islands, the Holms, and the dim outlines of the coast of Devonshire. Few drives in the kingdom are, indeed, more productive of scenic beauty; while here we are entirely free from the smoke that defaces both the hills and valleys now behind us; while further to the right, thanks to the "mountain ridge of Mynydd Mayo," the old castle of Caerphilly also is open to the pure air of heaven.

We are again at Cardiff, and again in the carriage of the South Wales Railway. We pass the stations at Ely, St. Fagan's, Peterston, Lantrissant, and Pencoed, and alight at Bridgend, in order to make an excursion to a district that yields to no other of the Principality in the grand and beautiful of scenery, or in singular and interesting relics of the olden time.

Between Cardiff and Llantrissant the narrow river Ely is crossed by railway bridges no fewer than sixteen times. St. Fagan was one of the earliest missionaries sent from Rome to Britain, the date of his visit being, it is said, as early as A. D. 180. He "came in the train of St. Lucius, having been deputed by Pope Eleutherius to administer baptism to the Cymry."† A few lines of an old Welsh bard, concerning this saint, bear a beautiful moral:—

> "Didst thou hear the saying of Fagan,
> When he had produced his argument:
> Where God is silent, it is not wise to speak!"

* At Waunwaelod, not far from Caerphilly, was born the Rev. David Williams, the founder of the Literary Fund.

† "The dedication of this church to Christian worship is much more ancient than that of Llandaff, according to the accounts both of English and Welsh writers, none of whom place the arrival of this missionary later than the second century."—ARCHDEACON COXE.

St. Fagan's is famous for a battle fought in the vicinity during the Protectorate, in which a royalist army of eight thousand men, under the command of Major-general Laugharne, was after a hard-fought contest completely defeated by the hardy veterans of the Commonwealth, under Colonel Horton. "The battle is said to have given sixty-five widows to St. Fagan's parish alone;" and so terrible was the slaughter, that, during

ST. FAGAN'S.

the next harvest, there were only women to mow the hay and reap the corn."* Laugharne escaped to the Castle of Pembroke, where, after

* "Subsequent to the battle of St. Fagan's, the following incident occurred:—Sir E. Stradling, of St. Donat's, and his kinsman, Sir E. Carne, of Osmand's Ash, *alias* Little Nash, took vigorous parte in this fighte, commanding atwixt them four thousand men, fed and cloathed by themselves at their own proper cost. The latter was well-nigh falling a sacrifice to the hatred of his countrie men to the Saxon tongue, for returning towards his home after ye close of ye battel, fatigued and sore wounded,

enduring a long siege, conducted in part by Cromwell in person, he, together with his garrison, was compelled to surrender at discretion.

LLANTRISSANT—"the church of three saints"—is a very ancient town; we obtain a view of it on the side of a hill, as we flit by the small station.

To the right of the line, just as we reach the station at Bridgend, we see, among trees, the Church and Castle of COITY: they will amply repay a visit of the tourist. Of the castle, the remains are not extensive;* it was built on the lands allotted to Pain Turberville. Sir Richard, the ninth in descent from Turberville, who was called "Le Diable," had no male issue. It came into the possession of the Wyndhams, and thence into that of the Dunraven family, by marriage to the last heiress of the Wyndhams. "The church," according to Mr. Freeman, "is an excellent one, and in fair preservation; but few of the windows have been robbed of tracery, nor has any special devastation of any kind been perpetrated.

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the bridge over ye Taffe being broken down, he demanded of a Welshman (speaking in the English tongue), where most safely he could forde across the stream; the latter directly replied, keep straight on, for that is the shortest and best way to thy home. Sir Edward, not suspecting any artifice, went ahead to the river bank, but, before entering the stream, addressed a few words of direction and advice to his soldiers, in the Welsh language. His former guide, seeing that he was not an English knight, directly called out to him *not* to enter the river in that place, as there was a most dangerous whirlpool in that locality, and disclosed that he had purposely advised him there to crosse, in ye hope that he might there lose his life; but, finding he was a true Cambrian, he hastened to prevent his fulfilling his first directions. Thus did he escape certain death."

* The following romantic incident, in connection with Coity, is narrated by Sir Edward Mansel:—"After eleven of the knights had been endowed with the lands for their service, Pain Turberville asked Fitzhamon where was his share? To which Sir Robert answered, 'Here are men, and here are arms; go get it where you can.' So Pain Turberville, with the men, went to the Coity, and sent to Morgan, the Welsh lord, a messenger to ask if he would yield up the castle. Upon this, Morgan brought out his daughter Sara in his hand, and, passing through the army, with his sword in his right hand, came to Pain Turberville, and told him if he would marry his daughter, and so come like an honest man into his castle, that he would yield it to him quickly; 'and if not,' said he, 'let not the blood of any of our men be lost, but let this sword and arm of mine, and those of yours, decide who shall call this castle his own.' Upon this Pain Turberville drew his sword, and took it by the blade in his left hand, and gave it to Morgan, and with his right hand embraced the daughter; and after settling every matter to the liking of both sides, he went with her to church and married her, and so came to the lordship by true right of possession; and, being so counselled by Morgan, kept in his castle two thousand of the best of his Welsh soldiers. Upon account of his getting possession by marriage, Pain would never pay the noble that was due to the chief lord every year, to Sir Robert, but chose to pay it to Caradoc ap Jestin, as the person he owned as chief lord of Glamorgan. This caused hot disputes about it; but Pain, with the help of his wife's brothers, got the better, till, in some years after that, it was settled that all the lords should hold of the seignory, which was made up of the whole number of the lords in junction together."

It has but little ornamental detail, but its picturesque outline, and its fine

CASTLE COITY.

series of windows, would attract attention anywhere : and, as a thoroughly

Welsh church, exhibiting the local, half military type on a larger scale, and wrought with more finished workmanship, it ranks especially high."

An hour's delay at Bridgend will suffice to exhibit all the "lions" of the town. The church, dedicated to St. Illtyd, surmounts a hill, and is, therefore, in view from far-off distances. The river Ogmore runs through the town, dividing it into two townships—Oldcastle and Newcastle; of

BRIDGEND CHURCH.

the old castle there are no remains; of the new castle there yet exist the outer walls, in which there is a doorway of singular form, and of very beautiful ornamentation. The old was beside the river, the new was built on rising ground; and it is probable the old was abandoned and left to decay, as a consequence of frequent inundations.

Bridgend is, however, "on the way" to scenery of a magnificent character, and to ancient castles, picturesque churches, and venerable abbeys, that vie with any to be found in South Wales. We ask the tourist, therefore, to pass a day or two here, in order to make excursions that will be largely and amply recompensed. He will have a choice of roads, and may, if he please, greatly extend a journey which, in our details, we shall limit to a day.

We drive a mile or two, and first visit the old Priory and remarkable Church of Ewenny, leaving to the right Ogmore Castle, under the broken walls of which the rivers Ogmore and Ewenny unite. Of the priory but little remains; the church has a central tower, of "enormously massive proportions," and is sustained by huge buttresses, by which it is "much disfigured." They are, however, clad with ivy, which considerably lessens their disagreeable effect.*

The priory and abbey of Ewenny were given by the crown to the celebrated commissioner for the suppression of the greater and lesser monasteries, Sir Edward Carne, D.C.L., the ambassador to Rome in the affair of King Henry VIII.'s marriage. There are several monuments in the nave of the abbey to members of the Carne family. From this family it came by marriage to the Turbervilles, who still possess the property.

The old monks knew how to select pleasant places: a clear stream glides gently by these old buildings, and the salmon and "sewen" are still abundant; green meadows, thick woods, and fruitful orchards are still the characteristics of this fertile district, and nature seems to revel here as she did six centuries ago.

But our object is to visit the wild sea-coast: we make our way through old-world villages, over unploughed commons, along elevated slopes, with many attractive objects to delay our progress, and arrive at the modern dwelling, built over the ruins of the ancient Castle of Dun-

* "The Priory Church of Ewenny is an example of pure Norman work; perhaps the best specimen of a fortified ecclesiastical building, the union of castle and monastery in the same structure."—FREEMAN.

raven. Here we rest awhile, for it is no common edifice that claims our notice: it is now one of the seats of Lord Dunraven; but here, long before the Romans had mastered Britain, princes had their royal residence, and hence issued laws for the government of a brave, resolute, and free people.

The castle stands on a small peninsula jutting into the Bristol Channel; the adjacent cliffs are exceedingly grand; nature has enriched the shore with many graceful bays, and a pretty bathing village—

THE NASH CLIFFS.

Southerndown—surmounts a neighbouring hill. Not far off are the famous NASH CLIFFS,* an engraving of which may serve to convey an

* This should be spelt *Nass*, from the Latin *nasus*, a nose. In Welsh the word is "*Fras*," which signifies a *beak*, or a *promontory*. The proper name is *Monk* Nass, in contradistinction to Great Nass, or, as it is now called, *Nash* Manor. On these lofty cliffs stand the well-known Nass Lighthouses, which were erected by the Board of the Trinity House after the dreadful wreck of the *Frolic* steamer, in 1832, when nearly sixty souls were lost, not one escaping to tell the tale.

idea of the leading characteristics of the district. It is full of sea-caves, one of the most singular of which is said to be immediately under the castle. The state of the tide did not permit our examination of it; but it is described as "a passage worn through a projecting stack of rocks, in a direction parallel to the shore. Something like a kind of rude piazza, large masses of rock representing the columns, support the roof; one entrance faces the east, but the grand opening is towards the south, which exhibits a most noble and solemn appearance." Another of these caves is called the "wind-hole;" "there are some narrow fissures to the dome above, through one of which a current blows that will often carry away a hat placed over it." Another is "the Fairy Cave," so called "from the various and grotesque shapes which the petrifactions assume." These caves can only be visited with safety at the ebb of spring tides.

The ancient name of Dunraven is "Dyndryvan"—the triangular fortress—a name which indicates the nature of its situation. It must have been "a place of considerable strength and secure defence against the rude tactics of ancient and barbarian warfare," defended on two sides by sea-rocks, and on the other by moats, entrenchments, and other devices to keep out a foe. It is said, by "our oldest and most authentic historians," to have been one of the residences of the princes or kings of Siluria—"a little kingdom which consisted of the present counties of Hereford, part of Gloucestershire, Monmouthshire, Glamorganshire, part of Carmarthenshire, which lies east of the Towy, and Brecknockshire;" it was "the fierce Silures" who so long and so bravely kept the Roman legions at bay, and of whom heroic Caractacus was the chief.*

* He was the second son of Brennus, king of the Silures, and so greatly distinguished himself by his bravery, magnanimity, and prudence, that he was unanimously elected "Catteyrn," or war-king—for such is the literal meaning of this title, which was always given by the ancient Britons to him who was entrusted with the chief command of the federal army of Britain. During nine years he successfully withstood all the attacks of the Roman armies, and defeated them in upwards of seventy battles. At length he was betrayed into their hands by Aregwedd, a princess or queen of a neighbouring state, who had entreated his aid against the common enemy. Upon being brought in chains before the emperor, he was offered life and freedom, on condition that he would enter into alliance with the Romans, and marry the Princess Aregwedd. His answer was, that he would gladly be the friend of Rome, but not its vassal; but with respect to the Princess Aregwedd, "he would never consent to be anything to

There is little doubt that in the fortress of Dyndryvan Caractacus held his court; for, on the death of his father (and his uncle, Manawyden, having relinquished his claim to the throne—"though it was his of right, according to the true principle of the sovereignty"—in favour of one "so much superior to himself"), the civil sovereignty and war sovereignty were united in the person of a sage and soldier, so eminently qualified to uphold the glory, and maintain the independence, of his subjects. The Welsh are naturally proud of a ruler, whose renown has endured for seventeen centuries, and to whom history refers in all her records, as the model of a "patriot, hero, king."* It is, therefore, no common ground we tread, when we visit the Castle of Dunraven, and examine the few remains of thick walls, built by the Normans, above foundations which the Britons raised.

The rocky headland on which the castle stands is called "Witches' Point:" why we were unable to ascertain. An old watch-tower, modernized into a pretty view-house, stands on the verge of an adjacent cliff. The land here slopes upward; and along these high lands, it is said, in times happily gone by, the wreckers placed false lights to lure unhappy mariners upon the merciless rocks underneath. There is a tradition, indeed, that a later Lord of Dunraven, "one Walter Vaughan," having lost by extravagance his paternal estates, throve by this wicked practice, until Providence returned the poisoned chalice to his own lips—his two children having perished close beside the home they had left as merchant voyagers, their own father's hand having guided the light that wiled their vessel among the breakers.

We proceed by an inland route—for the rugged coast affords no roadway—to visit the Castle of St. Donat's, one of the few ancient castles of the Principality that contains inhabitants. And this is very ancient;

her but her executioner." His removal to Rome, his renowned speech to the Emperor Claudius, and his subsequent release from captivity, are matters with which every reader of history is acquainted. He returned, a convert to Christianity, accompanied by St. Illtyd and other saints, and "these were the first that introduced into Britain faith in Christ."

* These statements are given on the authority of Edward Williams, B.B.D., who compiled his history from authentic MSS. in the Welsh language, and published it in the *Cambrian Journal*.

with much within and without to interest not only the tourist, but the antiquary and the historian. Unhappily for them all, however, the venerable relic of a long past age is occupied, as renters, by two old ladies, who, aided by a couple of dogs nearly as old, steadily refuse ingress to every part of the building within the gates. It has a grand effect from any of the neighbouring heights; seeming a prodigious pile of several styles and epochs.

The castle and manor were given by Fitzhamon to Le Esterling, or Stradling, one of his knights; and in his family it continued without interruption during seven hundred years, when it became the property of the Tyrwhits, from whom it descended to the Drakes of Amersham, by whom it is underlet—a somewhat sarcastic comment on the motto of the Stradlings—

"Duw, a Digon."
"God, and enough?"*

Within the Park, on the west side of the Castle, stands a picturesque quadrangular tower. It is placed on an elevated site, and commands extensive views.†

* The history of the division of the Stradling property is romantic, but still true. The last of the Stradlings was at college, with a young man of the name of Tyrwhit, and after the completion of their college career these two young men resolved to make the grand tour together. Before starting (as was afterwards shown in evidence) they each wrote a letter to the other to the effect that if either of them should die whilst abroad, the survivor should inherit the deceased's property. After being absent some time from England, news came to St. Donat's that Stradling was dead, having been run through the body in a duel (it was said with his own friend Tyrwhit), at Montpelier, in France, on the 27th of September, 1738. His body was brought to St. Donat's to be buried, on the 19th of March following. Several rumours were then afloat that he had come to his end unfairly, and it was much doubted that it was his body that was sent over; and his old nurse, who sat up with the coffin when it was lying in state, secretly opened it, and thrust her hand in, to feel whether all the fingers were on the left hand, as she knew that Sir Thomas had, when a child, lost one of his fingers, it having been bitten off by a donkey; and she declared to the father of the writer of this note, that the *two* hands of the body sent over were perfect, and, therefore, that the body was not the body of Sir Thomas Stradling. Hence, for many years, there was an expectation of his making his appearance. After more than half a century spent in litigation, and during which time Tyrwhit himself died, the estates were settled by act of parliament, the largest portion being sold to pay the lawyers, and the only part which was allotted to the heirs of "*Tyrwhit, the original claimant*," was the castle, and about £1,200 a year, out of an estate which, at that time, was the Chatsworth of the period. Various claimants got small portions, but the baronetage became vested in the issue of Jane, daughter of Sir Edward Stradling, and wife of Thomas Carne of Nash; and, though still in abeyance, will ultimately be claimed by her direct descendant Edward Stradling Carne, at present a minor. From the Tyrwhits the property has descended to the Drakes.

† Sir Harry Stradling—in the reign of King Edward the Fourth—journeyed to Jerusalem, where he was made a Knight of the Holy Sepulchre. He died in the Island of Cyprus on his way homewards.

It is of this tower that Donovan thus writes, no longer ago than 1805: —"A little to the westward of this haughty fabric, rises one solitary quadrangular turret, or watch-tower, which commands a most surprising prospect of the channel within the boundary of its horizon. The inten-

ST. DONAT'S CASTLE AND WATCH-TOWER.

tion of this watch-tower is but too clearly pointed out by the privileges which the lords of this castle claimed to the spoils of all the shipping

Of him an interesting story is recorded. Retiring once by sea to St. Donat's Castle from his house in Somersetshire, he was taken by that notorious sea-thief, Colyn Dolphyn, a native of Brittany; and for his release was obliged to pay 2,200 marks; to raise which he was compelled to sell several of his fair manors. After this event, he caused to be erected the watch-tower, in the new Park of St. Donat's, in which arms were placed, and men to watch at night for the sea-thief Colyn Dolphyn, who too frequently cruised along the Severn sea, "on ship-robbing intent." The light placed in this tower proved the ruin of the sea-thief; for, mistaking it for that at Dunraven, he ran in, and struck on the Nash sands: his ship went to pieces, and he and his men were taken and hanged; "being buried under hillocks on the brink of the sea."

wrecked or drifted upon their manor; a practice, if not a privilege, which, it is to be lamented, prevails even now among the lower orders of the inhabitants, in open defiance of the laws, and in violation of every generous trait that exalts the character of human nature. Upon this sea-worn beach, while we toiled amidst the fallen ruins of the rocks that soar in sullen dignity above us, it was scarcely possible to divest my mind of those reflections, which a scene so truly awful is calculated to inspire. The troublous waves were dashing, foaming, wildly raving at our feet; then receding in circling eddies for a while into its gloomy bosom, to return with redoubled fury, the cliffs and caverns, formed by its unceasing devastations, resounding in concord to the hollow tumult of the waves; vessels tossing in the distance upon the angry deep, and the host of sea-gulls, winging their restless flight, with ill-omened mewing, among the rocks around us. A thrill of horror pervaded every faculty, when those impressive circumstances impelled me to anticipate the evils that would result, should the tempest rise with more unbridled violence, and some one of those distant vessels, bearing, perhaps, the reward of honest and adventurous industry to its final port, be unfortunately borne upon the billows by the adversity of contending elements, and strike upon this shore! What would be the issue? let stubborn facts, truths that are not without precedent in our own days, answer this. Does not the imagination swell with more than fancied scenes of misery, when the eye, glancing along the margin of the briny flood, descries, within the extent of coast it embraces, the desperate assemblage of rocks, and crags, and lurking shoals, among which so many misfortunes have befallen unwary mariners within our own memory? Even now the sea beats impetuously against that disastrous ridge of rocks, Break-Sea Point, where a fine vessel was driven ashore some time ago, and plundered by the inhabitants. The force of language inspired, at the sight of this awful spot, is inadequate to portray what fancy seems to realize; we see the proud vessel—

> "'Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
> Her shattered top half buried in the skies;
> Then, headlong plunging, thunders on the ground;
> Earth groans, air trembles, and the deeps resound

Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And quivering with the wound in torment reels.
* * * * *
Again she plunges! hark, a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock!
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims, shuddering, roll their eyes
In wild despair; while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion rends the solid oak,
Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell,
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length, asunder torn, her frame divides,
And, crashing, spreads in ruins o'er the tides.'

Or should the vessel only founder upon the rocks, with what increasing anguish does the heart bleed in contemplating the more finished picture! To be complete in all its horrors, we must see the hordes of wreckers—men, women, and children—collected upon the impending cliffs, watching the approach of the vessel towards them with joyous expectation, and at every nearer plunge insulting, with impious gratitude, the name of their Creator, for the wreck or 'God-send,' which they have the depravity to consider as a mark of divine favour bestowed upon them. The happy moment arrives for them, the ship dashes within their reach, and the busy crowds, regardless of the storm, rush down the craggy shores to seize upon it as their lawful prize. What scenes of rapacity ensue are best conceived. In vain does the wretched victim of calamity, the seaman, or the passenger, put in his piteous claim to any portion of their individual property. Without distinction to age or infirmity, or female beauty, they are deprived, without remorse, of that, even, which the merciless elements have spared! The ship is ransacked of every valuable that can readily be conveyed ashore, and even should the surviving crew escape without experiencing the effects of their ferocity, they will be considered fortunate."

Ruins of religious houses may be traced in the neighbourhood; where also several cromlechs are found. Nay, the very cottages have an air of "hoar antiquitie:* and all about give indication of a long past age.

* "The antiquity of the cottages is a strongly marked feature in the appearance of this county. There is little doubt that many of them are as ancient as the castles to which they are attached."—Archdeacon Coxe.

The gates of the old church are not closed; or at all events were opened by a silver key. It is small, but very picturesque both in character and situation; occupying a little dell beside the castle walls, and nestling as it were under the protection of the fortress of its feudal lords. Here are the ashes of many of the Stradlings: the last is here, and so, perhaps, is the first—seven centuries having passed between the two interments, with probably thirty generations of men. The churchyard contains a singularly beautiful cross, in a good state of preservation.*

Our purpose is—and it has been our main purpose—to visit the very ancient and venerable church at Llantwit, and the singular ruins of many epochs assembled in a district out of the way of ordinary travelling. It is a visit that will largely repay the tourist, even taking no account of the interesting objects we have described, and the wild and beautiful scenery through which he passes.

Between St. Donat's and Llantwit, however, he will do well to diverge half a mile from the main road, to examine a remarkable cave, one of the "lions" of a coast perhaps even richer in sea-rocks than that which encloses the peninsula upon which stands the Castle of Dunraven. Mr. Wimperis has pictured this cave. It is one to which a peculiar superstition is attached: persons throw pebbles over a gigantic arch of stone, which hangs like a bridge across its opening—not an easy task; the number of failures before the feat is accomplished denotes the number of years that are to pass before the party is married; or, if married previously, when a second marriage will take place.

The Cave at Tresilian is, therefore, not only grand and peculiar, it has a privilege of which we may suppose the young and fair eagerly avail themselves; and as there is a fine strand here for bathers, we imagine many are they who take counsel of fate in this charming locality.†

* It is said to be the most perfect and unmutilated cross in the kingdom. It is probable that either the privacy of its locality, or its contiguity to the castle, protected it from destruction. To the lovers of antiquarian lore the little poem, entitled the "Dream of Colyn Dolphyn," by Taliesin Williams, the son of the old bard, Edward Williams, published in 1837, will prove very interesting; also "The Stradling Correspondence," edited by the late Rev. John M. Traherne, F.R.S., in 1838.

† In this cave the father and mother of the great General Sir Thomas Picton were united in the bonds of holy matrimony. This was, of course, before the act of parliament which prohibited marriages in unlicensed places.

There are few places in South Wales so tempting to residents during

CAVE AT TRESILIAN.

the summer months, with pure air, open sea, health-giving downs, and

invigorating breezes; while the curious or inquiring can always find in the neighbourhood objects of gratification, or instruction, in the glorious remains—British, Roman, and Norman—everywhere about them.

On the north side of the road from St. Donat's to Llantwit we pass by the spot where formerly stood the fortress of Jestyn ap Gwrgant, lord of Glamorgan: the fields still pass by the name of "Caer Wrgan, or Wrganstown." Here, at present, stands Dimland Castle, the seat of John Nicholl Carne, D.C.L., who traces an unbroken descent from that

LLANTWIT MAJOR.

chieftain, and whose family have remained located in this immediate neighbourhood for more than 800 years.

Llantwit Major (so called to distinguish it from other places of the name) is said to have been founded as a "church and college" by St. Illtyd, one of the earliest of the missionaries from Rome to Britain.

"Llantwit signifies, by contraction, the Church of Illtyd." His immediate contemporary was "Patrick, whose college was demolished, and himself taken a prisoner to Ireland, by Irish pagans"—so, at least, say the Welsh writers, anything that may be said to the contrary by Irish writers notwithstanding.*

The date usually accorded to the foundation of the church is A.D. 408; although, as will be seen, Archdeacon Coxe places it twenty-two years later: if, however, the venerable prelate died A.D. 501, he must have presided over the establishment upwards of ninety years.†

The Seminary or College of Llantwit, according to various authorities, flourished so much under the protection of St. Illtyd, that its pupils exceeded two thousand, among whom were seven sons of British princes. Gildas, the historian; David of Caerleon; Paulinus, Bishop of Leon; Samson, Archbishop of Dol; Talhaiarn, the bard; and the famous Taliesin, received their education here. "The ruins of the school-house are in a garden on the north side of the churchyard; and the monastery, halls, and other buildings, stood on a place called Hill-head, on the north side of the tythe-barn." "Illtyd, son of Bicanus, a Breton, accompanied the saints Germanus and Lupus into Britain, on a mission from Pope Celestine, for the purpose of suppressing the Pelagian heresy, as we are commanded to term it on the authority of the Church, about the year 430. The first measure they adopted was to establish schools of learning, in which the British clergy might be properly educated. The two first and principal schools were those of Dubric and of Illtyd, both disciples of St. Germanus, who appointed the latter head or superintendent of Theodosius's college or congregation; so called because it had been founded by the emperor of that name. It had, however, been demolished about two

* The Welsh claim as theirs the patron saint of Ireland, St. Patrick; many old documents exist to show that while a priest at "the College of Theodosius" (Llantwit Major), he was "taken away" by a band of Irish pirates. Being conveyed to Ireland, he there laboured at the work of conversion, "and his work eminently prospered." Patrick, it is said, never returned to Wales, choosing rather to reside in Ireland, "having ascertained (so says the Welsh chronicle) that the Irish were a better people than the Welsh—*in those times.*" The "fact," however, is strongly disputed.

† "Illtyd is besides honoured by the Welsh as having introduced a plough of a construction greatly superior to any before known to the natives. He died about 480, according to some, and indeed the most probable accounts; but according to others in 501 or 502." —ARCHDEACON COXE.

years before by the Irish pagans, who carried Patrick, its superior, a prisoner into Ireland. This school or college, restored or founded a second time under the auspices of Germanus, and patronized by the King of Glamorgan, was at this place henceforth called, after the name of Illtyd, Llantwit, signifying by contraction the Church of Illtyd, with the addition of Major, to distinguish it from other places in the county of Glamorgan, also bearing his name."

The numerous broad and direct roads towards Llantwit Major, the various intersecting streets and lanes that still exist, the uncommon size of its church and yard, and the number of human skulls dug up in the adjoining gardens and fields, prove it to have been a place of "great population and eminence." Though now but an "inconsiderable village," and populous only on market-days, there are so many evidences, in so many neighbouring places, of a large expenditure of wealth, that it is easy to believe the statements of early Welsh writers to be by no means greatly exaggerated.

The "School" suffered much from the incursions of Saxons and Danes, and was destroyed by the Norman invaders. In 1111 it was restored, though "probably on a reduced scale:" but there is no doubt that it continued to exist as a college down to the Reformation.

Hollinshed relates a strange history of Edgar's sacrilege in robbing Llantwit Church of St. Iltutus' bell; his consequent vision; his restitution of the bell; and his death within nine days after. The bell now surmounts the Town-hall—an ancient building, standing on the site and partly on the foundations of a ruin much older—and contains this inscription in antique characters—

"Ora pro nobis Sancte Iltute."

The only information concerning it we could obtain from the sexton was, that, "small as it seemed, it weighed a hundredweight!"

For a description of this singular and deeply interesting locality we can do no better than borrow from a little volume, "Siluriana," compiled by David Lloyd Isaac:—

"The group of buildings at Llantwit of the present day is one of the

most interesting in the Principality. The site is in a deep valley, below the town. The strange, elongated pile of the church, itself a remarkable conglomeration of distinct buildings, is flanked at the south entrance by a bold fragment of what was once a gate-house; and crowning the crest of an opposite hill is the dilapidated structure of the old tithe-barn, surrounded by other scattered remains of school-houses, crosses—memorial

OLD BUILDING AT LLANTWIT.

and sepulchral—all bearing witness to the ancient greatness of Llanilltyd. The church and churchyard are teeming with relics of antiquity. First, there is the Ladye-Chapel, forty feet and a half in length, decorated with statues of saints. Next comes the old church, being sixty-four feet long. Lastly, a modern church, which was erected by Richard Neville,

Lord of Glamorgan, *temp.* Henry I. This structure is ninety-eight feet by fifty-three, with a tower containing six bells of exquisite tone.

"In a garden adjoining the churchyard are traces of the ancient College. It was here that the two thousand students of Iltutus had been pondering over languages; preparing themselves for the battle of life, and the rest of the grave. The tithe-barn* on the hill is one hundred and twenty by twenty-seven feet; and there are people living who saw the huge building crammed to the ridge, with ten or twelve sacks outside.

"There are several monuments and effigies of high antiquity in the church and churchyard. The Cross of St. Iltutus, erected by Archbishop Samson, in the sixth century, is perhaps the most noted. Its present height above the ground is about six feet, and its breadth diminishes from two to one foot on the top. The carving is finely executed, and the sides are divided into compartments, with the inscription—'Crux Iltuti, Samson, possuet hanc crucem pro anima ejus.' But we had better give the inscription as we find it in Iolo's MSS.:—'In nomine Dei summi, incipit crux salvatoris quam præparavit Samson Abbas, pro anima suo et pro anima Ithaeli Regis, et Artmali Decani.' That is, in English—'In the name of God most high, here begins the cross of the Saviour which Samson the Abbot prepared for his own soul, and the souls of King Ithael, and of Artmael the Dean.'"

Concerning this singular relic, we find the following interesting account in Donovan's "Tour:"—

"Many years before, a tradition prevailed in this part of the country that a large sepulchral stone, which recorded the memory of two kings, had been accidentally buried in the grave of 'Will, the giant.' This was a young man, so called on account of his extraordinary stature, being seven feet seven inches in height when he died, although he had only then completed his seventeenth year. Will had desired to be interred near this stone, which then stood erect against the wall; but in

* Greatly to the discredit of the Dean and Chapter of Gloucester, this splendid barn was recently ordered to be taken down, and the materials sold. Such an act of Vandalism was, however, fitly repaid, as the proceeds of the sale of the tiles and timber were not enough to pay for the destruction. The oak that composed the roof was said to be one thousand years old, and to have been cut down in the parish.

preparing the grave of sufficient dimensions to admit his remains, the sexton incautiously dug so close to the foot of the stone, that just as the body was laid into the earth it gave way, and falling from the wall into the grave with prodigious violence, it was found impossible, or at least inconvenient at that time, to remove it; the stone was therefore left in the position in which it fell, and the grave being filled up, it was completely covered over with the earth. This transaction had taken place so long ago, that the recollection of it had nearly faded away. But Mr. Edward Williams, who resides at the village of Flemingstone, only a few miles from the spot, remembered having heard the story when a boy, and proposed at some future day to search for the stone. An opportunity at length offered itself to this intelligent mason to gratify his curiosity. He began by clearing the ground in the spot described to him so many years before, and discovered it at a small depth below the surface, after which he obtained assistance to raise it from the earth, and place it against the wall as it now stands. It is a large and very ponderous stone, of a slightly pyramidal shape, measuring six feet nine inches and a half in height, twenty-seven inches across the front at the base; twenty-three inches across the centre, and seventeen inches at the top. The depth of the stone is about eighteen inches, being nearly of an equal thickness from the base to the summit. No other decorations appear on the face of the stone than a rude double line, circumscribing the inscription within the innermost limits; but there are certain traces of impressed dots and wreaths in the compartments formed by the treble lines upon the narrow edge or side of the stone. Nothing can be more obvious than that the form of the latter proves them to be of the same era as those on the tombstone of St. Illtyd and the cross before mentioned; and they are indeed in such an admirable state of preservation, that there can be no embarrassment in transcribing these words:—'In nomine di summi incipit crux Salvatoris quæ preparavit Samsoni a p. ti pro anima . . . . . Thah . . . . et Artmali . . Teca + N.' The purport of the remainder, I must confess, appears to me obscure. Mr. Edward Williams reads them thus:—'In nomine di summi incipit crux Salvatoris quæ preparavit Samsoni *arati* pro anima *sua et pro Anima*

Tu thaelo Rex et Artmali *Tega* + M.' To the ingenuity of Mr. Williams no one will be more disposed than myself to allow every credit, but I am much afraid the corresponding form of the letters will not bear him out in some of the ambiguous passages. There is an obvious deviation from the original in more than one instance, which appears to have been assumed in order to comprise the words within the tenor of what he conceives to have been the meaning. Great obscurity prevails, indeed, in a most material point, namely, the words which he deciphers 'Tu thahelo Rex.' There was, we remember, in the fifth century (the time to which the stone is unanimously referred), a prince of Armorica (Brittany) called Ithel Hallo, whose six sons, we are told on record, accompanied the celebrated St. Cadvau in his important mission from the Mother Church to this country, with the design of correcting the Pelagian heresies that had crept into the doctrines of Christianity preached at that time among the Britons. As one of those sons was named Tegai (or Teca), the idea is extremely plausible that the stone was inscribed, at his desire, to the memory of his father and another. But I must confess there is something specious in this conclusion. The letters supposed to constitute the words alluded to have baffled every attempt of mine to determine with accuracy, and to perplex the reader with mere conjectures might be thought presuming. In the fac-simile of this inscription the traces of the letters, as they now remain, are marked with all the fidelity in my power, with the hope of assisting the decisions of those who may be better pleased to form their own opinions concerning it."

If, therefore—and there is no reason to doubt the fact—Llantwit was "the first Christian school of learning in Britain," he must be cold of heart, and insensible to any touch of piety, who can pace among these ruins without sensations that raise the soul far above sublunary thoughts and things. Surely the spirits of dead worthies haunt these old places.*

* "Llan is a Welsh word prefixed to most of our Welsh parish churches; it is a generic rather than a specific term: it means an enclosure, and refers more to the churchyard than the sacred edifice itself."—I. James, *in the Archæologia Cambrensis.*

Leaving Llantwit on our way to Bridgend, we encounter the ruins of a Norman castle, known in the neighbourhood as THE OLD PLACE;* and leave to the right a singularly picturesque Manor House—LLANFIHANGEL—which the artist, Mr. M'Ewen, pictured. Llanfihangel means the Church of the Three Angels, and in the side of the well adjoining the churchyard there is still to be seen a rude stone with the remains of

THE OLD PLACE, LLANTWIT.

three figures sculptured on it, doubtless connected with the nomenclature. In this small and secluded church rest the ashes of three dukes and one duchess, the former owners of the property, from whom it descended

* This old place was originally the seat of the Vann, or Avan family, for many centuries located at Marcross and Llantwit. From them it descended, by marriage, to the Nicholls, in whose family it still remains, the present owner being Illtyd Nicholl, of the Ham, in this parish.

to the heiress of the Wyndhams, the present Dowager Countess of Dunraven. To give a bare idea, however, of the many striking and interesting objects in this vicinity is out of the question: our space is far too limited. And we may not forget that we are a long way out of the

LLANFIHANGEL MANOR.

line of railroad; tempted to this excursion, and desiring to tempt others to make it, by its marvellous abundance of natural beauties and ancient remains.

We are again at Bridgend, *en route* for Neath. We pass rapidly the small station at Pyle. A pretty river running under a rustic bridge is the only object that meets the eye; if we except a distant cluster of houses, that betoken manufacture: they are the "coking" works of Messrs. Ford and Sons. The famous Masteg Iron Works are also in this neighbourhood. Near to Pyle is Kenfig, once a town of considerable size, but ruined by an overwhelming inundation of the sea, in the middle

of the sixteenth century. "An arch of the ancient castle, and part of the ancient church and churchyard, may be traced among the sand hills." *

Soon we obtain a distant view of Margam Abbey, the seat of C. R. M. Talbot, Esq., M.P. It lies on the right hand, while, on the left, the line passes under huge sand heaps, on the other side of which is the Bristol Channel. Before we arrive at the next station, that of Port Talbot, we have entered the region of copper works, the railway passing through one of these very money-making, but very smoke-producing, establishments, belonging to H. H. Vivian, Esq., M.P.†

And here the tourist should leave the train, to visit the beautiful remains of the ancient Abbey of Margam, which stands in the grounds attached to the modern structure. Margam was "once called Pen-dar, or the Oak Summit," and the noble tree still flourishes in "the sweet shady dingles, which form the great charm of the demesne." Dugdale fixes the date of the abbey in the year 1147, when Robert of Gloucester, "sorely pressed by adversity," bethought himself of providing a calm retreat for a brotherhood weary of the world. It is said that he was buried here, with his wife, the daughter and heiress of the famous knight, Fitzhamon, who took the lands from the Welsh prince, Jestyn ap Gwrgant. Giraldus styles this monastery a noble community of Cistercians, and says that "it exceeded all others in Wales for the reputation of liberality in relieving the distressed,"—a character which, we understand, their successor keeps up. Leland speaks of it as "an abbey of white monks, where was a very fair and large church," and ascribes to it the privilege of sanctuary. When Mr. Wyndham visited Wales in 1774, the chapter-house (of which he gave an engraving) was perfect:

* Donovan (1805) encountered some peril while visiting Kenfig: it then "harboured a desperate banditti of lurking fellows, who obtained a profitable livelihood by the illicit traffic carried on upon the coast in the smuggling line, the plunder of wrecks, and the like." The traveller was in considerable danger from their assaults when he had taken out his sketch and note-book, and was consequently treated as a spy.

† Mr. Vivian would find it extremely difficult to obey a law that commanded him to consume his own smoke; it ascends from so many quarters, not in "volumes," but in "encyclopædias," according to the only pun ever perpetrated by the learned Sergeant Marryatt.

it was one of the most elegant buildings of its class. "Its form is a duodecagon without, and a perfect circle within. Against its walls, and those of the adjoining cloister, stand many fragmentary antiquities, such as crosses, effigies, and gravestones, which exercise the ingenuity of antiquaries and decipherers. A very ancient wheel cross, which formerly stood in the village, is, perhaps, the most curious of these relics; but the

MARGAM ABBEY.

most perfect is the tomb-stone of an abbot, bearing the following inscription, still legible:—

'Constans et certus jacet hic Regewallis opertus
Abbas Robertus, cujus Deus esto misertus.'

The statuesque figure of a crusader in chain armour, with the head and legs broken off, lies close by. There is also a curious old diagonal sundial, which often escapes observation; but it is correctly fixed in the

proper meridian, and still faithfully records the daily progress of time, as it may have done for centuries. The exact site of the old abbey church may be easily traced on the lawn of delicate turf immediately behind the chapter-house. The bases of finely clustered pillars, the steps of the altar, and portions of the tile pavement, blend singularly with the smoothly-shorn turf, and occasional clusters of the flourishing monthly rose." In 1799 the roof fell, and the structure gradually became a ruin; it is, however, one of the most picturesque ruins of the Principality, and happily decorates the demesne of Mr. Talbot. As will be supposed, it is

THE CRYPT, MARGAM.

maintained with scrupulous nicety, and the further inroads of time have been averted. The mansion of Mr. Talbot is entirely modern, of large size, and of much architectural merit. Its principal attraction is "the orangery," which is said to be "the largest in the world." Its origin is curious: a Spanish vessel, bearing a cargo of orange-trees and other exotics, as a present from a Dutch merchant to Queen Mary, consort of William III., was wrecked on this coast. Mr. Mansel Talbot, by some means or other, acquired them, and built a conservatory 327 feet in length, "for their reception and better preservation." The neighbourhood of

Margam is very beautiful, notwithstanding its heavy drawback of copper smoke. The adjacent hills are full of Roman remains, and of remains of a date prior to the Roman possession of the country.

Port Talbot is better known by its old name, Aberavon. It is the outlet of the mineral produce of Cwm Avon, a valley in the adjoining hills, in which are situated the copper, tin, and iron works of "the Governor and Company of the Copper Miners of England," incorporated A.D. 1691.

The next station is Briton Ferry. We see it on the left; the tall masts of many colliers indicating the prosperity of its quays. To the right is a range of good green hills, bulwarks to the sandy, flat, and unprofitable shore that intervenes between the railway and the sea.

Presently we arrive in sight of Neath; but long before we reach the old town, we cannot fail to see the dense "cloud" over it.

We avail ourselves of a paucity of materials here, and a consequent "rest," to supply a few notes concerning some of the customs of the people of South Wales.

The custom of "Bidding" is now becoming obsolete; it was formerly almost universal. When a marriage was about to be celebrated, a "bidder" was sent to invite guests—to *bid* them come to the wedding. In old times, frequently the bidder was the chieftain who thus honoured his vassal: his mission was respected by hostile clans as that of a herald, as he passed to and fro, holding a staff decorated with flowers and garlands. A main purpose of the bidding was to obtain from friends and neighbours contributions of money, or matters that might increase the gear and add to the comforts of the wedded pair—contributions to be repaid in kind when the giver chanced to be similarly circumstanced. In later times the printer became Love's messenger; hand-bills were substituted for eloquent tongues; though, occasionally, a comparatively humble "friend" arranges the "transaction," in so far as exchanges of sympathy and more substantial aids are concerned. Now-a-days, some time before the celebration of a marriage, a printed circular is often sent. The following is a literal copy of one lately used:—

"We are encouraged by our friends to make a bidding, on Tuesday

the 23rd instant, at * * * *, where your most agreeable company will be humbly solicited by your humble servants,

"THOMAS * * * *
"MARY * * * *

"N.B.—The young woman's father and mother, Thomas and Sarah * * * *, and her brothers and sister, * * * *, desire that all gifts due of the above nature will be returned to the young woman on that day; and whatever donation you may be pleased to bestow on them will be warmly acknowledged, and cheerfully repaid, whenever called for on a similar occasion."

Very frequently the still important personage named the "Lavier" goes about the country to invite people to the marriage feast. For miles around does he trudge along through lanes, and villages, and farmyards, "bidding" people to the coming marriage feast. And the "Lavier" is welcomed everywhere; he is the bearer of news acceptable to all. For three weeks before the celebration *cwrw da* is to be bought at the house of the bride expectant; and if she be in service, her employers are generally good enough to place their house at her disposal. Every night there is a merry-making, but the night previous to the wedding there is a merry-meeting extraordinary: this is called *nos o'r blaen*. Then it is the rustic lover treats the object of his affection with cakes and ale; and then it is, too, that long standing differences are amicably arranged, or others spring up for future settlement. The night having been passed in feasting, fiddling, and dancing, all retire, holding themselves in readiness for the morning. The bride is led to church by the *tailleur*, or bridesman, whilst the bridegroom has the arm of the bridesmaid in his. Friends follow two and two, the fiddler, and often a trombone player, leading the van of the procession. On the return from church the order is changed; the *tailleur* has given the bride in charge of her husband, whilst he conducts the bridesmaid. After the marriage feast, the *tailleur* goes round the company to collect the *poyth*, or wedding gifts. Of these, whether they be money, provisions, or household utensils, he keeps an account—for whenever any of the young people who make presents get married, they expect to have returned to them the amount now given:

so, in point of fact, the money received is only a loan; but a loan that, together with what is made by the dinner and the sale of cakes and ale, is often sufficient to set up the young parties in the world.

The weddings of the poor are generally far more joyous than the weddings of the rich—at least they are more demonstrative; the conventionalities of society do not check the merry laugh or the innocent jest, or instruct the lip to repress its smiles. The Welsh are not, on such occasions, so boisterous as are the Irish, though they are easily excited, and by no means so placable as the so-called "English." The women are as capable of the most devoted affection as the women of any country: many a faithful heart beats within their russet jackets, and many a throbbing brow under the stately, high-crowned hat, however gaily garnished by a silver buckle. We may relate an anecdote in illustration.

One of the most civil and obliging of butterwomen was Jenny Morgan—we had almost written old Jenny Morgan; but she was not old, whatever she might look, at times. She had strong marks of suppressed feeling round her pretty mouth—pretty still, though it was not as pouting and rosy as it had been five years before, when her sweetheart abandoned the collier trade, that so frequently brought him to Briton Ferry, and went to sea in earnest. Jenny was a beauty then, and did not conceal the fact that she was engaged to be married to Tom Evans, whenever Tom Evans came home. But the Crimean war gave an aching heart to Jenny Morgan, as it did to many others: Tom was one of "Peel's men," went ashore, and was reported missing. The lines came and deepened on poor Jenny's face; but the fact of Tom's log having been closed gave hope to another lover, a bright-eyed, active little Welshman, with a host of cattle, and the reputation of a well-to-do, honest farmer. He was determined to marry Jenny, and, after long perseverance, on the old plea of "getting rid" of the lover, she consented to become the wife. There was no necessity, we are told, when Jenny Morgan's marriage was determined on, to send round a "Lavier;" Jenny was a universal favourite, and her mother's shop was crowded with presents. The day was fixed, the little Welsh farmer was more light and cheerful and noisy than ever—his joy was overflowing; he slapped every young fellow of his acquaintance on the

shoulder with treble his usual energy, repeating, "Nothing like perseverance, my boy—nothing like perseverance." The steady old Welshmen declared "that Master Owen Richards was like one mad," and that "Jenny would find it no easy thing to keep him quiet."

The evening before the wedding day had come, and Jenny was putting a few last bows of narrow white satin ribbon between the borders of her lace cap, when an old friend of Jenny's entered her little room, and closed the door. She was the bridesmaid, and had right of entry.

"Jenny, dear woman," she said, "I have something to tell you that I'd rather keep; but I mustn't keep it, because if it come to you on a sudden it would scare you like."

Jenny looked up with her sweet serious eyes, still twiddling with the ribbon. "Speak it up, Mary; things don't scare me as they used."

"I have seen an old friend o' yours up street."

"Not—not Tom Evans?"

Mary nodded her head. The cap and the ribbons fell on the floor as Jenny sprang to the door.

"Don't hold me, Mary! If Tom Evans is in life, I can never go to parson with Owen Richards."

Mary kept the door close. "He's dressed up like a prince, but he've lost a leg."

"I don't care if he had lost two."

"One eye's gone."

"Never mind if t'other 'ill follow; he'll see less how I'm changed. Open the door, Mary!"

"Keep thee back, Jenny, woman; do ya think the boys the same as the maids? He's tattered from head to foot with every sort of shot—chain shot, and cannon shot, and musket shot. And yet——"

"Oh, Mary, woman, let me out! thank God he came to-day 'stead of to-morrow!"

Poor Jenny! Mary had little of that sweet balm, sympathy, or she would not have so tortured her friend before telling her the great truth. "To-day or to-morrow makes no differ to you, my Jenny, so keep your own counsel. I tell ee Tom's not a constant sort: he's brought hoame a

Roossian wife—a burnt up little brat, with goold rings in her ears, and two children. Much he thought on thee, woman dear!"

Jenny turned away trembling, and covered her face with her hands.

"Pluck up a spirit, my woman Jenny."

"No need to tell me that, and he another's," was Jenny's reply. "I might ha' knowed it: he was always light o' mind and o' love. There—it's all come right," she continued, and she picked up the cap with quivering fingers, and set to at her work. "I'll tell Owen what I felt, like an honest woman, an' if it makes no differ to him, I'll be to him the honest wife he deserves."

And a pretty wedding they had, and Jenny looks five years younger than she did.

Ceffyl Pren is Welsh lynch-law, and is resorted to when a man is supposed to be unfaithful to her he has promised to cherish, or a woman to have broken her marriage covenant. There are two kinds. When the guilty parties are a married man and an unmarried woman, their neighbours generally content themselves with disseminating aspersions on their character, or with forming effigies intended to represent the erring pair. These they carry about, preceded by flambeaux, and accompanied by men with horns, brass pans, and whatever else is capable of adding to the noise. When tired they return, set fire to the effigies before the houses of the originals, and disperse.

This is the milder form; there is another:

When the offence is considered to be of an aggravated nature—when the persons concerned happen to be a man who has children, and a married woman—there is a different method adopted.

Not content with showing their indignation in a harmless way, the greater portion of the community go in a body to the man's house, and summon him forth. If he has not already escaped, there is no chance now. His house is surrounded, and if he will not surrender voluntarily, they seize him by force. They then visit the woman. Having succeeded in capturing her, they place both on ladders, and then, amid shouts and execrations, the luckless captives are carried for miles about the country, and exhibited at every farm house on the route.

A friend, to whom we are indebted for these facts, has described for us one of these scenes, of which he chanced to be an eye-witness.

At the appointed hour we started for the rendezvous. We kept along the road for some time. Heavy clouds rolled along the sky, and, in the absence of the moon, the night was dark. It was as quiet, too, as the grave, save when the occasional bark of the watch-dog, or the voices of men and women in front or in our rear, hurrying to the Ceffyl Pren, broke the stillness of the night.

Whilst we kept to the road the walk was pleasant enough, but when a little way up the side of the mountain, we turned into the fields, and experienced the unpleasant effects of a recent storm.

For half an hour we walked in silence, but at length, fairly fagged, we grumbled our dissatisfaction to a companion. He comforted us with the assurance that having crossed one other little meadow our journey would be at an end. The little meadow appeared to be the longest we had yet traversed, but at its extremity we got into a carriage-road.

A few yards brought us to a white gate, through which we entered and found ourselves in a lawn in front of a small one-storied but neat country house, with a tasteful balcony running round it. The owner, who was a stranger, had not occupied it for more than eight months; he had, however, even in that short time, broken the laws of morality, and to-night was rightly to suffer some of the consequences.

The house itself seemed deserted, but on the lawn were two or three score persons, who had preceded us. Some, collected in knots, were discussing, in mingled Welsh and English, the programmes for the night; others, the greater portion of whom were women, some of all ages, dressed in the peculiar and picturesque costume of their country, were engaged in lighting a bonfire.

All were comparatively quiet, but some few stout fellows coming up, the tumult began. The women were the most obstreperous. Indeed, on such occasions, women always are the most violent—especially to the erring member of their own sex, whom they have occasionally been known to lacerate with knives and pins.

The preliminaries being completed, business began. The name of

the occupier of the house was called. No answer. Again. Once more.

A pale, middle-aged, middle-sized man, with long hair, dilating nostrils, and flashing eyes, makes his appearance on the balcony.

"What was wanted with him?"

A tornado of hisses and execrations was the reply. In the first lull the man's voice was heard, loud, above all others exclaiming, as he lifted a gun to his shoulder, "The first that comes nearer is a dead man."

Half a dozen rushed forward!

The gun was levelled—the trigger was raised—it was about to fall, when the barrel was knocked up and its contents discharged into the air.

Two men now stood on the balcony. The struggle lasted but for a short time. The culprit was the more active, but the countryman was the stronger. The foot of the one slipped. This was adroitly taken advantage of by the other, and the countryman falls over the balcony. His place was quickly taken up by two others, who had got in through the roof as their fallen companion had done. These were the most powerful of the party, and with little trouble soon succeeded in securing their victim.

A moment afterwards all three were on the lawn.

The men now seemed ashamed or afraid of what they had done, and, probably, would have abandoned their undertaking but for the gentler sex, who, with taunts and reproaches succeeded in keeping them to their posts. A ladder was soon brought—the man tied thereon, and, in a few moments, I and my companion were alone.

As we were leaving, a woman with dishevelled hair, and with a child at her breast, came running back to search for her cap, which had been lost in the excitement.

"Which way are they going now?" I asked.

"*Dar-a-see!* why to show him to the hussey, to be sure," was the reply, as she caught up a burning brand to aid her in her search, and eagerly ran after her friends.

The voices gradually grew fainter and fainter as the procession got further off, and at last died away altogether. They visited the house of

the erring fair, instituted a search, but found the bird had flown. Substituting a woman of straw, they placed it on the ladder, and in this manner traversed the country until morning, when they left the ladder on a dreary common twelve miles off, with its occupant, to free himself, or be released by the first good-natured person who might pass.

The reader will not, we trust, consider out of place a story of a different character; it was related to us—in substance at least—by the landlord of one of the inns at which we rested, somewhere in this locality; it is not necessary to point it out more clearly, for the Welsh, like the Irish, have a strong objection to appear "in print."

"I tell it to you," said he, "as it was told me by my grandfather; and if it was the last word I had to speak in the world, I could only say that my grandfather was never known to tell a lie, as knowing it to be so, in his life; and he was as sharp as he was honest—so sharp, that the oyster lads at the Mumbles used to say, if he only looked at an oyster, it would open. Now a man like that—every inch a man, as I call it—was not likely to be cheated."

Of course such a statement we did not controvert. Our landlord was a small, fair, freckled man, with the red hair and delicate skin that always exhibit freckles; in him they had expanded, year after year, into large brown spots; his eyes, as they appeared through spectacles that would have suited the face of a giant rather than his thin nose, seemed of a pale green, and twinkled or glared in the sun, as he sat in his "old oak chair;" his narrow hands and long fingers kept, as it were, moving cat fashion, now compressed, and now pawing at the sleeve of his coat, then extending, and suddenly drawing in; he looked like one of the pictures so dearly loved in our childhood, of Master Cat, in "Puss-in-boots."

He was by no means a dark, concentrated, springy, abrupt little man—our ideal of the Welshman of those parts; he was, we should fancy, like his respected grandfather, sharp enough to open an oyster by a look.

"Now," he continued, "you have done that goat the honour to admire her (he was very polite, and selected his phrases carefully), you have, I say, done her the honour to admire her, and I am obliged. There are few goats now in South Wales; but, few or many, I must say that

my Maggie is a credit to her race. She is a beauty, and as sensible and faithful as a dog." The snow-white "Maggie" of our admiration wiggled her little flounced tail, and, advancing her pretty head, butted at her master playfully, while his fingers went in and out during her sportive advances, and his green eyes twinkled more than ever. They interchanged civilities for some little time, indeed there is no telling how long "the sport" might have continued, had we not reminded the landlord of the story.

"Ay, ay," he said, "I don't care to tell it to every one, for people laugh at such things, without knowing why. Some take up with pretending that they believe only what they understand: that is a fine jest—I wonder could any born man comprehend everything he'd see between this and Carmarthen. I do not think even my grandfather did that; for up to the day of his death he never understood how—but you shall hear. In those times goats were as common as blackberries; on St. David's day, a man would as soon be seen without his leek, as a woman without her goat; they would tie ribbons on the horns, and even gild or silver the tips. But that is all past and gone, and our Welsh lasses are fonder of gilding themselves than their goats. Our people, it would seem, had a fine flock, and my grandfather, when a little lad, looked after them; but the pride of the flock was a she-goat, they called her by the name of Jenny. Now, as my grandfather grew to the time when lads will be called men, whether or no they have hair on their chins, so it came that he grew fonder of Jenny than of all the rest of the scampering flock, which led him many a sore day's climbing; and if there is one thing more trying to the temper than another, it is to see a goat that you have been tumbling after half the day, and that you think you have just caught, spring on to a crag about as broad as my hand, quite beyond your reach, and right spitefully look down and laugh at you. Jenny was as fond of my grandfather, as my grandfather was of Jenny. She was known all over the country as 'Cadwallader's—(that was my grandfather's name) 'Cadwallader's goat'—a pretty milk-white creature, with long silky hair, and eyes as dark and as full as a deer's. Still, as the saying is, boys will be boys, so will goats be goats; they are flirty creatures, more like women

than any other animals in their ways" (the landlord was, as we had been told, a "widdy-man," and had not been over happy during his wife's life-time). "Well, one day—and, queer enough, it was a Midsummer Day—nearly a hundred years ago, Jenny was very skittish all the morning, and my grandfather got cross with her, a thing he did not often do; but when you do get fractious with anything you really love, it seems that hate grows out of sweetness, like poison out of the briar of a wild rose. He chased her to get her home, first in play, but the play grew into anger before he was half done with her, and she went on and on, and up and up, goodness knows where, and he after her, in the heat of the summer day. He thought it very cruel of Jenny, after all his goodness to her; but what did she care? the teazing fit was on her, and she would not stop. So away she went, higher and higher, every now and then bleating and looking down, and then away, higher, and higher, and higher. He fancied more than once that her pretty 'ba-a-a' sounded like 'come up, come up.'" We could not avoid saying that appeared to be a stretch of imagination. "No, indeed," he answered, "not at all; why should it be so? At last she stopped, gathering her small hoofs into a lump, on a narrow ledge, casting her large bright eyes at her master, that seemed to say, 'I'll wait for you.' Well, he clambered until his hand just rested on her hoofs, when, whisk, up she sprung, to a smaller and higher crag than ever, and again he heard the 'come up, come up.' My grandfather was but flesh and blood—and Welsh flesh and blood, which, they say, is the hottest of any in this land: so, instead of following on, he up with a stone, and let fling at poor Jenny—his own pet Jenny—with an oath too! and no sooner was the stone whizzing through the air, than his heart smote him—it went too sure, and his playful companion toppled over, and down among the crags: the poor thing's bleat, as it came up to him, while she fell, was the mournfulest music he ever heard. He threw himself flat, and scrambled to the edge of the cliff to look over. He could see a broken bough or two of brushwood, that had given way beneath her weight, and a lock of her long silky hair jutting from a furze bush. He called to her, and thought she answered; he swung himself over the crag, creeping down by the bushes and rocks, where no

man, or even boy, had ever been before. A raven passed him, with the dismal croak those devil's-birds give, when they scent blood. This quickened my grandfather's descent, and he soon found himself on a bank that overhung the little stream; it runs to this day in the valley; and there lay poor Jenny dying.

"My grandfather fell on the grass beside his pet and wept bitterly: the creature knew him, and tried to lick his hand. He raised her up, and brought her water in his hat; this revived her, and he sat down resting her head on his arm, just as the setting sun was sending down streams of gold and purple into the valley. Then as he gazed at Jenny he thought he had never seen the eyes of an animal with such a human expression in them. He looked at them so long that, when he turned aside, the purple and gold of the royal sun was gone, and it was the moon that was showering silver on the stream.

"'There you go,' he said to the moon, 'and a cold comfortless thing you are, stealing about in the fading sunlight. I wonder you ar'n't ashamed of yourself, shimmering and shaking your beams among the bushes!' The fact was my grandfather had an all-over creepiness on him; he shook quite as much as the moonbeams did; and when he looked again at Jenny, instead of his milk-white goat, it was the head of a beautiful female that was resting on his arm, and her sweet large dark soft eyes were looking up into his face.

"'Wasn't it cruel of you, oh man,' she said, 'to fling that stone at me, and hit me behind the ear as you did! and I loving you so well, and inviting you up to the goats' paradise on the very tip-top of the mountain. I wonder *you* are not ashamed of yourself. I that have taken such pains to teach you to climb among the crags, and breathe the pure air of the hills—only you're such a lump,' she said, 'that, much as I love you,' and her eyes shone like balls of fire, 'you'll be only a clod of the valley to the end of your days, Cadwallader, unless you can follow me along that moonbeam; indeed my own head is not steady: that hit you gave me has made me giddy. Ah, Cadwallader, like the rest of your countrymen, you're too hot and too hasty.' My grandfather felt as if he could follow the beautiful creature over sunbeams or moonbeams.

"'Will you come?' she says, placing her small black slipper upon the end of a moonbeam that rested on a wood anemone just before them; 'will you come? It's a straight road and easy travelling, if you believe in me, Cadwallader,' she says with a sweet smile, and holds out her hand to my grandfather. He was not long about catching it in his, you may be sure; but when he had it he could not help thinking it felt more like a hoof than a hand. 'Now for a race,' she said, 'and never to stop till we're on the top of the mountain—the highest mountain in South Wales.' Well, on and up they went, and every now and then, when my grandfather would be forced to stop for breath, she'd bleat out the sweetest little laugh he ever heard; it was as sweet and as soft and as clear as the song of the woodlark. When they were about half way up—'How I pity you poor mortals!' she said; 'you are such stupid, heavy, senseless creatures, plodding down in the valleys, stupified by fogs, and knowing nothing of the world.'

"'Knowing nothing of the world, miss!' repeated my grandfather, who thought that was going very far for a goat to a Christian.

"'Nothing,' she repeated; 'but we—we look over all your cities, and plains, and trees—we see what fools you make of yourselves, and what fools you try to make of others. We see you making love to a pretty lass at one end of your village, and then making love to another at the other end: even you, Cadwallader, have often forgotten me, and made love to my namesake, Jenny Jones, a great red and white lump of clay, with little blue eyes'—and she rolled her luminous eyes on my grandfather—'and obliged to make her own clothes.'

"'How can you blame me for *that*, beautiful miss?' replied my grandfather, 'when, until this very minute, I always thought you were only a nanny-goat? And even now I am not sure whether you are a goat or a girl.'

"'But you knew how I loved you, Cadwallader,' she said, 'and yet you stoned me; did I ever think you could have been so cruel! But our path is growing narrow; we must up while we can.' And off she started, giving my father no rest until he stood beside her on the top of the mountain, surrounded by hundreds of vapoury-looking goats: some few

there were like her, but there was not one so beautiful. She was treated with great respect by them all; many of them touched noses with her. Old goats, with beards sweeping the rocks upon which they trod, advanced to do her honour, and he observed that they all walked on their hind legs; but when she presented my grandfather to them, they grew angry, and butted at him with their shadowy horns. At this Miss Jenny was wrath, and told them she had a right to bring her friend there if she chose. This made a great uproar, the lady goats maintaining that Jenny had a right to do as she pleased; the gentlemen goats objecting, or disapproving, or storming, according to their several tempers. It was a wonderful scene; goat shadows of all kinds and sizes passing and repassing, storming and ranting, asking questions and answering themselves—behaving just like gentlemen as we see them at elections, tearing and driving, butting and bowing; and such an unearthly bleating going on as quite bewildered my grandfather. At last a mighty shadow stalked in among them with an antlered head, which he shook at poor Jenny, who trembled and crouched before him; and at the same time my grandfather heard the belling of a stag—it sounded out as loud, and full, and terrible, and as much above the bleating of the goats as the castle bells used to do long ago above all the bells in Carmarthen. He could gather that the old stag was the ruler of them all, and that his beloved Jenny was threatened with some dreadful punishment for bringing him there. He heard many observations that were very painful to his feelings, and some disparaging to his personal appearance; he *knew* he was a handsome fellow.

"'Take me down again, Jenny dear,' he said; 'and it is not in the field or the stable I'll put you.'

"'I can't,' she answered; 'unless they will let you stay with me, I can never go back with you; and I don't know how you can get down, for, oh man, you cannot walk a moonbeam by yourself!'

"'Then you ought to be ashamed of such treatment for bringing me into this danger!' exclaimed my grandfather. 'Oh, you need not keep blazing your fine eyes on me; pretty love it is, to coax me up to the top

of a mountain among a pack of ——!' I don't know what he was going to call them, but Jenny put her hand on his mouth.

"'Man, man,' she said, 'think of your own false love; you stoned me; though you have decked my horns with pink ribbons, you stoned me! though you built me a bower and covered it with fern leaves to keep off those horrid flies that are unknown in this pure air, and made daisy chains with your great coarse red fingers for my snowy neck, yet you stoned me!'

"'And was it to make a fool of me that you brought me here?' he asked, for he was getting into a rage again.

"'Oh, no, Cadwallader,' she answered, 'I did that often, long ago. I brought you here because I loved you, though you are only a man; and, as I am of rank, I thought they might let me keep you, but they won't. See how the eyes of my relations roll on you; hark to the stamping of my great uncle; and hear how my aunt hisses through her nose! See, they are coming to hurl you over the rock!'

"'They can't do it,' said my grandfather; 'they are only a pack of shadows—vapours—nothings!'

"'They may not be able to touch you, but off you go all the same. Ah, my poor master,' continued Jenny, 'if you could only stand firm until sunrise!'

"But between the bleating, and the hissing, and the feints they all made at my grandfather, he staggered about like a drunken man, until at last the antlers of the old stag rushed at him like a falling forest, and over the pinnacle he went,—down—down—down! He never could tell how long he lay insensible; but, when he came to himself, the first beams of the early sun were shining on him, and on the dewdrops that hung from the branches, and sparkled in the heather, and on the moss: it was a sweet, lovely morning, and the birds were singing, and the insects, all according to their kind, welcoming the morning. He turned to look for Jenny, but she was gone."

"Gone!" we exclaimed.

"Yes, gone, as if it were all a dream, except that, far above, the bramble still held the lock of her hair, and there were the broken bushes, and

there sat the raven in his purply-black coat, with a clean bill, and a hungry look; and over where she had fallen the dewdrops glittered like rubies, for the red blood was beneath."

"And did he never trace the goat?"

"Never! No how—no where. Sometimes on moonlight nights he used to hear a soft bleating in the air; but that ceased altogether when he married my grandmother."

And such was the end of Cadwallader's goat.

A glance at any geological map will show, that extending from Pontypool on the east, to Carmarthen Bay on the west, and from Llantrissant on the south to the north of Merthyr Tydvil, is the GREAT COAL-FIELD OF SOUTH WALES. This extends again from Tenby on the western side of Carmarthen Bay to St. Bride's Bay, the waters of which wash the western shore of the Principality. This very remarkable coal-field lies within a basin formed by Mountain Limestone, and a peculiar sandstone known as Millstone Grit; it includes a great number of seams of coal at various depths, and also beds of argillaceous carbonate of iron, and of that peculiar variety known as black band ironstone. The immediate proxmity of iron ore, and of the coal required for its fusion with the limestone employed as a flux in the blast furnaces, has led to the establishment of some of the largest iron manufactures in the world.

There is a remarkable feature in connection with this great coal-field which must be noticed. On the eastern side of the basin the coal is of the bituminous variety, containing a large quantity of volatile matter; as we advance westward the coal becomes less and less bituminous, passing under the names of "free-burning" and "semi-bituminous," until it eventually becomes a true anthracite, or stone coal, giving in some cases 94 per cent. of pure carbon, and having no volatile constituents. This is, in all probability, due to the action of masses of trap rock, which have, when they were forced through the superincumbent strata, by their intense heat, dissipated the volatile constituents of the coal. This has led to its division into two districts, the anthracite and the bituminous districts. As the character of iron manufactured with anthracite and that smelted with bituminous coal is very different,

anthracite iron is always so distinguished. The extent of the iron works of South Wales will be evident from the following statement of the condition of the blast furnaces in 1858.

The total number of iron furnaces in the anthracite district was	16
" " bituminous "	132
Total in blast in South Wales	148

	Tons.
These consumed of iron ore raised in the district not less than	1,750,000
Ore from Whitehaven district	181,373
" Ulverstone	528
" Forest of Dean	34,652
" Somersetshire	26,000
" Devonshire	4,700
" Cornwall	55,150
" Sundry Places	100,000
Total	2,152,403

	Tons.
The make of pig iron from this being for the anthracite district	50,774
" " " bituminous district	835,704
Total of pig iron	886,478

In the manufacture of this about 3,000,000 tons of coal were employed, and nearly as much in the conversion of this pig iron into bars, rails, and castings. The total coal produce of the South Wales coal-field being, in 1858, 7,495,289 tons.

Such is a general statement, based on the returns obtained by the Government Mining Record Office, of the vast resources of South Wales. From beneath the soil above eight millions of coals are raised annually, requiring for its extraction all the various appliances of science which are connected with the draining the mines of water, with their ventilation, and all the processes of drawing the coal from great depths to the surface. Beneath the surface thousands of men are constantly employed, and on the surface hives of industry meet the view on all sides.

Where the bowels of the earth are searched with so much eagerness for treasure, the surface is disfigured with heaps of coal, iron ore, and waste material. The iron works especially load the earth with scoriæ,

mountains of slags mark the existence of blast furnaces, and volumes of smoke are ever clouding the bright blue of heaven. Yet the result of so much desolation and darkness is a vast addition to the wealth of the nation. The position of England in the scale of empires is determined by her mineral treasures—with the failure of these she must decline amongst kingdoms; how necessary, therefore, it is that she should hoard her buried treasure with a judicious care.

Although many of our coal-producing districts are distinguished by great natural beauties, those are speedily destroyed as the work of subterranean exploration proceeds; and amidst the once picturesque valleys of South Wales, the débris of the coal-mines, and the mountains of ashes and slag produced by the iron furnaces in their vicinity, give an appearance of thorough desolation to the scene.

The accompanying view, comprehending the picturesque remains of an old coal wheel, faithfully represents the usual characteristics of the South Wales coal-field. The hills, although barren towards the top, are fringed with timber trees; and if the smoke from coal has not done its work of destruction, these woods are luxuriant in their undergrowth, and especially rich in several varieties of ferns. Rapid rivers rush by the feet of these hills, and the early miners availed themselves of this mechanical power, by means of under and overshot water-wheels, not merely to work rude pumps to drain their then shallow pits, but for many other operations connected with their subterranean labours. The increasing depth of the workings, and the accumulating waters, have led to the adoption of powerful steam machinery, and it is only in some of the out-o'-the-world nooks that we can yet discover the water-wheel with its gearing, now idle and useless, but still forming those little "bits" which we usually term artistic, because they compose themselves into most pleasing pictures. The old horse and the tram-waggon may be regarded as representing a transition period—a passage from that condition when we computed our coal produce at twenty millions of tons per annum, and thought it very large, and the present, when we are drawing from our coal-beds not much less than seventy millions per annum.

Where the manufacture of iron is associated with the production of

coal, as it is around Merthyr Tydvil, at Ebbw Vale, and other parts, a scene of entire desolation prevails. The blast furnaces pouring forth their giant tongues of flame, the coke ovens shining with unnatural lights, and the forges glaring with white-hot fire, might have guided a Milton to a realization of a modern Pandemonium. These, associated with the heaps of ashes and slags, furnish a wild picture, which is

THE OLD WHEEL.

strangely reflected upon the external character of the dense population crowded around those artificial volcanoes. The colliers, "like the dyer's hand," naturally take colour from that they work in. The girls employed in picking coal, and in the processes of washing coal, which are now extensively used in preparing the small coal for the coking ovens, are equally tinctured with the black coal. Indeed, through all who are

brought in contact with those great industries there prevail the same characteristics, derived from the smoke and dust in which they are enveloped.

Neath is now a town of smoke, through which its rare and venerable antiquities are too often but dimly visible. It is a very ancient town,

PIT HANDS.

"called by the Britons Nedd, and by the Romans Nidum. When Robert Fitzhamon conquered Glamorgan he gave this town to Richard de Granaville, one of the twelve knights who assisted him. The said Richard, about half a mile from the town, and on the river Neath, built a Cistercian abbey, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, about A.D. 1130, and giving his share to the monks, returned to a plentiful estate he had in

England."* King John rested here on his way to Ireland, in 1210; so did King Edward I. in 1284. And in this castle and abbey the unfortunate Edward II. took shelter from his enemies. He was, however, compelled to leave it, and on his way to the castle of Llantrissant was betrayed by a monk, in whom he had trusted as a guide.

The Town is busy and prosperous. The various works in its immediate vicinity give employment to its population, and the quays receive vessels of moderate size, the river being navigable thus far from the sea.† It has good streets, good houses, good shops, good public rooms, a good library, a "philosophical institution," and a good market-house. Moreover, two railways augment its population and its wealth; and the neighbourhood abounds in collieries, iron-works, and copper-works. It is auspiciously situated, protected by lofty hills, which shelter without confining it; and, before science had filled the mouth of the valley with dense and unwholesome vapours, the place must have been healthy as well as beautiful. The old monks selected it wisely then, although now-a-days there is no one of them who would not avoid it, as a melancholy foreshadowing of a destiny it was the professed purpose of their lives to avoid.

It is said that Neath was destined for the seat of a University just prior to the Reformation, and that a charter was actually obtained for its foundation. Its deeds of arms were not, however, to be succeeded by those of learning. Of the former it had its share, several sanguinary

* "We learn from Bishop Tanner that Richard de Granaville and Constance, his wife, gave their chapel in the castle at Nethe, the tithes belonging to it, a large tract of waste land and other possessions, in the time of Henry I., to the abbot and convent of Savigny, near Lyons, that they might build an abbey here in Wales. And a very fair abbey, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, was built accordingly on the west side of the river, a little below the town of Neath, for monks of the order of Savigny, or Fratres Grisei, who soon afterwards became Cistercians."—Dr. Beattie.

Malkin states, but does not give his authority, that Richard Granaville, returning from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, brought with him a person named Lales (or Lalys), "a man very skilful in the art of building, whom he employed to construct the abbey of Neath." 'Tis said that he afterwards went to London, and became architect to the king, Henry I.

† In our descriptions of Neath and its fair valley we shall be much indebted to an excellent "Handbook," written by Mr. C. H. Waring, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, by whom we had the pleasure and advantage to be accompanied to the various attractions in the vicinity, and especially to the Vale of Neath.

battles having been fought in the neighbourhood between the Britons and their Norman oppressors. In the reign of Stephen, the British forces, headed by the sons of Caradoc ab Jestyn, whose lordship extended from the Tawe to the Afan, here attacked the Norman lords with great spirit, and put them to the rout so completely, that all who escaped

NEATH ABBEY.

the sword fled for an asylum to the various castles of Gower. Three thousand men are said to have been slain in this conflict. In 1231 Llewellyn ab Iorwath, and Morgan Gam, enraged by some injustice of Hubert de Burgh upon the marshes, laid siege to the castle, and burnt

it, destroying many of the inhabitants, and setting fire to their houses. "What a contrast to these turbulent scenes of horror is presented in the pacific course of events, upon which we are happily borne along, under more benign auspices, and the institutions of a wiser government."

The Abbey is distant about a mile from the town, and the ruins are of large extent.* It was originally a convent of Grey Friars, but after-

NEATH ABBEY, DISTA VIEW.

wards came into the possession of the Cistercians, who retained it till the Dissolution, when the fraternity was reduced to eight monks.

On approaching the abbey the visitor is suddenly struck by a singular

* "The Welsh call this abbey 'Abatty Glyn Nedd' or Abbacy of the Vale of Neath; and Nedd is properly the name of the river running through it, being descriptive of the gentle course of its stream compared with most of the neighbouring waters."

mingling of styles of two epochs.* He learns, however, that the old priory-house had been converted into a residence by the Hoby family, subsequent to its use as a religious house, these comparatively new buildings being of Tudor architecture. Within, the only portions that retain their early character is THE CRYPT, and the remains of the church. There are evidences enough, however, to show the vast extent and gorgeous ornaments of the fine structure, to bear out the statement

THE CRYPT, NEATH ABBEY.

of Leland, that it was "once the fairest in all Wales;" and almost to realize the description of an early bard—"Weighty the lead that roofs

* Francis's "Neath and its Abbey." The ruins of Neath Abbey have been placed by Lord Dynevor (to whom they belong) under the care and custody of the Neath Philosophical Society, his lordship's liberality from time to time enabling the society to effect partial restorations, "highly advantageous to the preservation of its existing remains." A custodier resides in an ancient lodge, and the ruins are examples of neatness and order.

this abode—the dark blue canopy of the dwellings of the godly. Every colour is seen in the crystal windows; the floor is wrought in variegated stone: here is the gold-adorned choir, the nave, the gilded tabernacle-work, the pinnacles worthy of the three fountains; the bells, the benedictions, and the peaceful songs of praise, proclaim the frequent thanksgivings of the white monks."

NEATH CASTLE.

The church, although a mere shell, "still looks stately;" and the so-called chapter-house, refectory, and some of the chief apartments, also "present interesting architectural studies." Huge masses of masonry are scattered about the inner courts; the eye may readily detect remnants of cornices, quoins, and other ornaments of the structure.

The ivy grows but little about them, the copper smoke preventing its spread; indeed the effect of this foe to verdure we mark all about the neighbourhood, most of the trees having blighted tops. The place is peculiarly quiet; idlers and spoilers being effectually kept out. It is, therefore, a scene for reflection and thought; imagination may revert to its days of gorgeous splendour, when monarchs were its guests, and learn from the shattered walls a lesson as to the mutability of the works of man.

> "We do love these ancient ruins:
> We never tread upon them, but we set
> Our foot upon some reverend history."

Strange sights and strange sounds are these that would greet the venerable abbot—earliest or last—if permitted to revisit earth and tread among old familiar places! The air is close and the sky is dark; dense columns of smoke are curling even round the broken relics that still soar upwards. There is no breath of nature from the hills, over the meadows, or from the river that still runs beside its walls to meet the sea. Where the matin hymn was sung, and the solemn vespers chanted, is heard the perpetual clang clang of the noisy hammer: forges, furnaces, and tall chimneys, mingle unearthly and unnatural sounds, and the dale resembles rather a pandemonium than a sanctuary from the cares and turmoils of the world.

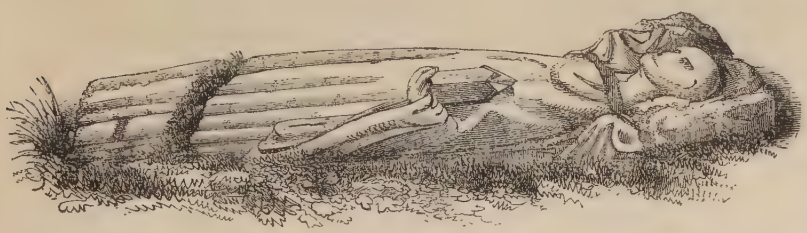
ABBEY SEAL.

It may interest the archæologist to examine the two seals and the effigy we borrow from Mr. Francis's valuable and interesting contribution to the history of the locality, "Memorials of Neath and its Abbey;" the first is that of the Abbot of Neth, the second that of "the Abbey of St. Mary of Neth." The arms at the foot are those

of De Granaville, the founder. In a field adjacent to the ruin is a mutilated stone figure, that of Adam de Caermarthen, Abbot of Neath, A.D. 1209. He holds in his hand the model of a church—as its re-founder. It is a curious relic, which all visitors to the place would desire to see removed from its present rest to the interior of the ruin; we believe it would be so removed, if a hint of the propriety of the act were conveyed to Lord Dynevor. He who has done so much for the preservation of the venerable remains, would, we are assured, gladly attend to any suggestion for increasing their interest.

SEAL OF THE ABBOT.

The old Castle of NEATH must be visited. It is in the centre of the town—a shell merely—surrounded by the low dwellings of artizans. The artist has pictured the gateway. "An ancient castle" was no doubt here when, in 1090, Richard de Granaville built this stronghold.



THE ABBOT'S EFFIGY.

Before we leave the neighbourhood we may examine a curious old church—that of LLANTWIT JUXTA NEATH—which stands on a bank beneath the river, and on the borders of a canal: it has been lately "restored." Fortunately, however, for lovers of the picturesque, our artist saw it before its renovation.*

* It is but right, however, to say that nearly all the recent restorations of old churches in South Wales have been made on right principles, and under the directions of accomplished architects.

Who could imagine this gloomy town—over which, like a pall, too often lowers a cloud of dense and unwholesome smoke—the gateway to a very paradise of rock and river, hill and valley—THE VALE OF NEATH? To this charming valley we must ask the reader to accompany us on a brief tour; but he may prolong it if he pleases, and can be

LLANIWIT JUXTA NEATH.

content with a limited supply of "creature comforts," for the inns are to-day little better than they were a century ago, and are certainly not constructed "expressly for the accommodation of tourists."

The River Neath rises south-westward of the mountain called Ban Gyhyrich, and falls into the Bay of Swansea a little below Briton Ferry. Its origin is two brooks: it collects the waters of several

tributaries previous to reaching Pont-Neath-Vaughan, where, properly, the river assumes the name of Neath. Thus, old Drayton—

> ——"When nimble Neath anon
> (To all the neighbouring nymphs for her rare beauties known,
> Besides her double head, to help her stream that hath
> Her handmaids—Melta sweet, cleere Hepsey, and Tragath)
> From Brecknock forth doth breake."

These tributaries, as well as the river, have many falls—some hidden among woods, known only to the guide or frequent visitor; others in the direct course of the stream, and others descending from steep banks upon its sides. It is to these falls that the Vale of Neath is chiefly indebted for its renown; but it has other attractions: abrupt mountains, huge cliffs, grotesque rocks, wooded glens, rustic bridges, dingles, and bosky dells—all, in short, that contributes beauty to a wild district, in which Nature is but little trimmed and fashioned by the hand of Art. Justly, therefore, may one of its admirers say that "tourists, painters, poets, anglers, and meditative lovers of the romantic, are alike charmed by the attractions of this Vale, which only requires to be better known, that its fame may equal its beauty."

A short distance from Neath are two of the most famous of the Cascades—those of Aberdulas and Melincourt;* but the tourist need not pause to visit them now, for the iron lords have ruined their picturesque. That of Aberdulas is altogether gone—"works for the manufacture of tin plate have encroached up to the very point where the stream takes its plunge; and the air, formerly so sweet with woodland fragrance, and tuneful with the song of birds, is now contaminated by smoke, and disquieted by the clang of machinery;" while that of Melincourt, although not so entirely ill-used, has lost much of its fine character—its fame is of

* Malkin (1804) speaks of the Cascade of Melincourt as the largest in South Wales, and "unrivalled n its accompanyments, considered as an enclosed scene:" "the rich clothing of the precipice, the overcast hue of the objects, the foliage intercepting the view, and preventing the whole from being exhausted, conspire with the magnitude of the principal feature to increase the interest of the spot." Donovan (1805) describes it as a fall of "most majestic character," which "passes over the verge of a dark pre cipitous rock, eighty feet above the spectator."

the past. We must go further up the Vale, therefore, before we can escape the sights and sounds of the furnace and the foundry; and a railway conveys us to the station—Glyn Neath—at which we commence our tour, among the beauties of the River and the Vale.*

'It is at Glyn Neath that the tour of the Vale properly commences, and the railway conducts the tourist thus far; but long before his arrival he will have obtained views, on either side, of rare and surpassing beauty—tree-clad hills, looking down on the fair river, with vistas, here and there, through rugged passes into charming glens. His attention will also be directed to many auspiciously situated mansions and small churches in pleasant dells. "Ynisygerwn, the ancestral mansion of the Llewellyns of Penllergare, is seen on the left, shrouded in trees. The little church of Resolven is on the right, near the station of that name. A few miles onward, on the opposite side of the valley, stands Rheola, the beautiful seat of N. V. E. Vaughan, Esq., one of the most lovely residences in Glamorgan. It has a fine mountainous background, and the glen behind the house has walks of great beauty. Proceeding onward, the retired house of Maesgwyn is barely visible near the river-side, and beneath the towering grandeur of its neighbouring hills." In 1802, Southey proposed to become its tenant; but he desired some additions or improvements; these the owner, Williams of Aberpergwm, declined to make; the arrangement, consequently, did not take place, and in a letter to Mr. Waring, the poet thus expresses himself: "Had this wish been complied with, my lot would have been fixed in the Vale of Neath, instead of here among the mountains of Cumberland; and my children would have been Cambrians, instead of Cumbrians." The real motive of Mr. Williams in declining to accept Southey as a tenant was the ill repute of the poet, who was at that time the avowed advocate of revolutionary principles. "Much and deeply as he afterwards became attached to the

* The only tolerable inn of the district is here. It is called the "Lamb and Flag," and is sufficiently comfortable for those who are not over-particular. The charges are moderate, but bed accommodation is limited. Ponies may be here obtained, and a sort of "fly" for those who shun both pedestrian and equestrian exercise. It is, however, obvious that without much walking few of the attractions of the Vale can be seen, inasmuch as they, for the most part, lie out of the beaten track.

lakes and mountains of Cumberland, he would often speak with something like regret of Maesgwyn and the Vale of Neath." *

VIADUCT, VALE OF NEATH.

Aberpergwm, the seat of Rees Williams, Esq., is seen among surrounding trees. The family of Williams, of Aberpergwm, is illustrious;

* The late Mr. Williams, according to Mr. Waring, "is well known to Welsh poets and scholars, under the bardic name of *Gwlâdwr* (pron. *Goolädoor*). The glen which conducts the brook of Pergwm to its confluence with the Neath is well worthy of a survey. Access to this part of the domain is readily granted by the proprietor, who has formed a road up the glen, by which the summit of the mountain is reached. On the ascent a stone seat has been placed, with the following inscription:—

"' Gorphwysfa i Gymro glan,
Rho ddiolch i Dduw,
A chêr yn y blaen.'

A resting place for Welshmen true;
Let him thank God, enjoy the view,
And then his onward way pursue.' "

for eight hundred years they have held domains in this valley, and have their descent from Rhys, the son of Jestyn, the last prince of Glamorgan. Of this family, that of Oliver Cromwell was a collateral branch, the original name, when they settled in Huntingdon, being Williams. The name of Williams was adopted in the reign of Henry VIII.: previously it was De Avan. It was the father of the present proprietor who corresponded with Southey concerning the house at Maesgwyn, and one of whose sisters contributed the Welsh Fairy Stories to Crofton Croker's Fairy Legends. The lady is an accomplished Welsh scholar, and not "a Welsh scholar" only. Her immediate neighbourhood bears testimony to her value; but her intellectual gifts have not been too much limited in their influence to her own beautiful vale.

We are now on the borders of Brecknockshire; it is in that county we find most of the leading attractions of the district. We pass along a narrow lane, and reach Pont-Neath-Vaughan, previously, however, obtaining a view of a fine and picturesque viaduct over the river, pictured by Mr. Harding; the hills that look down upon it are especially grand and beautiful. Immediately above is the majestic mountain, Craig-y-Llyn, "king of the Glamorganshire mountains."

Pont-Neath-Vaughan is a small village; the inn here is called "the White Horse." It is small, "coarse," externally and internally, and situate in about the worst situation that could be chosen; so, indeed, is the inn at Glyn Neath; while removal a hundred yards or so might have secured a perpetual view of combined grandeur and beauty. It is here, however, the guide is to be obtained—a necessity, inasmuch as, without one, it would be difficult to find the way to the Falls, through almost impervious woods. Welsh guides are very different from those who "ply the trade" in Ireland. In Wales, the guide seems to think he has no other duty than to walk before you, and open gates; if he has stories to tell, or legends to rehearse, he keeps them to himself; to wit or humour he makes no pretence; he has no anecdote to lighten the way, no pleasant word to smooth a rugged path, no kindly greeting for any peasant you meet, to draw out information; he receives you with a nod, and parts from you with another, when you have paid his fee of seven shillings:

that is all; he will have no memory of you thenceforward, nor you of him.

What a contrast between him and his Irish brother! The Irish guide lets you miss nothing; ever ready with a joke when a joke is welcome, and a serious caution when it is requisite. If you exhaust his budget of veritable "laagends," he will invent new ones. Ask him any

AT NEATH VAUGHAN.

question you please, and you will have an answer; never does the "be dad I don't know" come in reply to aught upon which you require information. Is a lady of your party?—Paddy is always at her side, her cloak upon one arm, and the other prepared to assist in all emergencies; he is ever at hand when needed, with his kindly smile, lively jest, and active zeal to render service.

The tourist will rest awhile at PONT-NEATH-VAUGHAN, ascending one

of the heights above the village, to obtain a glorious view of the vale and surrounding hills; he will also descend into the dell, through which the river wildly rushes, and stand on a picturesque bridge, on either side of which the close scenery is very beautiful. Pont-Neath-Vaughan is the starting-point of those who visit "the Falls," and the Falls are the great objects of attraction in the Vale of Neath. Other valleys may boast of

PONT-NEATH-VAUGHAN.

rivers as lucid, of hills as rugged and as grand, of woods as varied and as rich, of dells as fair and as fertile, of meadows as green and as productive; but there is no valley in our island that contains waterfalls so many or so magnificent.

To some of these falls, therefore, we desire to conduct the reader—aided, as we shall be, by the artists, Mr. Harding, Mr. McEwen, and

Mr. Wimperis. We shall first, however, ask him to accompany us to the singular cave PORTH-YR-OGOF, "the gate or mouth of the cavern." Porth-yr-ogof is a cave into which enters a river—the river Mellte—to be lost for a time, and then to issue forth and run *through a valley* into the Neath. Its course is not under a hill, but under a dell; a steep road of some extent leads down to it; high rocks envelop it on all sides, some

PORTH-YR-OGOF.

of them clothed with thick underwood; the water is deliciously pure. The cavern is about fifty feet wide, and in height thirty feet: into this cavern the river rushes, finding an exit some five hundred yards away, but filling on its passage a variety of lesser caves, which have never yet been explored; for although some attempts have been made to examine its singular recesses, none of them have been successful. These recesses branch off in all directions—some, it is said, lead to passages three or four

miles long; and if the guides are to be credited, they have explored one of them as far, during seasons of unusual drought. We borrow a description from Mr. Waring :—"The rapid Mellte, after many tumultuous writhings amongst huge blocks of limestone, disappears beneath a gigantic mass of rock, extending, nearly on a horizontal level, from one bank to the other. When the river is swollen by heavy rains, its foaming waters preclude all human access to the cave; but in customary summer weather, the entrance is easy. The interior presents a lofty concavity, adorned with stalactical concretions, in a great variety of forms, which produce a somewhat ghastly effect, seen by the broken gleams of daylight, and when illuminated by candles, throw back a brilliant reflection. The Mellte is heard murmuring among the pebbles and rocky fragments of the floor, as it hurries into the recesses of the cavern, where it plunges into a dark pool, awfully profound, filling the 'subterranean' with an appalling roar. There is an unspeakable fascination allied both to the sublime and the horrible, in the combination of sounds produced by the hollow babbling of the waters near the entrance, and the deep stern bass of their descent into the invisible abyss. At the lower extremity of the pool, where it becomes accessible, there is a singular formation of calcareous spar, on the face of a rock, which is sufficiently like a skeleton child to give the name of Llyn y Baban (the Lake of the Baby) to this mysterious-looking watery chasm." This baby is a vein of carbonate of lime, kept white by the continual rush of water. The guides have a legend of child murder, or some miraculous restoration of a drowning infant from this black abyss, to deepen the thrilling interest of the place. But the guides, as we have elsewhere remarked, are, if inventive, certainly not communicative—their legends and traditions are, when you obtain them, of the veriest commonplace. The cavern is exceedingly picturesque; Mr. McEwen's sketch may convey some notion of it, but to its solemn and impressive grandeur Art cannot do justice. Not only is the cave itself singularly effective—the neighbourhood is full of pictorial episodes. A pretty village, with its graceful church, attracts the eye as we descend the hill; at its base are huge rocks covered with ivy and other creepers, among which gorgeously green ferns shoot from intervening crevices; while the river,

though gentle and musical in summer, rushes with terrific force in winter, and having no exit but this cavern, then rises rapidly, often flooding the whole of the adjacent valley.

On the hill and in the dale, wherever we ramble through this delicious valley, we find nature abundantly bountiful of grace and beauty: wild flowers grow in rich luxuriance; trees of all ages, and of infinitely varied character, give their shade to tangled hedgerows and to plots of green sward; streams as "nimble" as the Neath rush from hill-tops, singing on their way, over huge rock-stones, to mingle with the river; and, in especial, the numerous waterfalls, encountered almost at every step in this district—"wild and untrimmed"—give to it a peculiar charm that very few of the vales in Great Britain equal, perhaps none surpass. These waterfalls we are now approaching.

Let us pause awhile in the midst of these natural beauties—the glories of the Vale of Neath—to change our theme, and examine the peasantry we see going to, or returning from, market; and then let us note them as they form picturesque groups, vending in the market-places the produce of their gardens, their farms, their dairies, or the looms which so many of them continue to ply at home, producing the flannel and woollen stuffs for which Wales has long been famous.

On market-days, the roads leading to the market-town are thronged with country-folk from surrounding districts. Those who live at remote distances are "on the road" at an early hour; they are soon joined by others, and every by-way and farm-house contributes to swell the number. Some are in their own carts, some in those of their neighbours, but the greater part, men and women, are on foot—for they are a hardy people, and can walk long distances with little fatigue. Of the men—some are engaged in leading or driving the horse and cart; others are carrying across their shoulders long rods, from which is suspended a seemingly countless number of pairs of stockings, or are loaded with rolls of flannel of their own manufacture. Our sketch pictures one who jogs along on his sturdy Welsh pony, carrying on his arm the basket of the aged woman to whom he has good-naturedly given a "lift" beside his wife in a cart, which, except that the shafts are attached to the wrong

end, much resembles one of the ancient British war-chariots. The men wear low-crowned hats, and are for the most part clothed in coats and vests of deep blue cloth, home spun and with brass buttons, have knee-breeches of corduroy, and are very partial to showy silk neckcloths. The dress of the women varies. The national costume, as our readers are aware, is a short-sleeved cloth jacket, and the petticoat, which is short

GOING TO MARKET.

and sensible, particularly in rainy weather. But flannel, stuff, and cotton gowns of different shapes are also common; in all cases, however, the checked flannel apron is indispensable, and a long blue cloak with a capacious hood is, even in warm weather, not thought superfluous. They frequently wear high-crowned, broad-brimmed hats; these are usually

of beaver, and ornamented with fringed bands; but straw hats are prevalent—some of the same form as the beavers, others less steeple-crowned, and some again nearly of a scuttle shape. These hats must be a sad encumbrance to a woman who is laden with a large heavily-freighted market-basket on her head; but, on such occasions, a genuine daughter of Cambria would not be restrained by the trouble she experiences on the way, from the pleasure of wearing her national head-dress

AT MARKET.

in the streets and market-place, though she has had to carry it for miles in her hand, or tied to her arm or apron-string.

The Welsh are, among themselves and in their own tongue, prodigious talkers. Here, on the road, even if you are familiar with the language, you would have very great difficulty in making out what is said, for the conversation is so animated, and so many speak at once, that in the hum of voices the connection of the discourse is lost. They

seem to be eminently a religiously disposed people; whatever be the subject of their conversation, whether speculating on the prices they are to ask and receive for their goods, or the capability likely to be displayed by some newly-married couple or other in the management of their farm—whatever it be—in the end, if there is no occasion for haste, the

THE MARKET.

conversation generally turns upon religious topics. They are perpetually discussing the merits or canvassing the defects of their various preachers and class leaders, or telling about the wonderful manner in which some bright young acquaintance lately answered the "points" of the minister.

At length they reach THE MARKET, which is more like a German than an English market, except that it is much cleaner, and they have not yet learned the Continental art of wreathing and binding up flowers. All attention is now turned to business; the stalls have to be put in order, scales to be adjusted, cheese, poultry, vegetables to be arranged, and the white napkin to be thrown back from the butter.

The Welsh market is always a pleasant place in which to study character, and assuredly all tourists will visit one at least of these crowded, talking, bustling places of universal resort; but if they desire to see it in perfection, they must be there at an early hour.

THE CROOKED FALL.

To visit the waterfalls in the VALE OF NEATH, the tourist must make up his mind to a day of toil—to be largely repaid. There are so

many that it will be impossible to see them all, nor is it requisite he should do so; generally, they bear so close a resemblance one to the other, that to examine a few of them will suffice to gratify curiosity—

THE LADY FALL.

"curiosity," however, is far too weak a word to express the intense delight he will experience in this region of cataracts. Those which hold highest rank, and are perhaps the most accessible, are—" the Crooked

Fall," "the Lady's Fall," "the Upper Clyngwyn," "the Middle "Clyngwyn," "the Lower Clyngwyn," "the Upper Cilhepste," and "the Lower Cilhepste."

The Crooked Fall—"Yscwd Einon Gam," and the Lady's Fall—"Yscwd Gwladis," are nearest to Pont-Neath-Vaughan: the former is "a fall of exquisite beauty, precipitating itself seventy or eighty feet from the mouth of a deep ravine, fringed on one hand with the mountain

THE MIDDLE CLYNGWYN FALL.

ash and hazel, and presenting on the other a wall of naked rock. The stream first rushes over a slope of rock, and then changing its direction (whence its name) at an obtuse angle, plunges sheer into the pool below, out of which the foaming and eddying waters hurry onward over a rocky ledge into a second and more capacious basin. An oak gracefully

curves its boughs just over the top of the fall." The Lady's Fall presents a strong contrast to the Crooked Fall. It descends in a broad and nearly unbroken sheet, under the shadow of a steep hill, and midway between rocks, trees, and underwood. "The name is supposed to be derived from Gwladis, one of the twenty-six daughters of Brychan, King of Glewisog."*

The Middle Clyngwyn and the Upper Cilhepste are the only others to which we need conduct the tourist. At the first named, the river takes "a two-fold leap," sending up its vapoury spray among the wild wood and over the ivy-mantled rocks, then falling in a broad sheet into the pool below. This is its peculiar character, and in which it differs from its proud rival, the Upper Cilhepste. Here the cataract descends about fifty feet in a single sheet, gliding over a projecting ledge of rock, and then dashing forward and down into the dell, sending its spray above the tree-tops. With so much force is it impelled, and so far forward is the jutting rock, that a pathway has been formed under it—the only pathway by which foot-passengers can cross the river without wet feet. It chanced to us, as it did to a long-ago tourist, to find shelter from a shower under this waterfall. While Mr. Wimperis was making his sketch, it came on to rain, and the place was the only one at hand, or at all events the best, where we could be safe from its effects. Just at that moment, the fall had divided into three distinct parts; but, very soon afterwards, the three united and descended in one broad sheet.

We have seen many waterfalls in England, Scotland, and Wales, but few to equal this in grandeur or in beauty: the rocks at either side are clothed with evergreen creepers, trees in great variety cover the hill-sides, every tint of foliage is there; the utter loneliness of the place adding to its charm. A toilsome descent conducts to it, and a steep ascent leads

* "Until within the last few years, there was an interesting specimen of the Logan, or Rocking Stone, near this fall. Its weight was calculated at seventeen tons, and it was so delicately poised on the subjacent rock, that a push of the finger would move it, and the writer has cracked nuts, gathered in the neighbouring coppice, beneath its ponderous, yet gentle vibrations. When the railways were constructing, a gang of ignorant *navvies* made a Sunday frolic of overturning this stone, and fracturing it, so that no human skill could replace it in its original position."—Waking.

from it—for it is in an isolated dell. At all seasons, nature is rich in this

THE CILHEFSTE FALL.

locality, and lavish in her gifts of beauty; while the angler, we are told,

may obtain abundant enjoyment in the many pools to which the rapid river runs. We wandered through pleasant lanes, up hills and down dales, and along picturesque hill-sides, climbing one ascent to obtain a view—second perhaps to none in the Principality. Hence "the eye ranges through a magnificent vista of many miles, down the Vale of Neath, with its mountains now in shadow and now thrown out into strong light, till it reaches Swansea Bay, with the Mumbles Lighthouse, and opposite, the coasts of Somerset and Devon." Rarely have we found the lines of the poet, Coleridge, more appropriate than here :—

> "O what a goodly scene! Here the bleak mount,
> The bare bleak mountain speckled then with sheep;
> Grey clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields;
> And river now, with bushy rocks o'erbrow'd,
> Now winding bright and full, with naked banks;
> And seats, and lawns, the abbey, and the wood,
> And cots, and hamlets, and faint city-spire:
> The channel there, the islands, and white sails,
> Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills, and shoreless ocean—
> It seemed like Omnipresence! God, methought,
> Had built him there a temple; the whole world
> Seem'd imaged in its vast circumference."

The bare mountain glen through which the path now lies is popularly known as "the Devil's Glen." It is the scene of many tales of "ghosts, goblins, and witches," and leads to the famous Dinas Rock —Crag-y-Dinas—so long the stronghold of superstition, and said to be the last spot in Wales frequented by the fairies. We borrow once more a passage from Mr. Waring. The name Crag-y-Dinas "was, no doubt originally bestowed in consequence of the natural position of this singular rock, as a place of defence—*dinas* meaning a fortified hill, or bold promontory employed as a defensive station. Crag-y-Dinas is, however, simply a stronghold of nature's formation, and stands, in isolated majesty, an object of unusual interest to the painter and the geologist, who may gaze long upon its rugged features with admiration. A precipitous path leads along the face of the rock into the valley below. In order to get the most striking view of the Dinas, the bridge should be crossed; at a short distance below it, and near the remains of a mill for grinding fire-clay, is the best point of view." The day was closing

in when we visited this singular rock, of which we present two views,—one from the pencil of Mr. McEwen, the other from that of Mr. Harding. Unhappily, the quarrymen have been at work here—and that very lately; they have impaired, and will probably destroy, its

CRAG-Y-DINAS, VALE OF NEATH.

picturesque character: worse than that, if the fairies return to Wales, they will lament over their ruined dwellings in caves and crevices, and must seek new habitations farther up the dell.

The occasion is a fitting one for the supply of some brief account of the peculiar SUPERSTITIONS of the Welsh. They are not all peculiar, however, for many of them bear a close affinity and an intimate relationship to those which prevail in Ireland, and in Scotland, and in several of the English shires.

Wales has always been the home of many and strange superstitions. Whether the fact is owing to the mountainous and secluded nature of

the country, or to the race from which the people derive their origin, or from both causes conjointly, we are unable to say; but that such is the case none, who have any acquaintance with the inhabitants, will think of gainsaying. The belief in the efficacy of charms is still very prevalent; "corpse candles" and "spectral" funerals are frequently seen; the "White Lady" often makes her appearance; witches are still objects of

DINAS ROCK, VALE OF NEATH.

dread reverence; and "wise men" are yet to be found who can foretell future events, or indicate the whereabouts of stolen property.

Early in the present century, it was a usual thing, in many districts, on All Soul's Eve, for the young women of the parish to resort after dark to the church, and there to watch, with much anxiety, the burning of a candle with which each had come provided. If it burned clearly

and brightly, the lot of the owner would be prosperous and happy; if the reverse, trouble and misfortune would be her fate. If, however, the light went out before it reached the socket, then the fair one to whom it belonged would, it was believed, most assuredly taste of death before the advent of another All Soul's Eve.

Fairies, strictly so called, all the world over, are of one family, and in form, character, and habits, bear a general resemblance each to the other, whether in the north or in the south. Although some writers on Wales speak of them there as of larger growth, we prefer the authority of those who describe them as "the little people,"—as in England and in Ireland, but a few inches high, semi-transparent, so light in substance that they can dance on dewdrops, with draperies formed of thistle-down, and wearing as a head-dress one of the flowers of the foxglove; as usually the friends, and sometimes the enemies, of man, but generally befriending the sorrowful and the oppressed: and thus it is they are mostly spoken of as the "little good people."

The "Twlwyth Teg"—the fair family—fairies of Wales are believed to be the souls of such as were, while on earth, "not so depraved as to merit hell, nor so divested of evil as to be admitted into heaven." Scott conveys the same idea in "The Monastery"—

> "That which is neither ill nor well,
> That which belongs not to heaven or hell."

The stories that are told of them vary but little from those that are related of their "ways" elsewhere: their rings, their merry meetings, and their gifts, are such as are common to the race. Busy, tiny, frolicsome they are, rewarding friends with silver pennies, loving music and dancing, occasionally stealing babies, and sometimes luring louts into their circles, amusing them apparently for an hour, and sending them home again at the end of a hundred years. Stories are common of youths who, thus circumstanced, have returned to find their poor cottages tall mansions, and their lord's castle an ivy-clad ruin; and who, presently, while conversing with great grandchildren, crumble into "thimblefuls of black ashes."

Many of the old writers allude to these beliefs.* The earliest anecdote we can quote is told by Giraldus Cambrensis, himself a native of the Principality, who, A.D. 1188, accompanied Bishop Baldwin on his mission through Wales to preach the crusade. One of his stories is of a shepherd boy, who, having run away from discipline, and concealed himself beside a river's bank, was met, when nearly starved, by two men of "pygmy stature," who offered to lead him into a country "full of delights and sports." He followed them, and lived a long time in their "pleasant land of Faerie," occasionally visiting his home on earth. Having told his secret to his mother, she prevailed on him to steal for her a ball of gold: as he crossed her threshold he stumbled, the ball fell from his hand, was at once recovered by his acquaintances, "the pygmies," and afterwards he was never able to find the entrance to the fairy realm. It is added by Giraldus, that the man in after life became a priest, and that David, the second Bishop of St. David's, often talked with him of this event, "of which he could never speak without shedding tears." "This, and any such that might occur," writes Giraldus, "I should place among things which are neither to be strongly affirmed nor denied." †

During one of our excursions in the neighbourhood of Swansea, we had some "fairy talk" with a group of girls whom we encountered on the road. The girls were MUSSEL GATHERERS, and were bound for the coast, in search of shelly treasures. From town and country they were

* We find in the *Cambrian Quarterly Review* a curious tradition:—"When our Saviour was upon earth, there lived a woman who had a great many children, how many I cannot say, but a great many. Once she saw our blessed Lord coming towards her house, and, by some unaccountable impulse, hid half her children, so that the Saviour should not see them. When he had departed from her dwelling, the mother went to look to the children she had hid, and found they had disappeared, and she never saw them again. These children became the first fairies."

† "Local tradition holds a mysterious faith respecting the ancient Lake of Crymlyn (near Briton Ferry), as having swallowed up a large town, and being still the resort of fairies, who have splendid subaqueous palaces in its hidden depths." There are in several parts of Wales pools that are said to cover towns, over which the waters had passed suddenly; now and then the walls of strong castles are visible underneath; and occasionally, to the ears of a favoured few, the chimes of church bells rise and float above the surface. Thus, also, in Ireland, the peasant sees

> "The round towers of other days
> In the wave beneath him shining."

hurrying to the shore: those who live near, with bags or baskets in their hands; whilst those from a distance came provided with donkey carts, or asses bearing panniers. The artist has pictured a group on the coast engaged at their work. It is March; the wind blows fresh, and the tide, for a short time only, has laid bare the mussel ridge; haste

MUSSEL GATHERERS.

must be made, for the returning wave will swallow up the treasures before they are collected. One woman, on her knees, is busily employed in taking off the fish from the rocks, and placing them in her basket; some, having filled their baskets, are carrying them away, to deposit their contents in carts, which are stationed at no great distance; others, again, just arrived on the ground, are hesitating as to which spot they

shall choose for their operations. To see these women at their work, with cheerful countenances, full of repartee and playful wit, one would be inclined to fancy they were amusing themselves, and not providing for their daily bread, as, in fact, the greater number of them are. Indeed, throughout the long winter, cockles and mussels form staple articles of food with poor families along shore, or furnish them with means to procure others. And in proper season, mussels are not unpalatable—much superior to the cockle, and inferior only to the oyster. Cockles, again, are gathered by persons, similar to the group we have sketched, not from beds or ridges, as mussels, but are picked or raked up from off the sandy shore, where they are sown broadcast, and partly embedded. They are then washed in an adjoining pool, and carted away for disposal about the country.

The tourist in South Wales cannot fail to encounter groups like this we have pictured, if his route be by the South Wales Railway, at the stations of which, in Glamorganshire or Carmarthenshire, one or more women of this class are mostly to be seen, in their peculiar costume, "lugging" their large baskets into a third-class carriage. He will often see, too, women of a more dignified type—the descendants of those Flemings, who bore such an important part in the past history of Wales. Their costume is admirably represented in the accompanying cut, which is from an accurate sketch of one of them, in her walking dress. The features are expressive of the character of her class. The delicate lines, that add beauty and sweetness to the faces of genuine Welsh girls, are wanting in her. The face, inquiring and observant, and, often, not without beauty of a certain kind, is coarse, however, when compared with the delicate features—expressive of feeling and poetry—of her sisters of the mountain. She, too, possesses a stronger frame than they. Descended from the Teutonic warriors and workers, who won the district, in which she now lives, from its Welsh possessors, she retains the robust *physique*, which so often contributed to their success in the field. Her occupation is such as you alone see the Welsh engage in. She comes from Gower (the terra de Gower of the Plantagenets), and is on her way to Swansea, to dispose of the oysters and prawns she carries in her

baskets. Clean, clever, and importunate in disposing of her goods, she will make many a sale and good bargain before the day is over, and, at night, will return with the money to her quiet and cleanly home, where she trains up her children in her own habits of business and industry.

OYSTER WOMAN.

The group we met near the Mumbles was thoroughly Welsh; bronzed as they were, there was more expression, more animation, more life in their features than is generally found among the ponderous descendants

of the heavy Flemings; who, certainly, have even to this day but small affinity with the dapper, intelligent sons and daughters of the Cymri. The men and women who slouch or amble along the sea street that skirts the bay at the Mumbles, are nothing more than oyster-dredgers and the wives of oyster-dredgers: but our mussel girls were much brighter specimens of humanity; one in particular attracted our attention, perhaps by the evident interest she took in our conversation, dropping away from her companions to draw near us. She was a good listener. We were talking of the affinity between fairies of all lands—the German and Irish, the Scotch, and those of Devon, and of Wales; we spoke of the enduring nature of superstition, confessing, that though not believers in what are technically called "fairies," we hold the belief that beings of other spheres not only visit, but are at times visible to, those who continue chained to the world—the birthplace of the hope that is realized in eternity.

With a pleasant smile she said, "There used to be fairies here long ago; indeed, my mother's brother followed one, at the full moon, more than a mile—it was a fairy, if not worse. First of all came a whirl of dust and dry leaves before him, rising in a gust, though there was no wind—indeed it did; and then, out of the middle of the dust and leaves, came a ball, like a ball of fire, rolling before him, until at last it made a jump over a stone wall—about that height; and, nothing frightened, my uncle went over after it, and, instead of the ball of fire, what was there on the other side but a horrid black thing tumbling along,—now head first, now tail first, sometimes on two legs, sometimes on three legs—and it set off across the meadow, as the ball o' fire had done along the road. Well, my uncle took after it—and he was a fine runner, as fine a runner as could be, indeed, between this and Swansea—but he might as well have chased a wave. At last it didn't seem to touch the earth at all; and, when my uncle was fairly broken-winded, and forced to stop from the pain in his side and want of breath—because he went after it over everything, just like a shot—it perched itself on the bend of a bramble, as if it was no more weight than a feather, though indeed my mother says it was as big as her hat. Well, there it twisted and rolled like an

adder—sometimes stretching out one leg, sometimes another; sometimes changing its head for its tail, and its tail for its head; then setting its head and tail together, as a cat does going to sleep, and—indeed and it's true, for my uncle never took his two fine eyes off it—it grew smaller and smaller in his sight. 'I'll have you now, my fine fellow,' he says, taking off his hat to put over it—a fine new oil-skin it was, a nor-wester' he called it, for he was a real seaman, not a gravel rake like the men of the Mumbles—'I'll have you!' and he got closer and closer, until down went his hat on it, and his hand, that was as broad as a shoulder of mutton, over it. Well, he was as proud, he said, as if he had been draughted into a flag-ship, and turned back on his path, talking to it and bragging, the moon shining like day, and he thinking that before he'd give it liberty, he'd make it tell where the people that were here—indeed long enough ago—buried their gold. And he ran over in his mind what he'd do for his own old mother, and for my mother, and how he'd marry a girl he well liked, if she'd give her consent for him to go to sea again. He could make up his mind to marry, but he could not make up his mind to give up the sea; and he thought, that any way he'd marry, and if she wouldn't consent to let him go, why, he could run away! And as he thought, he fancied the hat grew lighter and lighter, and then, when he reached the wall—just where the ball of fire sprang over—he rested the crown of the hat on a stone, and peeped between his fingers. Bright as the shine was, he could see nothing; and so he moved up one finger after another, and at last took off his hand. There was nothing in the hat—indeed, no—nothing! But, when he lifted the hand fairly up, you might have heard the shout and the laugh that ran through the air, a mile off; and all about him was filled with dancing stars—and something gave him a blow at the back of his head, that flung him right over the wall! My mother always said it was the bad thought of leaving his wife that lost him the gold. The bad thought set the fairy free. Mother says good thoughts have great power over them."

We imagine our young friend's "ball o' fire" must have been nearly connected with the fairies seen at night by a worthy man, who was

travelling over the Bedwelty mountains, near Aberystwith, who saw the fairies at each side of him—some dancing to the echoing music of the bugle-horn, others bounding about like persons hunting; but, recollecting that if any person should happen to see fairies, and draw out a knife, they will vanish directly, he did so, and saw them no more. We asked the mussel merchant if she had ever heard that the fairies would vanish at the sight of an open knife? She replied, "Yes, indeed," and that there were "many places which nobody, even now, would travel at night without a knife ready opened, as the 'little hill people' could not bear the sight of cold steel!" This aversion to the knife we believe to be a peculiarity of Welsh fairydom, at least we never heard of it before, and therefore set it down as belonging exclusively to the fairies of the Principality.

The library at Swansea, among its more valuable treasures, contains a quaint little book about Welsh apparitions and their belongings;* one of the most original being an account of the apparition, on Llanhyddel mountain, of an old woman, with an oblong four-cornered hat, ash-coloured clothes, her apron thrown across her shoulder, and a pot or wooden can in her hand: such as she is described, she would be fit bride for the Irish Cleuricaun, being quite his equal in love of fun and mischief. This perplexing old lady would sometimes cry "wow up," and those who saw her, by night or day, would be certain to lose their way, imagining they were going to their journey's end, when, in fact, they were returning to its commencement. Sometimes they would hear her cry "wow up," when they did not see her. Sometimes when they went out by night to fetch coal or water, they would hear the cry very near them, and presently would hear it afar off, on the opposite side of the mountain, by Aberystwith. She has been heard and seen on other mountains, as far up as the Black Mountain of Brecknockshire, where Robert Williams, of Langattock, Crickhowel, "a substantial man, of undoubted veracity," saw her;

* "A Relation of Apparitions of Spirits in the County of Monmouth and Principality of Wales," by the late Rev. Edmund Jones, of the Tranch.

and having lost his way, called her to stay for him, but receiving no answer, thought she was deaf. He then hastened his pace, thinking to overtake her, but the swifter he ran the farther he was behind; at which he wondered, not thinking it was a spirit he saw and heard. In making another effort, his foot slipped in a marshy place, at which his vexation increased; but Robert Williams was hardly master of himself when he heard the old woman laugh and chuckle over his misfortune; his mind was greatly troubled and perplexed; he began to think she was anything but "right," and hardly knew what to do, when, happily, he drew out his knife for some purpose—still keeping his eyes fixed on his mysterious guide—but the moment he did so, she vanished! Here again was another proof of the virtue of cold steel.

Alas! there are now, except in the most out of the way places, no more fairies in Wales: whether steam and railroads have driven them forth, or whether, according to some authorities, it was the "Methodist preachers," they are all gone; and Dinas Rock hears no more the music of their melodious voices, or the soft echoes of their feet upon the evergreen sward—

> "In old time of King Artour
> All was this land fulfilled of Faerie.
> * * * *
> I speak of many hundred years ago,
> But now can no man see no elves mo."

The Crag-y-Dinas, however, as we have intimated, has been the chosen realm of Faery for many generations; and who can say how soon the quarryman who now blasts and breaks the time-honoured rock will receive due chastisement for his unhallowed labour? In Ireland, even now-a-days, it is hard to find a peasant bold enough to put his spade into a green "Rath." In Wales, we imagine, veneration or apprehension to be equally rife; but, probably, the labourers who are destroying the habitations of "the little good people" having been corrupted by the utilitarian spirit of the age, care as little for the dwellings of the Twlwyth Teg as for shells of the limpets that cling to the sea cliffs on their coasts.

Under Dinas Rock it is believed there yet lie in sleep a band of heroes, who are to awaken "some time," and by their valour change the

destinies of Britain. Concerning this band there is one of the most striking and interesting of the Welsh legends. A shepherd boy cut a hazel stick from a tree that grew upon the hill; when far away from the spot, he was encountered by a stranger, who asked him where he obtained it. The lad led the way to the place, and received instructions how to act. Passing through a narrow passage, he entered a lofty chamber, in which knights, fully armed, lay in sleep. Accidentally disturbing a pile of armour, the chieftain Owen Lawgoch awoke, and demanded of the intruder, "Is it day?" The boy, as he had been taught to do, answered, "*Nagyw, nagyw, cysgwch etto,*" (No, no; sleep again); when they resumed their attitudes of repose, waiting until the call comes, "It *is* day!" From under the couch of the chief he took a casket of treasure, which he delivered to his guide, and entered again for more; but all had vanished—cave, warriors, treasure, all—and he found himself alone under the shadows of Crag-y-Dinas. Since then there has been no attempt to rouse the heroes of the Cymri from their enchanted sleep, but if some lucky or unlucky excavator discover the secret of their dwelling, no doubt the newspapers will inform us thereof.

Superstition is most rife, as in all cases everywhere throughout the world, with regard to the only thing certain in life—death. The Cyhiraeth is a doleful cry, ominous of approaching departure, generally heard by some person nearly related to the person doomed; it proceeds from the house in which lies the sick, and stops at the place of burial. These cries are warnings, and ought to be taken as such. In an old book in the library at Swansea, we found a striking and interesting anecdote, which we condense:—A great and wealthy lord, rich in possession of land, and houses, and much gold, enjoying all the luxuries of life, suddenly heard a voice proclaim thrice distinctly: "The greatest and richest man of this district will die to-night." At this he was sadly troubled, for he knew that the greatest and richest man of that district could be no other than he; so he sent for the physician, but made ready for death. Great, however, was his joy when the night passed, the day broke, and he was yet alive. At sunrise the church bell was heard tolling, and the lord sent in haste to know what soul had departed; and answer came, that an old blind beggar

man, who had asked, and been refused, alms at the great man's gate, was dead. So the lord knew the meaning of the warning voice he had heard: that very great and very rich man had been the poor beggar—great and rich, for his heritage was the kingdom of heaven. So he took the warning wisely to heart, endowed religious houses, relieved all who were in poverty, distributing and doing good, and only hoping, when death came in mercy, to join the beggar man in Paradise, and to sit at his feet. And in process of time, as he was dying, the voices of angels were heard to sing a hymn of welcome, and he was buried, according to his wish, in the aged beggar man's grave.

Ghosts are, of course, objects of entire and very general faith; and cases are very numerous where funerals of shadows have been seen on roads to churchyards,—sure heralds of deaths,—and of processions of actual mourners, proceeding on the same road a few weeks afterwards. A story, in illustration, was related to us at Tenby.

Some years ago, the then occupier of Holloway farm had a pretty servant-girl, with whom the "man" of the rector of Penally fell in love: he used to steal out in the night-time to visit her. His master was much displeased, and forbad the continuance of this sly sort of wooing; but such prohibitions are not always attended to, and the lover continued to scale the wall, and woo by moonlight. One night, coming home, he had passed the turn of the road leading from Holloway to Penally, when, to his astonishment, he saw a funeral coming along the road towards the church, and recognised several of his neighbours among those who carried the coffin and "followed." They came on noiselessly, and he stood close against the hedge to let the funeral pass; but the bearers jostled so rudely against him, that they hurt and bruised him severely, not heeding his entreaties or cries. After they had passed on, he saw, to his still greater perplexity, the whole procession go over a hedge into the next field, make a detour, and return into the road farther on. Considerably "shaken" in every way, he sought his chamber, and in the morning was so ill, from the beating he had received, that he entreated his master to come to him, which he did, but placed no faith whatever in the man's story, saying he must have been drinking and fighting, and received a sound "drubbing."

The servant stoutly denied this, and begged that, when he was able to walk, his master would accompany him to the spot, and he would show him where the funeral passed and repassed the hedge, which might be easily seen, as they must have trodden down the fence foliage. His master still refused to believe him, though he named the neighbours who were present, and the exact places they occupied in the procession. When the man was able to leave his bed, the master yielded to his entreaties: yet no trace of the funeral could be found. But when the story got abroad, the old people looked grave, declaring it was a foreshadowing of death, and that within a month there would be a funeral in Penally churchyard. It was now December, and an exceedingly heavy fall of snow lay upon the ground. It froze also bitterly, and the snow drifted in such a manner that all trace of hedge enclosure was in many places obliterated: it was a cold, sad time. Only a week or two had passed since "the parson's man" had seen the spirit-funeral, and the worthy farmer of Holloway farm lay dead in his long-loved home! There would be, certainly, every one said, a large funeral, for he was greatly respected. The clergyman heard, with much astonishment, the names of the "bearers:" they were the same who had been named by his servant as having borne the coffin the night he had been so severely buffeted! But the most extraordinary circumstance remains to be told: the night before the funeral was of such intense frost, that the snow was frozen over field and hedge-row, as hard as if they had been the queen's highway—the bearers missed the road—passed unwittingly over the hedge at the *exact spot* the servant had pointed out to his master, as that where *he* had seen the midnight funeral pass—made the same detour in the field, and returned also to the high road precisely at the place he had pointed out! This singular story was corroborated by the clergyman, who always said it was one of those facts for which he could not account, but of its being a fact he was ever ready to pledge his veracity.

Many persons, we find, have the unfortunate gift of being able to perceive these "funerals" otherwise than by the sight. Not long since, somewhere in a secluded part of Glamorganshire, a man going to his work at early dawn was suddenly arrested by strange and unusual sounds.

He listened, and distinctly heard the rustling of dresses, the hum of voices, and even the breathing of persons passing close by him. But nothing was to be seen. Nearly sinking from the effects of his fright, he reached home and related the circumstance to his family. They immediately conjectured that it was a "spectral" funeral, and resolved to watch for the event. That day week, at the same hour, a large funeral procession passed the spot, indicated by the man, on its way to Carmarthenshire, of which county the deceased had been a native. And it is not only men and women who are endowed with second sight. Many domestic animals are thought to have the "gift," and often a keener perception than mankind. Carriage horses, usually very quiet, have been known suddenly to snort, run in alongside the edge, pull up, and stubbornly refuse to proceed for a few minutes, when they will go on their way as before. After such an occurrence a funeral is always expected shortly to pass that spot.*

The Cwn Wybir—dogs of the sky—are heard in the dead of night, frightfully yelling over mountain and moor. They are believed to be the spirits of those who have lived evil lives, and are doomed to endure this punishment—

> "Till the foul deeds done in their days of nature
> Are burned and purged away!"

But the most peculiar superstition of the Welsh is, perhaps, that of the "corpse candles"—"canwyll corph"—lights that are seen moving slowly and steadily towards graves that are about to receive occupants. They vary in brilliancy and size, according to the age and growth of the party doomed: sometimes there are two—one large, the other small; a mother and child are sure to die somewhere in the neighbourhood, whenever these two candles are encountered.

But these "candles" are not always true prophets. Somewhere in the neighbourhood of St. David's is a spot noted at one time for their

* "An inhabitant of Carnarvonshire, who, like most of his countrymen, was very superstitious, went to the vicar of his parish, and declared he had seen the ghost of his friend Taffy Jones, a convivial ostler, who had died a month before. 'And how did you know,' inquired the clergyman, 'that it was the ghost of Taffy, friend Owen?' 'Oh,' answered Owen, 'because *hur* was staggering drunk!'"

frequent appearance. With such frequency indeed did they appear, that after dark most persons dreaded to pass the place. One night, however, two farmers returning from Solva, found themselves in the locality just as a corpse candle became visible. Both men had been drinking freely; but one was sufficiently sober to run with all speed. The other stayed: he was too drunk to move without assistance. So, making a virtue of necessity, he summoned courage and awaited the hitherto dreaded apparition. The "candle" was approaching the very spot on which he stood. As it drew near, he saw that it was placed on a large coffin, which in its turn was carried on the shoulders of two persons in grave-clothes, as if recently risen from the dead. For a moment the man was staggered. The next instant he was sober. "If," thought he to himself, "thou art a spirit, thou wilt not molest me—on my brother's account, who is a clergyman; if thou art a devil, thou hast no business with me at present, since I am thine all in good time; but if thou art a man—why, heaven help thee, that's all!"—and he firmly grasped the large staff he carried in his hand. By the time he had finished reasoning thus with himself, the apparition was at his side; expecting, no doubt, the instant flight of the farmer, it marched past him with great dignity, but had not advanced three paces before the first spirit fell to the ground stunned from a blow of the heavy staff—the second spirit seemed to fear a similar fate, for it at once dropped his end of the coffin, and ran faster than most mortals usually run.

The farmer was well rewarded for his courage. In the spirit that lay half dead at his feet he recognised a notorious thief who had long infested the neighbourhood with impunity, and who had been more than suspected of stealing the sheep which now and then for months past had been missing from the farmer's own folds. And so it was. The coffin contained two dead sheep, marked with his initials by his own hand. The thief, aided by an accomplice, trusting to the well known superstitious feelings of the people, had hit upon this ingenious expedient.

The Welsh have a spirit that resembles the Banshee of Ireland: in Wales the spirit is named "Cyoeraeth," or "Gwrachyrybin," and is

described as an old woman, with long, lank, dishevelled locks, whose shrieks curdle the blood; she is often heard, but seldom seen, and her unearthly voice is the sure herald of evil.

Another spirit is the "White Lady," who haunts the burial-place of hidden treasure, and who, having selected some individual to whom to reveal its whereabouts, never gives him rest till she has accomplished her purpose. She suddenly appears—a bright vision—clothed in white, with her glossy, coal-black locks dishevelled over her shoulders; her face is pale and careworn, and wears an expression of intense pain. She never speaks to mortal man, but by signs indicates what she has to communicate. Though perfectly harmless, indeed frequently of great service, she is an object of much fear to the neighbourhood she haunts, and to him she has chosen as an unwilling confidant. One man who occupied such a position informed us, that for years he had no peace night or day for her. She appeared to him with an agonizing expression of countenance, at unexpected times, and in unexpected places. Once, in a field to which there were several entrances, she appeared and opposed his exit. Trembling he sought another, but there too was she. He fainted, and did not leave the field, till he was found there by persons who happened to pass. At last, some considerable amount of jewels and other valuables was found by the man, who is a carpenter, in the secret drawer of an old escritoir, which he was repairing for a family that resided near. The valuables were immediately handed over to the owner of the escritoir, and the "White Lady" has not since appeared.

The visible appearance of his satanic majesty we have found rather prevalent in Wales. Sometimes he manifests himself in a ball of fire, which suddenly falls at the feet of the wayfarer, explodes, and then disappears, leaving a strong smell of sulphur behind. At other times he assumes the form of a donkey, and very frequently that of a black calf. Certain places are sacred to him in each of these forms. Where he is once seen as a ball of fire, he is never after seen as a calf, and *vice versâ*. Some twenty years ago a black calf was supposed to haunt a stream that flowed across the road that leads from Narberth, in Pem-

brokeshire, to the adjacent village of Cold Blow. People returning late that way were sure to get frightened as they passed, and, as a consequence, they would go a long distance out of their way to avoid the haunted stream. One night, or rather early morning, two villagers returning from fair to Cold Blow, saw the much-talked of black calf, in the spot where, according to popular belief, it was usually to be seen at such hours. Instead, however, of being alarmed they approached the calf (which seemed pleased that it was noticed) and captured it. With much laughter, and no small delight at their success, they brought it home and locked it up with some other cattle till morning. Next day the men went round the village inviting the inhabitants to pay a visit to what had been so long an object of dread to most of them. Proud of the capture they had made, they indulged in no small amount of badinage to those who at any time had expressed their dread of meeting the apparition, or had ever asserted they had encountered it. The whole neighbourhood soon collected at the door of the penthouse where the calf had been confined; and one of the captors, having made sundry remarks as to the price the assembly ought to pay for having a view of "the old gentleman," proceeded to give admittance. But no calf was to be seen. The two cows that had been left the night before were there still: the calf, however, had disappeared without leaving a trace behind it. Search was made in all directions, but with no success. The laugh was now turned against the clever captors. Ever after they were amongst the most staunch believers in the "apparition at the stream;" and were always sorely annoyed when asked if they had lately seen anything of the "old gentleman" to whom they had once given a night's lodging.

Of all superstitions, the grandest is the legend of the Banshee (we term it a "legend" in compliment to received opinion); but who shall say it is nothing more? The gaunt mysterious presence, sweeping over moor and mountain in the pale moonlight, or in the misty darkness, to mourn over the dead of some time-honoured house, becomes almost sublime in its grandeur. The wail is so full of melancholy music, yet so unearthly, that no human creature ever heard it without terror, no

animal of the lower world without instinctive trembling. There is no escape from the sound—those who listen to its dismal prelude must hear it to the end.

We do not desire to detract from the dignity of the "Green Lady" of Caerphilly, but she does not seem to us so wide apart from the denizens of fairyland as the Irish Banshee, whom Lady Morgan calls "the white lady of sorrow." The Green Lady is described as light and "airy" in her movements, "flitting" from "turret to turret," and *sporting* in the "wood-green wild." She may, for anything we know to the contrary, be of kin to the "pixies" of Devonshire, who "sport" in Lincoln green, and do not disdain acquaintance with the "Brownies," "Kelpies," "Cluricawns," or even "Robin Goodfellows" of the north and the south. With these the "Banshee" holds no communion; she does not relinquish earthly form even in the spirit world. Some believe her to have been the foundress of the particular family over whom she mourns; others, that she was appointed their "follower," as a reward for some act of fidelity accomplished while in the flesh. Some, learned in superstitions, say that though the Banshee can pass a river, she cannot cross the sea. We have little evidence to guide us on this head, but we have treasured up a story told to us in South Wales, to induce a belief that the Banshee has power to "cross" salt, as well as "fresh," water.

Among the Irish haymakers who had for many seasons turned

"The fragrant grasses of the field"

to the scorching sun, was the "ruin" of what must once have been a singularly fine-looking man: his name he said was Blane—Martin Blane; but no one believed that grand old man, so erect, with such an eagle eye, and so naturally well-bred, was ever baptized "Martin." His countrymen always called him "the Masther," and when asked why they did so, only answered, "it was a way they had." But whatever his name, the old man was foremost at his work. He was generally reserved, and, for an Irishman, silent; but sometimes the natural wit of his country would break forth, and woe to the Welsh wight who provoked it: his usual mood was, however, silent. His comrades treated him with

affectionate respect,—the "white bread," the drop of "sweet milk," the "bit of meat" on Sunday, seemed by common consent "the master's" share; no matter how frequently and earnestly it was declined, the best "bit and sup" was forced upon the dignified old Irishman.

A gentleman farmer—one of those kind-hearted men who increase the fortunes of others without decreasing their own—always threw open his large barns to the haymakers and harvesters; they had room and clean straw prepared for them without cost; and it was pleasant to hear their songs, and see them dancing when their day's work was done, to the abominable, so called, "music" of an old bagpipe, which seemed common property, and had crossed the channel dozens of times. During these festivities the old "master" would sit away, generally under a tree at the far end of the farm-yard, his "*cotamore*" fastened with a skewer round his throat, the sleeves hanging loose, his arms folded over his chest, his head thrown back, and the breeze blowing his hair at its pleasure—that hair changing year after year from "iron grey" to silver white. Many an artist tried to bribe the old haymaker to sit or stand for his portrait, but the offer was always indignantly refused; and once, when it was overheard by a group of paddies who were lounging near, they threatened the astonished painter to "duck him, body, bones, and books," in the cow-pond, if he "ever *daared* to insult 'the masther' again."

The last time the poor master visited our friend it was evident his days were numbered,—the noble head was bent, the step feeble, and he could no longer do his summer day's work. It was a sorrow to see him sitting under a hedge, or at the barn-door, instead of leading in the hay-field. When the ricks were finished, and the haymakers departing, the old man came to the window where the people were paid, and asked in a feeble voice if "his honour" would grant his request, and let him "rest his bones in the barn until he gathered a little strength, when, instead of looking after the harvesting, he would go home, and cross the water for the last time." The request was at once granted, and several little comforts were arranged for him, or, we should say, for *them*, for a dark-eyed, dark-haired lad was left to take care of "the master." A

question was asked one morning, when he entered the kitchen for the usual supply of "sweet milk," if "the master" was his relative.

"Is it, is he anything to me? sure, he's the masther."

"Yes, we know you call him so; but is he kin to you?"

"*He* kin to the likes o' me? what—the masther? Ye might as well ask if the aigle is father to the sparra! I'd lay down my life for him, and so would any of us; but it's little I can do for him."

The summer waned towards autumn, and it was plainly seen that the old haymaker would never return to "old Ireland." He never complained, never asked for anything, and received the kindness offered with a faint smile, or a stately inclination of his noble head. Daily, the shadow darkened, and when the harvest-moon was shedding its rays on the golden corn, the pulses of life beat so feebly, that each day was expected to be his last: suddenly, however, he rallied, and dispatched his attendant on some secret mission, saying he could not return until late that night, or probably not until the next morning. These were almost the only words he spoke for many hours, though the farmer and his servant were constant in their attendance. There was a splendid view of the sunset from the barn-door, and he requested it might be left open that he might see it. As the night advanced, he desired to be left alone; and, feeble as he was, he expressed so much irritation at the kind farmer's presence, that the good-natured man retired to his room, which commanded a view of the barn-door and farm-yard, opening his window so that he could hear the slightest noise. He had not fallen asleep when, without so much as a footfall on the straw, he was startled by a clapping of hands, followed immediately by a wail so loud and unearthly, that he shivered as if with ague. He left his bed, however, and crept to the window. The moon shone so brightly into the barn that he could see the clasped hands of the old haymaker, as if in prayer. That was a first glance, for almost at the moment his attention was riveted by a female form shrouded from head to foot in a cloak, crouching by the door, sobbing piteously; while ever and anon she repeated the loud cry the farmer had first heard, extending her emaciated arms, and clapping her hands with a fleshless, hard, "bony" sound. This was repeated at short

intervals, the moon holding on her way, until the barn-door and its awful visitant were in shadow, the soft silver light illuminating the roofs of the out-buildings, and glistening like a bright hoarfrost on the old weathercock. The farmer was so paralysed that it was not until afterwards he remembered that none of the farm-dogs had barked; the calves, so restless at noise, never moved: the stillness of death overawed, as it were, every material thing—no sound disturbed that solemn chaunt, filling, as it swelled, all beneath the heavens with its lamentation. It chilled, he said, "the marrow in his bones," and he heard the beating of his heart louder than the ticking of the kitchen-clock. Suddenly the dark form arose,—it was very tall and awful,—folded its cloak around it close—close as a bat its wings, crying still, but faintly. And after it had faded away in the darkness, he heard the wail, now creeping along the earth, then rising into the sky: he listened breathlessly, but at last it was gone—quite gone. He had no need to call his servants, they were crouched in one huge heap at his door, trembling like himself, and entreating him not to go near the barn. But, after the lapse of a little time—just as the chill, cold hour before dawn was passing into that fathomless TIME, so insatiate, so reproductive—just as "the dark hour before day" was expanding into light, he took his way towards the barn, in the full conviction that the old haymaker had entered a better land. Yes, he was dead!

The farmer walked to the yard-gate, and leaned upon it. The dogs barked now—they barked at the boy, who was striding towards him. He, too, was trembling, and his eyes glittered with excitement—"He's gone! I know it! I heard the keen of his own Banshee! and she passed me like an arra on the road! 'Glory!' said I, 'she loved the last of the race well enough to cross the salt wather to sing his soul to heaven!'"

Passing the minor station of LLANSAMLET, we find ourselves in the midst of a dense atmosphere of smoke, absolutely hiding the sky; it continues with us until, having crossed a very long viaduct, we arrive at LANDORE. It is a marvel how human beings exist in such an atmosphere; intolerable even during the few minutes the train rushes by;

the windows are instantly raised to keep out as much "air" as possible. Yet it is said that "use"—"second nature"—renders the locality not unhealthy; and it is certain that families here live from birth to death without complaining, perhaps in ignorance that purer and sweeter breezes are to be found in any part of the world.* The town of Swansea, indeed, ranks among the healthiest towns of our island, according to the "Board of Health."

On approaching the branch railway—a mile or so in length—that conducts from Landore to Swansea, the eye is attracted by an odd building of four square towers, called Morriston Castle, crowning the brow of an overhanging hill. Made imposing by distance and dim light, it looks like an old Norman fortalice; but is in reality nothing more than an assemblage of labourers' dwellings, built by some benevolent gentleman, who, fondly imagining that workmen might live together like bees in a hive, erected this huge barrack for their accommodation, discovering his mistake only when it became desolate or was adopted by rats and rooks.

We have passed over one of the most remarkable viaducts in South Wales, and are at the station, to visit Swansea. This "branch" of a mile was rendered necessary in order to avoid the railway crossing the harbours of Swansea and Neath. The viaduct, extending over road, canal, and river, is in height 80 feet above high water-mark, and in length 1760 feet—is of timber, and is considered a triumph of engineering skill. Immediately on leaving the station we obtain views of the floating docks, that have recently been largely augmented, and now vie with the best in the kingdom.

SWANSEA† is delightfully situate on the margin of a beautiful bay,

* It is admitted, however, that the lower animals suffer and deteriorate under the influence of this atmosphere. Cows especially dwindle, and contract incurable diseases; the consequence is that farmers, often more considerate to their cattle than their kind, find it politic, or, indeed, necessary, to remove them to other localities every two or three years.

† Mr. Dillwyn, in his very valuable book, "Contributions towards a History of Swansea," and which it is to be lamented he did not live to carry farther, gives various spellings of the name as he found it in ancient documents,—Sweinsei, Sweyneshele, Sweynesey, Swanesey, and Swanzey. It first occurs as Swansea in the Corporation Books, 1738; by Giraldus it is called Sweinsei. The word Swansea, in the opinion of Camden, is derived "from the number of porpoises frequenting the bay." Mr. Francis, however, states that "its true derivation is from Sweyne, a Danish pirate who infested these coasts,

between two lofty hills that protect it from the chilling influence of the north-west and north-east winds, "but freely receiving those of the south; the air is generally mild and salubrious." Unhappily, this air is often rendered disagreeable, if not impure, by the smoke from the copper works, that too often settles over the town, and of which the atmosphere receives occasional supplies from parts more distant. It is to the prevalence of south winds, and protection from those of the north and east, that Swansea is indebted for the fame it long enjoyed as "a watering-place:" that fame has been gradually growing less and less; increasing commerce having rendered comparatively unimportant its attractions for visitors—attractions that are certainly not to be compared with those of Tenby.

From any of the adjacent heights the view is exceedingly beautiful: in all directions lofty mountains rise behind each other, presenting finely varied outlines, contrasting with "the bluff and round hills" on the coast, and the peaked summits of the farthest ranges. Let us ride to the western margin of the bay, and ascend the Flagstaff Steep at the Mumbles: it is lofty enough for our purpose. The eye ranges over three parts of a circle, looking first below on the lighthouse, thence to the village and church at the foot of the rocks and the old castle of Oystermouth, thence to tree-clad Sketty, and then resting on the busy town that completely fills the hollow; while beyond, the hills are covered with pasturage and corn-fields. We do not yet see the thronged docks and quays we shall visit by and by. Following the view, we take note of Briton Ferry, thence to Port Talbot, near to which is the venerable abbey of Margam. No glass is needed to take in the long ranges of labourers' cottages, the white fronts of which are pleasant landmarks from the bay. We have passed the break that leads up to Neath, but the eye traces the coast-land, and sees it all the way, until a break shows the sea-road for Cardiff, at the Nass Point. The coast opposite seems from this rock a continuation, but

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and *eye*, an inlet—*Sweyne's inlet*, as the early mode of writing the word clearly proves." This gentleman, in a MS. note to Dillwyn, gives from ancient documents no fewer than thirty-six various spellings of the name of this town!

it is Somersetshire and Devonshire, and with our tiny field-glass we can trace the Capstone Hill that overlooks Ilfracombe. Walk half a mile or so, and head the other side of the steep on which we have been standing. Underneath us are the pretty bays of Caswell, Oxwich, Port Eynon, Rhossilly, the broad river Burry, and the beautiful Bay of Carmarthen, the Worm's Head at one point, and Caldy Island, which neighbours Tenby, on the other. There are white sails wherever the eye falls. Mr. Harding, to whose charming pencil this portion of our work is largely indebted, has pictured one of the prettiest of those bays, "Three Cliffs Bay."* The reader will feel, therefore, that the scenic attractions of SWANSEA BAY are of a most interesting character, and not often surpassed.

Let us return to the town;† we note at once that it flourishes. There is bustle in its streets and business on its quays; "forests of masts" betoken its extent of commerce; large and small ships are loading or unloading, and smart sailors are everywhere active; its pier-head, docks, and lighthouse show that the mariners and the harbour are duly cared for. Its population approaches 50,000, and is rapidly increasing. The principal church, dedicated to St. Mary, is modern, dating no farther back than 1745, but occupying the site of an ancient edifice. The old church fell down in 1739, on a Sunday morning. The people were assembled to attend service, and waiting at the porch the coming of the minister, who chanced on that Sabbath to have overstayed his time, delayed by the barber—consequently the congregation had not entered the church when it fell. Two aged and ailing women only were in their

* The engravings of Swansea Castle and Sketty are from drawings by Mr. Butler, the master of the School of Art at Swansea.

† The Welsh name of Swansea is Aber-tawe: *Aber* means confluence, the spot where a smaller stream enters into a larger; and *Tawe* is the name by which the river is designated. The Tawe, pronounced Tawy, rises in the Black Mountain, but a short distance from the source of the Usk, and before it terminates in the Bay of Swansea receives many tributaries—the Tawyne, or lesser Tawe, the Llynvell, the Llech, the rapid Gwrardd, the furious Twrch, and the Clydach, upper and lower; having on either bank many objects of deep interest, Druidic remains, much landscape beauty, picturesque old mills, and numerous chimneys with their unmistakeable odour of iron and copper smelting, but sure tokens of the wealth of the district, from which natural beauty is consequently departing fast.

seats, and those alone perished. There are many parts of the ancient edifice yet remaining, and these parts are sufficient to evidence the grace of the old structure. Here are preserved several old tombs, and one interesting brass, which record the virtues of lords and vicars long passed away. A more eloquent monument in the churchyard is to the memory of a mariner, who had saved from drowning no fewer than eighteen lives, yet was himself drowned in the prime of manhood!

The CASTLE is an interesting and venerable relic of the past. It is, however, surrounded by ungainly dwellings, one of its towers only being

SWANSEA CASTLE.

within ken of passers by. The keep is very beautiful, surmounted by an elegant open parapet of arches, similar to that we find at Lamphey Court, and in the palace at St. David's. It was originally erected by Henry

Beaumont, Earl of Warwick, "the conqueror of the Lordship of Gower;" * but the present structure is the work of De Gower, Bishop of St. David's in 1330.

"Although we cannot precisely fix the period at which the first castle was built, yet we are enabled to prove the existence of one prior to 1120; for it appears from Welsh history that in the year 1112 (twelve years after Henry came to the throne), Gryffydh ap Rhys, son of Theodore, late Prince of South Wales (who had been brought up in Ireland, for fear of King Henry), came over to Wales, and remained privately with his brother-in-law, Gerald Steward of Pembroke. The news of his arrival soon reached the ears of the King of England, who, fearing he might create him much trouble, sent orders to apprehend him; but Gryffydh, being aware of it, sent to Gryffydh ap Conan, Prince of North Wales, requesting he might have liberty to remain safe in his country, which was granted. King Henry being informed of it, requested an interview with Gryffydh ap Conan, who was prevailed upon by the king to promise that he would send either Gryffydh ap Rhys, or his head, to the king. There were some of Rhys's friends, who advised him to withdraw privately for some time, till Prince Gryffydh's mind was better known, and it was ascertained whether he had made any agreement with the king to betray him.

"As soon as the prince returned to his Castle of Aberffraw, he inquired for Gryffydh ap Rhys, and learning where he was, sent a troop of horse to recall him to his court; but Gryffydh, hearing of their approach, took sanctuary in the Church of Aberdaron. Prince Gryffydh ap Conan being resolved to make good his promise to the king, sent messengers to bring

* "Most accounts agree that a castle was built at Swansea by Henry de Beaumont, Earl of Warwick, in the reign of Henry I., when he conquered Gower Land in the year 1120; but there certainly was a castle and fortifications there before that period, as appears from many of the old Welsh poems; but according to Leland, in his 'Collectanea,' the present remains were built by Henry Gower, Bishop of St. David's, who lived in the fourteenth century; and the open parapets, so elegant and lightsome, being exactly in the same style with those of the Palace of St. David's and Lamphey Court, Pembrokeshire—which latter was once a palace of the bishops of St. David's, and both of which were undoubtedly built by Bishop Gower, who had a fine taste in architecture—serve to confirm Leland's observation. Bishop Gower was descended from Gryffydd Gwyr, or Gower, an ancient chieftain of Gower."—*Swansea Guide*, 1816.

him away by force, which the clergy of the country unanimously withstood, protesting that they would not see the liberties of the church infringed; and while the clergy and Prince ap Conan's officers were in debate, the same night he was conveyed away out of North Wales, to Straywy, in South Wales, where he was forced, for the defence of his own life, to bid open defiance to the king; and having raised all the forces the shortness of the time would permit, he made war upon the Flemings and Normans.

"In the year 1113 he laid siege to Abertawy Castle (*i. e.* Swansea), but proving too strong to be easily surrendered, he burnt most of the outworks, and returned to Straywy, burning and destroying the country as he went along."

The site of the ancient Hospital of St. David is not easily traced, although some of its trefoil windows yet remain; and there are relics of many other antiquities which denote the importance of the town in times gone by.

"The Royal Institution of South Wales" is an establishment we may not pass without notice; it is an honour to Swansea: there is a good library, rich in books of Welsh history and topography—under the special charge of G. G. Francis, Esq., a worthy Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, to whom his native town is largely and in many ways indebted; and a museum containing many rare local remains and antiquities, especially such as have been obtained from the bone-caves in the vicinity, fossil limbs of the mammoth, the hyena, the bear, and the lion. With this institution is now associated a School of Art. Another excellent institution is the Free Grammar School, founded by Dr. Hugh Gore, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, in 1682. The good man had been the ejected rector of Oxwich, and in his adversity a schoolmaster at Swansea. On the Restoration he was "preferred" to an Irish see, where he was "cruelly treated," "escaped to Wales," and died, in 1691, at the ripe age of seventy-nine, being interred at St. Mary's, having previously endowed this school, which remains a living and a holy monument to his memory.

Neither may the Swansea Theatre be forgotten, although its palmy

days are gone. On these boards have trodden the elder and the younger Kean; here Charles Mathews made his first essay; here Macready donned the buskin when a boy, and here he bade farewell to the profession he had honourably upheld during the greater part of half a century; here Welby Pugin first painted scenery. In Swansea, Beau Nash, the "great reformer of modern manners," was born; and it is said, but not on safe authority, that the poet Gower was a native of the place.

The most important industry of Swansea is that of copper smelting, and this is of comparatively recent date. Of late there has been a large importation of copper ores from our colonies and from foreign countries, but formerly the whole of the copper ore was derived from British, principally Cornish, mines. Indeed, in Cornwall itself, notwithstanding the present value of its copper mines, this metallic produce was lightly regarded a century ago, and many mines which, since that time, have yielded thousands of pounds profit to the adventurers, were abandoned because the "*yellows* (copper pyrites) *cut out the tin.*"

We copy the following interesting history from an old Swansea Guide Book:—"It is well-known that the art of making copper was *antiently* practised in Great Britain, yet it was certainly lost from the reign of Queen Elizabeth till it was attempted to be revived by Sir Clement Clarke, in Cornwall, about the year 1670, where he built some furnaces; but finding the price of coal too high in that country to make copper profitably, he removed his project to the river-side, Hotwells, near Bristol. Sir Clement soon failed, but having employed Mr. Coster and Mr. Wayne as managers, the latter, in conjunction with Sir Abraham Elton, erected a copper work at Screws Hole, near Bristol, where they soon made a profit of £60,000. Mr. Coster, however, erected his work at Red Brook, in Gloucestershire, on the side of the river Wye; although by no means a good situation, yet by buying ore in Cornwall at a very low price (it being at that time thrown aside by the miners in working for tin, as good for little or nothing, under the name of *poder*), he soon also greatly improved his fortune. After his death his sons joined the Brass Wire Company, of Bristol (now Messrs. Harford and Co.), considering *that* to be a better situation than Red Brook; though Mr.

Chambers, of London (now under the name of the English Copper Company), thought proper to make erections on the Wye, but which were afterwards removed to Aberavon, near Neath. About the year 1700 Sir Humphrey Mackworth, with a company calling themselves 'the Mine Adventurers,' erected houses for smelting copper at Mellyn-gry-than Neath; and about the same time Mr. Pollard, who had considerable copper mines upon his estate in Cornwall, in conjunction with his son-in-law, Dr. Lane, erected works where the Cambrian Pottery is now carried on, near Swansea, and at Landore; but he having failed, as many others did, at the period of the South Sea bubble, these works were purchased by Richard Lockwood, Edward Gibbon (the grandfather of the great historian), and Robert Morris, Esq., father of the first Sir John Morris, Bart., by whom, and their immediate representatives, they were carried on for near a century, together with very extensive collieries, and the consequence of this connection very rapidly led to the improvement of Swansea and its commerce. Besides the before-mentioned works, Mr. Wood, in the year 1720, obtained a patent for coining copper money for Ireland, and erected his works at or near Neath Abbey, but his halfpence being refused in Ireland, his works came to decay and his fortune to ruin."

There are now fifteen establishments around Swansea, devoted to the smelting of copper ores. The following table shows the extent of this trade in 1858:—

	Ore.	Produce of Copper.	Amount paid for Ore.
	Tons.	Tons.	£.
Purchased at Cornish Sales	182,391	11,831	1,057,534
Purchased at Swansea Sales:			
From Ireland	10,521	1,035	96,344
„ England and Wales	3,219	395	37,822
Foreign and Colonial	22,187	3,630	350,851
Sundries	1,271	166	15,787
Purchases by private contract	70,210	13,571	

The actual money value of the private contract purchases cannot be obtained, and a small portion of this ore is not smelted at Swansea; but it may be fairly estimated at £1,500,000, making the total value of the copper, in the ore, as not less than £3,000,000 sterling, or the cost of

smelting and other charges on the production being added, giving a value of £3,500,000 sterling to the copper produced from the smelting works of Swansea.*

It is not possible, had it been desirable, to describe in detail the various processes to which the copper ore is subjected for the production of the metal. A brief sketch will sufficiently answer our purpose. In the process, which is one of the most complete of our metallurgical operations, five furnaces, varying in construction, are employed. These are respectively, the calcining furnace, the melting furnace, the roasting furnace, the refining furnace, and the igniting furnace. The *calcining furnace* is for removing from the ore the sulphur and other volatile con-

* No copper is found in South Wales, and very little in North Wales. Ores, however, come to Swansea from mines in many parts of the world—Australia, Cuba, Algiers, Spain, and even Madagascar. It may be worth mentioning here that about the year 1814 one of the most extraordinary cargoes of "copper ore" ever smelted was imported into Swansea from the south of Ireland, the cargo being neither more nor less than *turf ashes*. Its history is so curious that space may be given to it in a note. Colonel Hall (the father of Mr. S. C. Hall)—who was engaged in extensive mining speculations, chiefly in the county of Cork, from whence, in the course of a few years, he exported ores to the value of nearly £500,000, having discovered, opened, and worked no fewer than thirteen mines—walking one day in the neighbourhood of his residence at Glandore, noticed some fish-bones of a green hue, among turf ashes. His curiosity was excited to inquiry by what means they obtained so singular a colour, and, on analysing them, he found they contained copper. His next object was to ascertain how they acquired this unnatural quality; and he learned that it was received from contact with the ashes of turf cut in a neighbouring bog, known to the peasantry as "the stinking bog," and that neither dog nor cat would live in the cabin in which the turf was burnt. Having gathered so much, his farther progress was easy. The ashes were strongly impregnated with copper; he first collected from the heaps adjoining the cottages as large a quantity as he could, and shipped it to Swansea, where it brought, if we remember rightly, eight and nine pounds a ton—a remunerating price. His next step was to take a lease of the bog, build kilns upon it, and burn the turf. This plan he continued until the whole of the bog was consumed, and sent, to the extent of several hundred tons, to the Welsh smelting houses—the ease with which it was smelted greatly enhancing its value. It was a curious sight, and one we recollect well, to see the scores of workmen cutting the turf, conveying it to one kiln to dry, and then to another to be burnt; while the carts were bearing the ashes to the river-side to be shipped for Wales. The particles contained in the turf are supposed to have been conveyed into the bog by a stream from one of the surrounding hills, which, passing through a copper vein, took them up in a state of sulphate, but meeting with some iron ore in its progress, or in the bog, became deposited in the metallic state, though a large proportion contained in the turf was still in a state of sulphate, which was proved by allowing a knife to remain in it a few seconds, when it became encrusted with a coat of copper. Unfortunately for Colonel Hall, however, when the bog was burnt out he considered his operations as only commenced; his object being to discover the vein of ore by which the bog had been supplied with copper. In a vain search for the source, technically called "the lode," he expended all he had made by the sales of the ashes; shafts were sunk in several of the surrounding hills, and he continued the pursuit until his capital was exhausted. Colonel Hall discovered and worked the mines at Cappagh, Ballycamisk, and Ballydehob, on the estates of Lord Audley, in the County of Cork. A company is now, we perceive, forming in London, to resume and reorganize these mines. Colonel Hall also worked the once famous mine at Ross Island, Killarney.

stituents. These being got rid of, the ore is transferred to the *melting furnace*, the hearth of which is bedded with infusible sand, and slopes slightly to facilitate the discharge of the metal. The furnace being charged, fire is applied, and the sole care of the fireman is to keep up the heat so as to ensure perfect fusion. Fusion being effected, the scoria is removed from the surface by means of a rake: fresh calcined ore is now added, and the process repeated until the mass rises to a level with the doorway, upon which the tap-hole is opened, and the melted metal flows out into a pit filled with water, by which it is granulated. This coarse metal is then subjected to the *roasting furnace*, in which it is exposed for about twenty-four hours, being kept stirred during the whole time, so that all the surfaces may be exposed to the air and oxidised. After this operation has been thoroughly carried out, the reguline mass is subjected to the action of the *refining furnace*. The operation of refining copper is delicate, and requires great skill and attention, to give the metal its proper ductility. The theory of refining is, that the copper is combined with a certain quantity of oxygen, which has to be removed by the operation of heat, and the presence of organic matter. To execute the refining, therefore, the surface of the metal is covered with wood charcoal, and stirred with a rod of birch. The gases which escape from the wood occasion a brisk effervescence. More wood charcoal is added from time to time, so that the surface of the metal may always be covered with it, and the stirring continued until the operation is finished, which is known by the fine copper colour assumed by the mass, and its fine grain. For the completion of the work, and preparing the metal in its various conditions for the market, the operations of the *igniting furnace* are required.

The following estimate was given by MM. Dufrenoy and Elie de Beaumont of the expense of manufacturing a ton of copper:—

	£	s.	d.
12½ Tons of ore yielding 8⅓ per cent.	55	0	0
20 Tons of Coals	8	0	0
Workman's wages, rent, repairs, &c.	13	0	0

In addition to copper smelting, in several of the large establishments there are arrangements for smelting silver ores, and especially for the

separation of silver from those copper ores which contain much of the more valuable metal, as do many of the copper ores brought from South America, and some from Cornwall.

Zinc smelting is also now engaging the attention of some of the more enterprising amongst the smelters, and the English zinc ores (black jack, or the sulphide of zinc) are yearly becoming of much value. During the last year many cargoes of calamine (the carbonate of the oxide of zinc) have been imported into Swansea from Spain. Nickel and cobalt are likewise smelted here.

In addition to these important industries, another of much importance must be added as one of the staple manufactures of Swansea, that is Patent Fuel, which is a combination of small steam coal, otherwise valueless, with coal tar. This mixture, being made into bricks, is subjected to a heat sufficient to drive off the volatile principles of the tar, and partially to coke the coal. In this state the fuel is peculiarly fitted for use in the Steam Navy, from its facilities for packing, and the very perfect combustion which ensues when ignited in properly constructed furnaces.* It is not, however, free from smoke. A very large trade in bituminous and steam coal is carried on at this port.

Although there are other parts that neighbour Swansea which possess much attraction, we must limit our task, and return by a walk, or an omnibus drive, to Oystermouth, now better known as the Mumbles. The derivative of this curious name has hitherto baffled inquiry, but Mr. Francis appears to have solved the mystery. He says, the two island rocks rise out of the sea, and fairly represent two swelling breasts —*mammæ*. Mammals and Mumbles are corruptions easily traced from this. The Romans are known to have occupied these parts, and Mr. Francis strengthens his argument by quoting the Mamelon in the Crimea, a fort built on a rounded hill or breast. It is our road into a singularly interesting tract of country—Gower Land. The lower road leads along the beach, the upper is through the pretty village of

* For these facts, as well as for those which describe the coal district, we are indebted to our friend Robert Hunt, F.R.S., of the Museum of Practical Geology.

Sketty :* it is indeed more than "pretty," consisting of neat cottages, with well-trimmed gardens, running up a hill, at the summit of which is a beautiful modern church.

The Mumbles is famous for its oyster fishery, but for no other fish. The oysters inhabit a huge bed, extending several miles to the south and west. It is a large yet delicate fish, and is exported in considerable quantities to London and other places. Some idea of the extent of the

THE MUMBLES.

fishery may be formed from the fact that it gives employment to four hundred men during eight months of the year. There exists no private right over the produce of these beds, but the fishermen pay a tax for the

* "Kilgetty, Sketty. The name is derived from an Irish saint, St. Cetti, or Ketti."—*Arch. Camb.* Mr. Francis suggests Ynis Ketti, or wood of Ketti.

privilege of depositing their cargoes, and also pay tithes for them—the latter a curious custom.

There are many lodging-houses at the Mumbles, and several good country inns; for it is, and has long been, frequented as a sea-bathing place, although there are neither sand, shelter, nor bathing-machines;

SKETTY VILLAGE.

but the bathing is to be obtained in one of the coves at the back, "Langland," "Caswell," or "Three Cliffs," where, however, there are no houses, if we except one very neat and comfortable hotel at Caswell Bay.

The view from the hill above the lighthouse, or from any of the surrounding heights, is, as we have said, magnificent. There is a legend that where the lighthouse now stands a holy monk, or a succession of holy monks, had charge of a small cell or chapel, tributary to one of the

religious houses; and the legend tells of an aged monk who after sunset was telling his beads and looking occasionally across the waters to the opposite shore, when he perceived a boat rowing inwards. He watched it with the interest a lonely man always feels in the approach of fellow men, and seeing that it made direct for the small Mumble rock, he

THREE CLIFFS BAY.

descended to the shore to give it welcome. The rowers drew in, and a man of grave aspect stepped on shore and gave the monk a sign, which he understood. He then caused a body to be brought up the path to a cave under the monk's oratory. The body was bravely dressed, like that of a man of high degree, and his still features were white as chiselled

marble. The monk looking on him could not help saying, "So young and so handsome!" He was laid in the cave, and money was deposited with the monk for masses to be said for the repose of his soul. The boat rowed away, and the holy monk was faithful to his trust, and said double the usual quantity of "masses;" but to this day it is believed that the

THE MUMBLES LIGHTHOUSE.

spirit of the poor murdered man cries from out that cave for Christian burial in consecrated ground.

The great "lion" of the MUMBLES, always excepting its "LIGHT," which sometimes shines over hundreds of vessels in the roadstead, is OYSTERMOUTH CASTLE, a most picturesque ruin standing on a steep a short distance from the strand. A few years ago Mr. G. G. Francis, aided by a grant from the Duke of Beaufort, had it "put in condition," judiciously thinned the ivy, cleared out the built-up windows and the *débris* from within and around it, and made easy the paths that lead to the old gate-

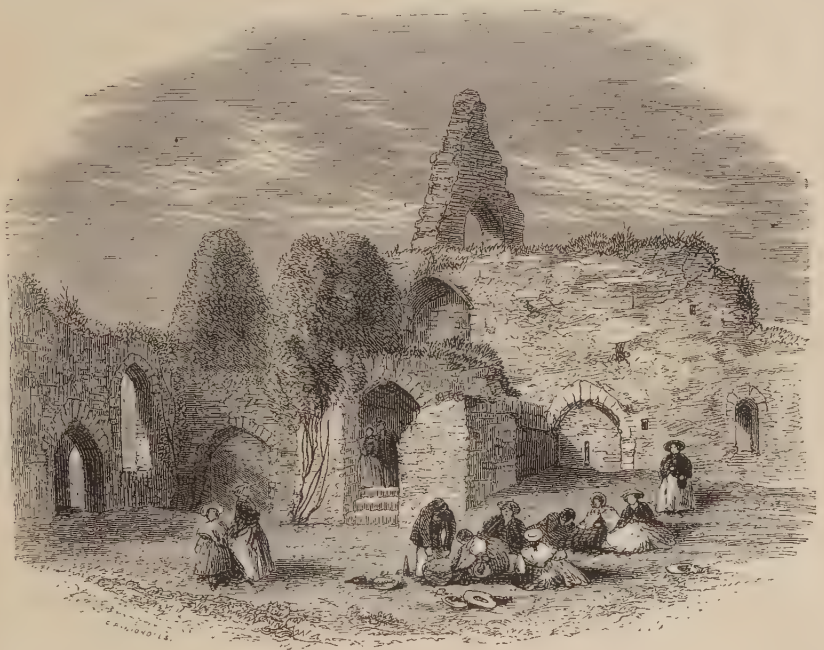
ways. It is now, therefore, in all respects, an object of very great attraction—less majestic and extensive than some of its Norman "contemporaries," with few historic associations, but, nevertheless, highly interesting as a relic of a remote time. The church at Oystermouth is very ancient, with a Norman tower and font, the latter having on it the date of 1251. It is being skilfully enlarged, the old windows and arches

OYSTERMOUTH CASTLE: EXTERIOR.

being carefully restored. Some Roman tesseræ were found outside and within the church. A powerful battery is also constructing on the Lighthouse Rock; for this, too, the district has to thank the ever active Mr. Francis.

The land of Gower—Gwyr, *recurvus* or crooked—a peninsula running out into the Bristol Channel, full of singular and picturesque bays, containing the ruins of several old castles, some Druidic remains and

Roman encampments, is a remarkably fertile district, thinly populated, being now, as it was when Camden wrote, "more famed for corne than towns;" and inhabited by two races, descendants of the ancient Welsh and the Flemings planted here, as in Pembrokeshire, by Henry II. These races retain distinguishing marks; they speak no common language, rarely intermarry, and although close neighbours, the line of



OYSTERMOUTH CASTLE: INTERIOR.

demarcation that separates them being a mountain ridge, "Cefn Bryn," they are as opposite in aspect, habits, character, and modes of life, as they could be if the Atlantic rolled between them.*

* "The south-west of Gower is inhabited by the successors of a colony of Flemings, who do not understand the Welsh language. They are distinguished by their dialect and provincial dress, and rarely intermarry with the Welsh. The women wear what is called a whittle, made of fine wool,

Many of the early historians speak of the settlement of the Flemings in South Wales. William of Malmesbury describes them as "stationed there to be a barrier to the Welsh, and to keep them within bounds," "in order to cleanse the kingdom, and repress the brutal temerity of the enemy;" Giraldus Cambrensis as "a people brave and robust, ever hostile to the Welsh, anxious to seek gain by sea and land in defiance of fatigue and danger; a hardy race, equally fitted for the plough or the sword, well versed in commerce and woollen manufactures." Hollinshed, who states that they arrived in England in consequence of "a great enundation of the sea," adds that they were planted in Pembrokeshire, "to helpe to tame the bold and presumptious fierceness of the Welshmen." Camden gives a similar statement, apparently on the authority of Hollinshed; and George Owen (1603) says they were sent into Wales "to gett theire lyveinges by contynuall fightinge with the Welshmen."

But that which gives especial interest to "Gower Land" is the remarkable caves that line its western coast. These caves are distant eight miles from Swansea. The drive is through a charming country, abundantly wooded, and presenting fine and extensive views from any of the heights. The resting-place is a neat and pleasant inn, the Gower Inn, where good sitting and sleeping rooms may be obtained; but the landlord is prouder of his garden than of his "hotel,"—and justly so, for his roses rival the best in Kent or Surrey, and his hollyhocks, in full blossom during our visit, are perhaps unequalled in any part of England. They are his special delights, apparently the luxuries of his life; no epicure ever feasted with higher relish over costly stimulants to animal appetite than he does over the marvellous flowers of a thousand tints, perfect in form and colour, he has raised from seed or mingled in harmonious wedlock.

From the inn to the caves there must be a walk of two miles, along

and dyed scarlet; it is nearly two yards square, with a fringe at bottom called *ddrums*. It is thrown across the shoulders and fastened with a pin or brooch; anciently it was fastened with the prickle of the blackthorn."—*Swansea Directory*, 1816. Of the churches in Gower, Mr. E. A. Freeman, writing in the "Archæologia Cambrensis," says—"Partly from actual necessity, arising from the circumstances of the country, doubtless also from the employment of architects at least as much accustomed to castle building as church building, a Gower steeple is built with as much regard to defence as to beauty."

sand heaps, with noble sea-views, over heaps of stones that indicate the whereabouts of "a town;" and beside the shell of an old castle that overlooks a pleasant wooded dell, through which runs a clear river, where there is perfect solitude, unbroken save by the ripple of the stream, the roar of the sea dashing against huge rocks, and the whir-r-r of the sea-gulls as they poise above the cliffs.

It is the Castle of PENNARD that we see in ruins, with the broken walls of its attendant church. There are here no indications of architec-

PENNARD CASTLE.

tural splendour: it was a strong house, to command the pass and control the Welsh enemy, when the Welsh were the brave, ruthless, and never permanently vanquished foes of the Norman and his Flemish allies. Nothing is known of its history: conjecture states it to have been erected by that Earl of Warwick, who, becoming Lord of Gower, built so many

fortresses to keep the land his sword had won. Tradition and legend have consequently been busy here. The peasantry even now believe these stones were never raised by human hands, that enchantment placed it above the cliff in a single night, and that fairies continue to make it their favourite haunt.

Of Oxwich and its singular castle, and other interesting objects in this remarkable district, we extract the following from "A Week's Walk in Gower:"—"Passing by quaint little Nicholaston Church, a path runs down the field to Oxwich Bay, through the midst of those over-hanging woods—a perfect paradise of forest scenery—an interlacement of old trees with gnarled stems arching overhead, and well-nigh shutting out the light from our path, while at every turn a break in the foliage allows the rays of the sun to stream in, sending a vivid lane of light into the dark recesses of the underwood, and ever and anon we catch sight of the white limestone rock towering above our heads, and contrasting brilliantly with the subdued shadows around. Oxwich Bay has an extensive sweep, though the sea does not occupy anything like the whole of the alluvial flat. Sand hills again, swarming with rabbits, offer a pretty effectual barrier to the tides, which however have occasionally penetrated inside, to judge by the quantities of whelk and razor shells which are so profusely strewed about. A large portion of the bay, which was a salt-marsh, has been drained, and turned into pasture land. To judge by appearances, I should have said that the sea was rather retreating in Oxwich Bay, a circumstance which would be quite compatible with its gaining in Swansea Bay; for geologic changes of this sort are generally regulated by a compensating principle, the sea gaining in one place what it loses in another. Tradition in this case contradicts the notion; for it is said that the old parsonage and several houses were carried away. The name, Oxwich, appears to have a connection with the salt-marsh; for most of the towns in the salt district have the termination of 'wich,' as Droitwich, Middlewich, Northwich, &c. At the further end of the bay we come upon the parsonage, and a little white-washed village, the church being placed some way off on the promontory. The leaves rustle round it, and the waves wash its foundations

—just the place where one would like to rest one's bones after the din and turmoil of the world. Inside, the ecclesiologist will find an altar-tomb, probably belonging to Sir Rice Mansell, who built the castle above, and died *temp.* Henry VIII. Properly speaking, Oxwich cannot be called a castle, for it combines much of the domestic features of the dwelling-house, together with the defensive state of the castle—in fact, a military residence. 'A large perpendicular mansion, carried along at the complete elevation of a tower, the walls of which are dotted rather irregularly with a number of square-headed windows of two lights, and single light windows with depressed heads.' There are three large ones in the upper story, the probable situation of the banqueting hall. The best rooms were doubtless all at the top, for the purpose of security, while the lower stories were for defence, as I don't suppose that the sake of the view had much to do with the arrangements. The modern farmhouse is incorporated with the ancient mansion, and is regularly built into it; but as it is all at the back, and in the interior, it does not at all interfere with the outward appearance of the castle."

The caves are indeed marvels. We had trodden among the broken walls of Norman soldiers eight hundred years old—surmounted the camps of Romans, fortresses two thousand years ago—and gazed on the solemn and solitary monuments, on hill-tops, conveyed there with unknown force by ancient Britons, their predecessors: but what are they?—creations of yesterday compared with these caves, in which the mammoth left his bones when man existed only in the will of the Creator.

Buckland explored the cave called Paviland, but the one which is best known and has been most visited is the Bacon Hole, so named, according to the "Swansea Guide" of 1802, and other authorities, "from a stratum of stone resembling a rasher of bacon." Its name is derived, more probably, from "beacon," inasmuch as it is underneath a high point of land jutting somewhat into the ocean, where, it may be, a beacon formerly existed to warn mariners. Similar holes have been discovered in other places, and it is scarcely hazardous to assume that such burial-places of antedeluvian animals are to be found all along the coast.

Mitchin Cave is, perhaps, more interesting than Bacon Hole, and is certainly far more difficult of approach.

Those who are content with an examination of "the bones" will have their curiosity amply gratified in the Museum at Swansea; but those who desire to see them disinterred must encounter a heavy labour, and one of some danger, by descending and then ascending the cliffs. From a paper by Mr. Starling Benson, in the "Transactions of the Institution," we quote the following; it describes Bacon Hole:—"The floor of the cave will be seen to fall from the entrance towards the inner part, while the interior of the roof is pointed (the two sides meeting at an angle), and is covered by a layer of stalactite, while the floor is also overlaid with stalagmite, which was blasted through, and a cross trench opened down to the solid limestone. First, then, they (the explorers) arrived at a bed of alluvial earth, in which were recent shells (still to be found there) and bones of ox, red-deer, roebuck, and fox, succeeded by a thickish layer of stalagmite. Then came a bed of hard breccia, with bear, ox, and deer bones; then more stalagmite, below which was more breccia, and a deposit of cave earth, the grand treasure-house of osseous remains. Then came bones of the gigantic mammoth, rhinoceros, hyæna, wolf, bear, ox, and deer. The lower layer of the black sand seemed to be almost exclusively occupied by mammoth bones, the only others being a tooth of badger, and of a kind of pole-cat."

The following observations on these interesting caves are written by Mr. Moggeridge, an eminent antiquary, residing in the neighbourhood:—

"There can be no doubt that the cave was originally formed by the action of the sea on the loose detritus of a fault in the limestone cliff; the hollow towards the end being scooped out to a greater height by the rebound of the wave. During this period, the *Littorina rudis* and *littoralis* lived in the adjacent seas, and the littoral beach filled the hollows of the rock. A subsequent elevation of the coast occurred, and when the sea ceased to reach the higher parts of the cave, the land mollusca, *Clausilia nigricans*, inhabited the place, and stalagmite began to form. At this time the cave must have been much larger; in fact, pieces of cemented breccia, forming the upper part of the subsequent deposit in the cave, may

be still seen adhering to the limestone cliffs, one hundred feet seaward of the existing portion of the cave bed. From this period the bodies of animals inhabiting the adjacent country have, from time to time, been left in the cave. Some of the lowest mammoth possibly drifted in by water, the higher remains, for the most part, carried in by carnivora; but the unbroken state of the bones, and the absence of any quantity of cave earth, strongly infer that the cave has seldom been used as the constant retreat of the latter for the purpose of consuming their prey. It is more probable that the open and exposed state of Bacon Hole, bell-mouthed at its entrance, and consequently freely admitting light, would not be inhabited by carnivora; whereas it was, from the same reason, more approachable to the larger animals, whose remains are preserved in the lower part of the cave. Of these, the mammoth have been the first deposited. The three jaws of the rhinoceros were found below the second stalagmite, and the remains of bear, bos, and deer, throughout the whole deposit. After the formation of the second stalagmite, it would appear that a large portion of the overhanging limestone rock had fallen, and it is the *débris* of this breccia, cemented by the formation of the upper stalagmite, and consequently preserved from the encroachments of the spray of the sea, which causes the projecting point shown in the section. During the accumulation of this limestone breccia, and the formation of the upper stalagmite, it is not likely that animals would much frequent a cave so wet and disturbed; and the bones found, chiefly of bear and bos, were scattered thinly through the breccia, and generally in an unbroken state.

"The period at which the upper bed of stalagmite ceased to form, was, at any rate, before the extinction of red deer and roebuck in this part of the country, as their remains are found in the black mud above the upper stalagmite.

"The remains of wolves are so scarce at Bacon Hole, that finding some below, and some above, does not finally conclude that the upper stalagmite was not formed even before their extinction in South Wales. The mass of rock above the cave is not of great thickness, and although water still continues to percolate freely, the limestone has long since exhausted

its power of yielding carbonate of lime, and the formation of stalagmite had consequently ceased prior to the deposit of the bones found in the black mud.

"All the known Gower Bone Caves are about the same height above the sea, and were, therefore, in all probability, raised and made accessible to the mammalia inhabiting the adjacent dry land at the same period of time; but in observing the fossils, saved from the neighbouring caves of Spritsail and Paviland, I have noticed that in the former the teeth of hyænas and horses are in conjunction most abundant, in the latter cave the teeth of wolves and deer; whilst in Bacon Hole, I am not aware of one single specimen of horse having been found beneath the upper stalagmite. It is probable that Spritsail and Paviland possessed chambers smaller and less approachable, and therefore better adapted to carnivora, naturally seeking dark retreats wherein to consume their prey. Whether horses were to hyænas, and deer to wolves respectively the prey more liable to be pursued and captured, or that horses and deer happened to be more numerous on the adjacent country at distinct periods, when the caves of Spritsail and Paviland were respectively more used by carnivora, may be a subject of further inquiry; but the cave of Bacon Hole has evidently been so seldom used as a constant retreat by carnivora, in comparison with other caves, that the absence of horse by no means proves that that race did not inhabit the adjacent lands during the period of these deposits.

"No remains of man are found below the upper stalagmite. In the mud above it were pieces of ancient British pottery.

"In conclusion, I may remark, that from the thickness, and consequently unbroken state of the upper stalagmite at Bacon Hole, a far more perfect separation of the ancient from the recent bones has been maintained than in any other of the Gower caves: and had any remains of man been found beneath the lower stalagmite, it would have afforded clear proof of the co-existence of the human race with the mammoth in this country.

"On the contrary, the absence of any human remains beneath even the upper stalagmite, in a cave so large and accessible as Bacon Hole

must have been, is a strong proof that the existence of man in this country was subsequent to the formation and covering up of this cave deposit."

Not far from these caves is the famous cromlech* called "ARTHUR'S STONE," which, it is said, St. David split with a sword, in proof that it was not sacred, and of which Camden states that pieces of it had been broken off to convert into millstones. It is one of the oldest, most renowned, and most remarkable of the Druidic remains in Wales, and a

ARTHUR'S STONE.

walk to it, by such as are good pedestrians, will be amply repaid; moreover, the view from the hill-summit on which it stands is magnificent.

* Cromlech. The earliest and simplest form of this name is *Ueach*. "The word cromleach appears to be a compound regularly formed from the word *Ueach*, a slab or flat stone, and the feminine form of the adjective *crum*, or crooked."—*Arch. Camb.*

It is at the extremity of Gower Land that we find the Worm's Head, that remarkable peninsula so well known to mariners.* We borrow from "A Week's Walk in Gower" a description of this remarkable place:—

"The Worm's Head is the most westerly point of Gower and Glamorganshire; and even old Leland speaks of it. 'Ther is,' he says, 'in Gower

THE WORM'S HEAD.

Land, by-twixt Swansey and Lochor, a litle promontori caullid Worm's Heade, from the wich to Caldey is communly caullid Sinus Tinbechicus.' It has obtained its name from the curious arrangement of the rocks which compose it,—two or three successive elevations, with causeways between,

* *Worm's Head*, "so called because the sailors used to think it resembled a worm creeping with its head erect between the Nass Point and that of St. Govan's, in Pembrokeshire."—*Guide:* 1802.

which, seen from the channel, certainly do look like a large sea-serpent, with uplifted head. The force and action of the waves are shown by the queer and fantastic shapes of the rocks, the foot-path in one part being carried across the boiling sea by a narrow arch, perilous enough when a strong south-wester is blowing. Immediately in front is the head, a sheer precipice of more than 200 feet; and yet, high as it is, I have seen the waves dash over the very top, and that too when there was scarcely a ripple visible on the surface of the sea.

"Small as is the peninsula of Gower, it yet contains something to please all tastes; and, whether the visitor be geologist, antiquary, botanist, aquavivarian, artist, or simply a pedestrian seeking a pleasant excursion, he will be sure to find something to repay him. Iron-bound coast with glorious sea views, picturesque little valleys and inland dells, old churches, still older castles and camps, Druidical remains, and those of incomparably more ancient date—remains of a former world—are the principal features to tempt an excursionist; and it would be hard indeed if a true lover of nature could not extract from this list something of interest and amusement."

We are again on the railroad, and look across "the Burry River;" it is an arm of the sea, bordered by a green shore at the base of huge cliffs: that is the Gower Land we see on the opposite side, and yon dim point is the famous "Worm's Head."

Some ten miles from Swansea—having passed, without stopping, the small station of Gower Road—we reach the station of Loughor, a poor place now, but one which the Romans made famous sixteen hundred years ago, where traces of their occupation may still be found, and where many a bloody fight between them and their brave and resolute enemies, the ancient Britons, left enduring records in the earth-heaps that yet mark the site of the "Leucrum of Antoninus." And here, just under the walls of the old castle, or rather the remains of its Keep, the river Loughor, which has its source at the foot of the Black Mountain, divides the county of Glamorgan from that of Carmarthen. We cross the railway-bridge, and rapidly glance up and down the river. It is wide and somewhat rapid, and discharges itself into the Burry River—a part

of Carmarthen Bay. Some three miles distant is LLANELLY, enveloped in smoke, which two large stacks, and scores of smaller ones, pour out in

LOUGLOR.

huge volumes. Here a branch line of railway, running almost due

north, conducts the tourist to Llandovery, through Llandeilo Fawr; it is not made for his accommodation, however, but for those huge coal trains that bear the coal of the district to the several Works and Ports.

This railway we are about to take; but, as the occasion seems apt for introducing some observations concerning the Romans in Britain, and more especially in Wales, the reader will, no doubt, sanction a brief delay in our tour.

It was in the year 55 B.C. that Julius Cæsar, having completed the conquest of the country we now call France, resolved to turn his victorious arms against Britain. Accordingly, on the 5th of August in that year, the Roman fleet crossed the narrow sea now termed the British Channel, and, after some trouble, Cæsar and his troops effected a landing somewhere near Deal. The Roman general, however, did little to gain a firm footing till the following year, when he re-appeared with an immense number of ships filled with his veteran troops from Gaul. Cæsar, on this occasion, did not succeed in establishing Roman power in Britain; the task was left for his successors. About a century afterwards, that is to say, in the year of our Lord 43, when the Emperor Claudius reigned at Rome, another large, well-equipped army invaded the island, and succeeded in reducing a considerable portion of it. The naked Britons were unable to defend themselves successfully against such troops, and after many hard-fought fights their commander-in-chief, a British chief, the great Caractacus, was taken, and sent prisoner to Rome. In the year 61, a Roman general, Suetonius, did much to reduce the Britons, by destroying the Druidical temples in Anglesea—religion, as in most such cases, being one of the chief supports of the patriotic cause. About eighteen years afterwards, a still greater Roman general—the renowned Agricola—extended the influence of Rome as far as the friths of Forth and Clyde, and there built a chain of forts to be a frontier against the wild inhabitants of the north. The Romans now easily established themselves all over Britain. The policy of Agricola was to render the country attached to Rome by introducing the arts of civilization, and the pleasures and luxuries of the capital. Britain became a Roman province; its civilization was purely Roman, and whatever races settled here under

the banner of Rome, accepted unreservedly Roman dress and manners, language and laws.

The importance of Roman Britain is shown by the circumstance that it was constituted a separate province of the empire. From the first, Britain was governed by a propretor, who is stated in inscriptions to have been a vice-regent of the emperor; that is to say, it was a province of the emperor, and not of the people. At the close of the Roman occupation (when the "Notitia Imperii" was compiled) the governor was called a vicarius, and it is at this period only we obtain any distinct information respecting the divisions of the province or of its officers. The province of Britain, we find, was divided in five departments:—Britannia Prima, Britannia Secunda, Flavia Cæsariensis, Maxima Cæsariensis, and Valentia. The first of these consisted of the country to the south of the Thames, and the Bristol Channel; Britannia Secunda is the modern principality of Wales; Flavia answered to the middle portion of the island, from the Thames to the Mersey; the country beyond this, extending twenty-five miles north of Hadrian's wall, formed Maxima Cæsariensis, while the lowlands of Scotland were comprised under Valentia.

Britain was governed in the usual manner of a Roman province. The details of government, and the character and amount of the taxes, however, are not known. Neither have we any means of ascertaining the periods at which, or the circumstances under which, the Roman towns in Britain were built. Camulodunum we find was founded by a body of disbanded veterans, and the other towns seem to have been built in the same manner by bodies of troops, Roman or auxiliaries, as they advanced in their occupation of the island. From the earlier historians we learn that though the troops had here and there fortified stations (*castra*, or *castella*), the towns were not surrounded with walls. Such was the case with Camulodunum and Londinium. But, subsequently—no doubt when the towns rose into political importance—they were all surrounded by walls, some of which, after enduring for at least sixteen centuries, are to be seen to this day.

The roads, which were remarkable for the straightness of their course

(many of them may often be traced for many miles without a single deviation from the direct line), were, as is well known, constructed with such extraordinary skill that even now many of the best roads in England are laid upon the ancient Roman foundation. With respect to South Wales, it is possible that some of the curious monuments, such as cromlechs, stone circles, tumuli, and the various descriptions of earthworks still scattered over the face of the country, may have been the works of the British tribes, of the Silures and the Demetæ, who were its inhabitants; but they have nothing to distinguish them from the monuments of the other British tribes. So early as the time of the geographer Ptolemy, about A.D. 120, several important towns had already been built within their territory. Far down in the western part of Wales, in a part of Cardiganshire still rich in antiquities, was a town named Luentinum (*Llanio*); further south was Maridunum (*Carmarthen*); and eastward again, in the borders of the Silures, was Bullæum, supposed to be the same town which is mentioned at a later period under the name of Burrium (*Usk*). Two hundred years later, when the record known as the "Itinerary of Antoninus" was compiled, the number had been considerably increased. Guided by that work, we may follow from Glevum (*Gloucester*), a great Roman road which passed the Severn, and ran north-westward over the hilly country on the east of the forest to the town of Ariconium, the great station of the iron manufactures of this district, a fine position, commanding an extensive prospect over the surrounding country. Its site is now called Weston, at a short distance to the south-east of Ross. The road proceeded hence across the beautiful country on the banks of the Wye, among hills covered with cinders and iron furnaces, to the town of Blestium, which antiquaries agree in placing at Monmouth, on a bend of the river. Thence the old road, continuing nearly in the same direction, carried the traveller to Burrium, another considerable town, the remains of which have been found at Usk. After a short stage the traveller arrived at the grand city of Isca, the head-quarters of the second legion, remarkable for its theatre, its temples, and its palaces. It stood on the river Usk, in a deep bottom, surrounded by lofty hills. Parts of its massive walls still

remain at Caerleon. The road proceeded hence to a station on the banks of the river Tibia (the *Taaf*), which it crossed, and continued its course to the town of Bovium, which is supposed to have stood at Ewenny, and to that of Nidum, the name of which appears to be preserved in that of Neath. A shorter stage than the two last brought the traveller to the town of Leucarum (or Leucrum), the name of which is again preserved in the village of Llychwr (Loughor), on the borders of the counties of Glamorgan and Carmarthen. Another stage conducted him to the more important town of Maridunum, finely situated on a beautiful river. Its site is occupied by the modern town of Carmarthen. Twenty Roman miles further west was a station, which was probably of too little importance to have a name of its own, as it is simply designated in the Itinerary as Ad Vigesimum, which we may translate "at the twentieth milestone." Its site is supposed to be the spot now called Castle Flemish. The traveller next arrived at the town of Menapia, represented by the modern city of St. David's, in Pembrokeshire, on the point of the promontory called by Ptolemy "Octopitarum Promontorium." There it ceased—on the shores of the Irish Sea.

At length there came a time when Rome had to relinquish a conquest she had evinced so much desire to retain. No longer able to defend herself against the barbarous hordes that kept pouring down upon her from the north, she was under the necessity of recalling all the troops at her command. Britain was to be left to itself; the land that was traversed in every direction by a multiplicity of roads, constructed by her, and penetrating into the wildest recesses; which was covered in all parts with towns and stations, and posts and villas, and mining manufactories, which she had erected; whose people had been taught by her the arts that convert man from savagery to civilization—this country had at length to be left a prey to the first enemy who should take advantage of her unprotected state. But self-preservation is the first law of nature. Rome recalled her troops to defend herself. In the year 440, that is to say, nearly four centuries since she had first occupied it, Rome left Britain to her fate.

We ask the reader to accompany us from the new and thriving, but

ungainly, town of Llanelly, as far, by railway, as the old and picturesque town of Llandeilo, for the purpose of taking coach there, and driving along the banks of the broad and beautiful river Towy into Carmarthen.* It is one of the "excursions" to which the South Wales Railway leads, and there are none pleasanter or more productive that emanate from the line. As we shall presently show, however, the railway direct proceeds to Carmarthen, and so to Milford Haven. Those who are bent on business will therefore not be called upon to follow us; but those whose purpose is pleasure, who desire acquaintance with the natural charms and historic remains of a district fertile of both, may here leave awhile the beaten track, and enjoy that which cannot be very often enjoyed in any part of the kingdom—a health-drive outside a coach, where every mile presents to the eye and suggests to the mind objects and thoughts of interest and of beauty.† As will be seen, however, it is a tour that we must leave mainly to the imagination of the reader, for the limits of our book do not permit us adequately to describe it. If we alight at the station of Llandebie, midway between Llanelly and Llandovery, we may visit the limestone cavern in the neighbourhood, where tradition asserts that a famous Welsh warrior, Owen Lawgoch, or Owen of the Bloody Hand, together with his chosen band, was blockaded, and smothered or starved to death: and where fact relates that, in 1813, ten

* A considerable diversity of opinion has obtained among antiquaries respecting the etymology of the modern name Caerfydden —Caerfyrddin. It has been usual to derive it from Caer Ferddin, the city of Merddin, or Merlin, the far-famed British prophet; but Humphrey Llwyd justly observes that "it was so called and knowne long before the birth of that very well learned man, neither did the citie take its name from him, but he of that, wherein he was borne."

† Just where the Dethia joins the Towy there is a conical hill called Cerrig Tywi, which rises five or six hundred feet, and from the summit of which there is a magnificent view—mountain and valley; while the Towy, winding round its base, rushes with impetuous fury to the embraces of the gentle Dethia, where its rage seems suddenly appeased. About midway up is the cave of a celebrated robber—Twm Shôn Catti, or Thomas, the son of Catherine, a rival in deeds and generosity of the famous Robin Hood. There is a legend of him that he had become enamoured of the fair heiress of Ystrad Ffin, the neighbouring territory. One moonlight night he was serenading his lady-love underneath her window, when she—whether by accident or design, story sayeth not—chanced to put out her arm so far that the son of Catherine was enabled to seize it. The desperate lover swore that unless she would then and there pledge to him her *heart*, he would cut off her *hand*, and keep that to console him in his affliction. The promise was made that both hand and heart should be his. Whether she did or did not keep her word history doth not tell us, and the poet, who is welcome to this legend, may therefore deal with the finale as to him seemeth best.

human skeletons, "with skulls and bones of larger size than those of the present race," were dug up and examined. From hence a short walk brings us to the Fall of the Llwchwr (Loughor), a broad and full, though not very high fall, situate in the richly-wooded grounds of

FALL OF THE LLWCHWR.

Glynhir; and a little further on by railway we obtain a distant view of the old castle of Carreg Cennen.

Our rest is at Llandeilo, at the neat and comfortable inn of the picturesque old town. The Towy is here crossed by a graceful bridge of a single arch, and near it is the ancient church, dedicated to St. Teilo,

recently restored, or rather rebuilt, but retaining many indications of its early importance. It is to the neighbourhood, however, that the attention of the tourist should be directed.* Four miles to the east of the town are remains of an ancient British encampment, called Carn Goch (the Red Cairn), enclosing a circular area of considerable extent, and defended by a wide rampart of loose stones, in some places near ten feet high. Here, too, are the remains of several mansions of good dimensions and style of architecture, and other evidences of the former grandeur of the place. Close at hand, on the opposite side of the river, is Golden Grove, one of the seats of the Earl of Cawdor. It was anciently the seat of the Vaughans, Earls of Carberry. Here it was Jeremy Taylor passed several years of his life,—when "the vessel of the state was dashed to pieces, and his own small barque was wrecked,"—under the protection of the "loyal earl." There, too, or rather in its immediate vicinity, are the remains of an old grammar-school, in which Jeremy Taylor taught—in the quiet village of Llanvihangel Aberbythych. Far greater interest will be derived, however, from a visit to the venerable relics of Dynevor Castle, adjacent to which is the comparatively modern dwelling, the residence of Lord Dynevor, the lineal descendant of many illustrious ancestors, who were lords in the land before the Romans left a foot-mark on the soil, who fought with Saxons and Normans—keeping the freedom of their country long, and its honour untarnished ever. This was their stronghold; originally, it is said, erected by Roderick the Great, monarch of South Wales, A.D. 88, whose three sons are recorded in "The Triads" † as the "three diademed princes." The little church in Dynevor Park is supposed to be erected on the site of a Roman temple; the walls of a Roman edifice, a pot of Roman coins, with other indications corroborative of the fact, have been discovered near the spot. The church is dedicated to St. Teifi, nephew to the celebrated St. Teilo. Dinevor, Dinevawr, or Dinas

* There is a very agreeable, useful, and well-written guide-book to the scenery and antiquities neighbouring Llandeilo Fawr, written by Mr. William Davies, and published in the town.

† The "Triads" are documents that were manifestly written at different periods; but many of them present features of great antiquity, in corroboration of which "the Gododin," a poem of Aneurin, confessedly written about the commencement of the sixth century, enumerates the titles of several, some of which are still extant, but others are lost.

Fawr, may have been a fort of mud and wattles when the Romans were in Wales, but it was certainly a royal residence when the Norman soldiers won England at Hastings. Its history, even the little that is known of it, is a startling romance, for,

"Amongst the woody hills of Dyneuowre"

dwelt a long line of princes, and among these broken walls a succession of chieftains listened to

"High-born Hoël's harp, and soft Llewellyn's lay."

Even a brief history of this historic family would fill a volume; nay, early Welsh records previous to the periods of authentic history might occupy many interesting pages, and a very large number of its chiefs may be named who seem to have merited the character given of them, that they were "the bravest, the wisest, the most merciful, liberal, and just princes of Wales."* If they succumbed to the Normans it was only as subdued, but not conquered, enemies—ever active, ever restless, ever on the watch to vex, harass, and destroy the proud invader. Here many of them found graves, honoured in defeat no less than in victory!

"Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth!
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth!"

Though the family name has been corrupted from "Rhys" to Rice," it is still venerated throughout the Principality; and, if report be true in his native county, the present peer is in real worth and personal qualities no whit behind his illustrious ancestors.

We are in their district now, and we shall pass presently the site of many of their seats, such as Lanlais and Cadvan. The eminent Welsh

* It is related by Giraldus that King Henry II. dispatched a soldier, born in Bretagne, on whose wisdom and fidelity he could rely, under the conduct of Guardanus, Dean of Canbref Mawr, to explore the situation of Dynevor and the strength of the country. The wily monk guided him through by-paths, over craggy mountains, through bogs, and thick forests, and on the way ate himself heartily of roots and grass, saying it was in that manner the inhabitants were accustomed to feed and live. The soldier was so disgusted hereat, that he returned to the king and reported the district to be uninhabitable and the people brutes.

poet, Lewis Glyn Cothi, who flourished in the fifteenth century, and who played so conspicuous a part in the wars of the Roses, spent much of his time in this locality. And we shall visit at Carmarthen the tomb of the brave knight Sir Rhys ap Thomas, to whom Henry VII. was mainly indebted for the crown he tore from the brows of "the bloody and deceitful boar," on the field at Bosworth. The life of this Sir Rhys is wilder than romance—as, indeed, is that of his whole family. His grandfather, Gruffydd ab Nicholas, was a man of "hott, firie, and chollerick spirit, infinitelie subtle and craftie, of a busie, stirring braine." King Henry VI., dreading his "ambitiousnesse" and power, sent commissioners to Carmarthen to apprehend him. On their way they were met by Gruffydd, "raggedlie attired," accompanied only by four attendants. The commissioners, well pleased to have the formidable chieftain in their power, were content to accompany him to Abermarlis. On the road they were joined by his son at the head of a hundred mounted cavaliers; on their way to Newton—*i. e.* Dynevor—another son joined the party, with a chosen troop of two hundred horsemen; and subsequently, at Abergwili, by five hundred tall men on foot. At Carmarthen, where the commissioners were "well entertained," Owen ab Gruffydd secretly possessed himself of the warrant for arresting his father, purloining it out of the Lord Whitney's sleeve. Consequently when the accused, affecting great modesty of demeanour, demanded to see the document, it was not forthcoming; whereupon Sir Gruffydd "startes up in a furie," and says, "have we cozeners and cheaters come hither?" and, "rapping out a greate oath," he orders "the traytorers and impostors forthwith to prison, swearing he would hange them all up next day," and would only spare their lives on condition of returning to the king dressed in the old clothes of Sir Gruffydd, and wearing his cognizance, which they "willinglie undertook and accordingly performed." His son and successor Owen, "a good and most accomplished gentleman," took service with the Duke of Burgundy, but, having formed an indiscreet attachment to the daughter of the duke's brother, "he was compelled to return to his native country." That lady afterwards, however, became his second wife, by whom he left issue. Sir Rhys ap Thomas was his

third son. His property, hereditary and acquired, was enormous—hence the Welsh couplet:—

"Y Brenin biau 'r ynys
Ond sy o ran i Syr Rys." *

He joined the Duke of Richmond on his landing at Milford Haven, and it is said that by his hand "Richard, the king, third of the name," was slain. Honours were consequently heaped upon him by the grateful monarch, Henry VII. We shall give some particulars connected with the career of this brave chieftain in treating of Milford Haven and of his castle, Carew, in Pembrokeshire, where he resided during the later and peaceful years of his life. His grandson was his successor—Rhys ab Gruffydd, whose mournful fate was a sad passage in the eventful history of a gallant race. "His ancestors had been in the habit of occasionally adding ab Urien to their names," Urien having been prince or king of a small district in Wales, and from whom they were descended. Young Rhys ab Gruffydd assumed it "probably in a vain frolic." The circumstance was reported to the king, Henry VIII., and, taken in association with the immense possessions and unbounded popularity of the family, the act was construed into a design to assert the independence of the Principality. Some old prophecies were brought in aid, and, on charges equally frivolous and unjust, the young chieftain was arraigned for high treason, found guilty, and executed on Tower Hill. On the accession of Queen Mary, his son, Gruffydd ap Rhys, was restored in blood, and received back part of the estates, another part being given to the family by Charles I. Many a fell swoop had, however, been made upon them meanwhile, and we believe the present peer enjoys but a comparatively small portion of the vast tracts of country over which his forefathers ruled. "The castle" is now but a shell—"the chapel" only a few broken walls; yet nature is here as free and generous as she was a thousand years ago, and the scenery within the park, and the views from any of the heights, may be classed among the grandest and most beautiful to be found in Great Britain.

* "The king owns the island, excepting what pertains to Sir Rhys."

The visitor will find in the vicinity of Llandeilo many other objects of interest. About ten miles to the north lies the secluded village of Tulley, with its lakes, and the majestic remains of its once magnificent abbey. The little village church affords a striking contrast with the huge proportions of its former grand cathedral, which was in its glory about six hundred years ago, and is supposed to have been established by Prince Rhys ab Gruffydd, of Dynevor. And to the north-east is

DRYSLWYN CASTLE.

situated Ban Sir Gaer, or the Carmarthenshire Beacon, at the east and west bases of which are the two beautiful lakes said to have been the favourite haunt of that fair lady who imparted the knowledge of the medicinal virtues of plants to the celebrated Meddygon Myddfai, physicians to Rhys Grug, Prince of South Wales, who bestowed land and privileges upon them, that they might without interruption attend to the study of their profession.

We must hasten on. Yon castle (we see it plainly from the coach-top), which rises so proudly above the rapid Towy, is Dryslwyn Castle. It is a ruin now, but was a strong place in old times, commanding the ford, itself secure from all assailants, and continuing to shelter, down to a comparatively late period, the lords of Dynevor.

But there is an object right before us to which a wider renown has been given—a hill the name of which is known wherever the English language is read; for who is entirely a stranger to the pleasant poem

GRONGAR HILL.

that recites the praises of "Grongar Hill," and who has not offered a meed of grateful thanks to the muse of the poet, John Dyer? We are within ken of his birthplace, Aberglasney, and the great theme of his love and life—the hill—is within sight all the way for miles as we draw

onward to Carmarthen.* Dyer, the son of a solicitor, was born in 1700. Brought up at Westminster, under Dr. Friend, he was designed by his father for the law; but, having a taste for art, he became a pupil under Richardson, and afterwards wandered about his native country, filling his portfolio with sketches of its beautiful scenery. When twenty-seven years of age he began to paint with the pen instead of with the pencil, and recorded some of his impressions in the short poem which has immortalized his own name and given fame to the subject of his verse. After the publication of "Grongar Hill," the poet travelled through Italy to improve his taste, "and lay in a store of new images." The result was a poem of some length, in blank verse, "The Ruins of Rome." Dr. Johnson thought of it, that "the title raises greater expectation than the performance gratifies." Dyer, shortly after his return from Italy, entered into holy orders, and, marrying a lady named Ensor, said to have been a descendant of Shakspere, he settled on a living in Lincolnshire. In 1757 he published his largest work, "The Fleece; a didactic poem in four books." In the following year he died.

Easy will it be to picture the calm and gentle poet—not amid the bustle of the Metropolis, where he was as much out of place as a daisy in a conservatory; but, as he himself so sweetly says:—

> "So oft I have, the evening still,
> At the fountain of a rill,
> Sate upon a flowery bed,
> With my hand beneath my head,
> While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
> Over mead and over wood,
> From house to house, from hill to hill,
> Till Contemplation had her fill."

We may linger with him awhile amid the beauties of his native vale, and visit with him the ruin we have pictured—said to be the remains of an

* *Aberglasney*, now the seat of J. Walters Philipps, Esq., has been greatly enlarged since Dyer's time. The foot of Grongar Hill abuts on the pleasure gardens of Aberglasney; these gardens contain some interesting features, which must have been in existence prior to and during the poet's residence there; among others, a curious terraced walk, raised on arches high above the level of the gardens and fish-ponds, and a singular avenue of old yew-trees, whose stems and branches have interlaced so densely, as to form a long tunnel with living walls.

old chapel, but popularly known as Bishop Rudd's Bath, perhaps so used by the venerable Bishop of St. David's, 1593, who was born in this parish, and was here buried—in the little church at Llangathen, where there is a monument to him and to his wife.*

Grongar Hill has derived from nature nothing to distinguish it from other hills,—its fame is entirely the gift of the poet. Neither is the

BISHOP RUDD'S BATH.

Towy broader, more rapid, or more beautiful than other rivers; but it derives an inexpressible charm, not only from its green slopes, rich foliage, ascending banks, and overlooking mountains, but from the

* Bishop Rudd's Bath certainly never was a chapel, its original construction specially adapting it for bathing use—a dressing-room, with fireplace, opening on to a bricked tank that occupies the rest of the interior.

absence of smoke and factories, which so terribly mar the landscape and impair the picturesque elsewhere in South Wales.*

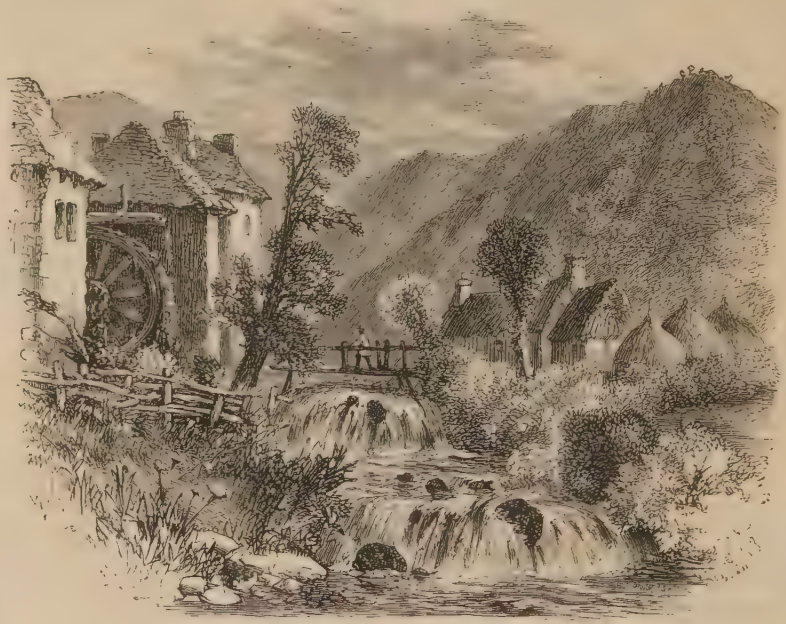
At Abergwili, the place of note we next reach, driving along the

CWM GWILI.

banks, or at all events within sight, of the Towy, is the residence of the diocesan, and the only habitable Palace now appertaining to the See of

* The Towy rises from an immense bog in a wild and desolate region upon the mountains that separate Cardiganshire from Brecknockshire. During its early course it receives the waters of "innumerable rills and brooks, descending from the clefts of the hills on either side:" these hills gradually draw closer, and the river, having gathered strength, dashes onward amid rocks, producing many falls of magnitude and beauty, until, after rushing with impetuous fury round the base of a conical hill—Cerrig Tywi—it receives the Dethia into its embraces; there its rage becomes suddenly appeased, and it glides silently on under rocky and wooded banks to fertilize a rich valley, and to refresh the town of Llandovery. Continuing its course, alternately calm and fierce, under huge precipices, beneath ancient ruins, among wooded heights and fertile pasture land, it reaches the vale of Llandeilo Vawr: thence we are following its course until it meets the sea, which it joins in Carmarthen Bay.

St. David's—"the only one of the seven that formerly belonged to the bishop." About 1020, a desperate battle was fought here between a Prince of Wales and Rhun, a Scottish adventurer and pretender to the throne, when, after a desperate fight, Llewelyn, the Welsh prince, proved victorious. The palace is now a comparatively modern dwelling, although erected on the site of a very old building. The river Gwili here forms a junction with the Towy, both together making their way into Carmarthen



MILL AT CWM GWILI.

Bay. The artist, Mr. Coleman, has pictured two points on this beautiful river—the one is a close dell, between lichen covered rocks, through which the stream runs rapidly; the other a fall of water beside a picturesque old mill. An excursion up the Gwili may be a leading attraction of this tour: we are, however, unable to do more than suggest it as fertile of recompense to the tourist. In this neighbourhood there is good

fishing, the Towy and Cothi rivers being rigidly preserved by the "Vale of Towy Fishing Club." The Towy is one of the most open rivers in the kingdom, and can be angled with but little or no obstruction from its source to the sea; its salmon and sewin are far-famed. To this charming locality, therefore, we direct the special attention of the "gentle craft."

We must ask the reader to return with us to LLANELLY, in order to rejoin the Railway; for, although we have been within a "stone's-throw" of Carmarthen, we prefer to take this interesting town *en route* to Milford Haven. Llanelly is a town of coal foundries and smoke, thriving, however, though the sources of its wealth be unpicturesque: its railroads, the river, and the bay, make it rich; and in the vicinity, at all events, is fine and beautiful scenery, some of which we have described. Here it was we first became acquainted with a very curious Welsh custom, the Ceffyl Pren, which we have explained as Welsh lynch law, resorted to when a man is supposed to be unfaithful to her he has promised to cherish, or a woman to have broken her marriage covenant.

PEMBREY, the next station, somewhat resembles Llanelly, but it is younger, and exhibits the appearance of greater youth. The tall chimney rising from a factory, evidently new, denotes the "Works" of Messrs. Elkington. Here they smelt the copper of which so many thousand tons are sent to Birmingham, to be converted into the beautiful Art-productions that have given them renown all the world over. Pembrey is an ancient village, and the view from Mynydd Pembre—Pembrey Mountain—is very fine, embracing Tenby and the islands of Caldy and Lundy. There are two shipping ports, called the Old and New Harbours: the latter has the advantage of a dry dock, upon which large sums of money have been expended by a chartered company, called the Burry Port Company. Burry Port, it is said, possesses several feet depth of water in excess of Swansea Harbour. The works by Messrs. Elkington have completely changed the immediate neighbourhood from an almost uninhabited waste to a thriving town and district. We passed them once at night. The reader may imagine what must be the result of a quantity of coal, exceeding one hundred tons daily, in a constant state of combustion,

acting upon a like quantity of copper ores in the several stages of progress! About four hundred men and boys are employed at these works and the collieries connected with them. The works at Pembrey, although not the most extensive, are generally admitted to be the best arranged and most convenient in South Wales. They are more roomy, and the furnace-houses much loftier, and better ventilated, than in the older works. Many of the furnaces, thirty-four in number, have a melting area of one hundred and sixty square feet, and the whole communicate

KIDWELLY.

with the stack, which rises three hundred feet above the level of the sea, close to which it stands. Its base is sixty feet square, thirty-four feet at the ground level, and the opening nine feet square. Its construction consumed a million and a half of bricks. Any details of the processes employed would be superfluous here; we have briefly alluded to them elsewhere; but they may be studied, in a much more detailed form, in the various metallurgical works.

Kidwelly is soon reached: it is a small but very ancient town, and, to the railway traveller, forms a pleasant and picturesque object, situated, as it is, on the banks of the Gwendraeth-fach (Little White Strath), bordering the hill country, and divided from the sea only "by a marsh, a quarter of a mile or more in length." It possesses a fine old church and castle, both looking much worn and weather-beaten. The church, which was probably erected about the end of the reign of Edward II. or early in that of Edward III., consists of a nave of the extraordinary span

KIDWELLY CASTLE.

of "thirty-three feet in the clear, without aisles, small north and south transepts, and an ample chancel, forming altogether a simple and uniform cross. The tower stands at the north-west angle of the nave, forming a north porch."*

It is Kidwelly Castle, however, that will arrest and fix the attention

* George Gilbert Scott, in *Arch. Camb.*

of the tourist, tempting him to leave the train and visit one of the largest and grandest of all the Norman remains in the Principality. Mr. Coleman gives of it three views, one near, the others distant; but the venerable relic has ample to interest and employ the artist, in its towers, its keep, its courts, its ramparts, and the "moated steep" on which it still proudly stands.* The town is of Welsh origin and of high antiquity. The castle is supposed to have been founded by William de Londres, who, in 1091, assisted Fitzhamon in the conquest of Glamorgan. It was, however, often burnt to the ground, and as often restored, during the fierce

KIDWELLY, DISTANT VIEW.

wars of the Normans with the Britons of Wales, down to the comparatively late period of Henry VIII., when, on the infamous attainder of Gruffydd ap Rhys, it reverted to the crown; and was purchased, A.D. 1630, by the Earl of Carberry, Lord President of Wales, from whom it has descended to the Earl of Cawdor, "lord of the lordship of Kidwelly."

* The fine old ruin has received full justice at the hands of George T. Clark, Esq., both historically and pictorially, *vide* "A Description and History of the Castles of Kidwelly and Caerphilly, and of Castell Coch:" Mason, Tenby. The work, unfortunately, gives us no insight into the romance of their history.

The road runs under steep hills to the right, and on the left is the Bay of Carmarthen, bordered by marsh land and meadows, from which the sea is kept out by natural sand-banks. Five miles more, and the train—sweeping along the margin of the shore, where, if the tide be out, scores of the peasantry will be seen in search of prawns and cockles—"draws up" at the pretty station and village of Ferryside, with its old church and new school-rooms. Here, too, is a life-boat station—a necessary adjunct to the dangerous sand-banks that form Carmarthen bar. The village is pleasantly situated at the mouth of the Carmarthen river, and is the bathing-place of the people of Carmarthen. In the summer, boats daily leave the town freighted with pleasure-seekers and health-seekers; and the voyage of fifteen miles down the river is one of the most agreeable excursions within reach of the good people of Carmarthen. On the opposite side—to visit which we cross the ferry—is the singularly situated Castle of Llanstephan. It is happily placed on the summit of a huge cliff, which overhangs the Bay of Carmarthen; and almost under its outer walls the Towy joins the sea. It is thus a peculiarly picturesque object, as seen at the extreme end of a peninsula on the opposite side of the stream. Built about 1138, it soon after fell into the possession of the Normans, fighting to retain their precarious footing in South Wales; men always the enemies, generally the rulers, and sometimes the victims of the brave men who were never absolutely and permanently subdued.

Concerning this castle, and its somewhat peculiar history, we borrow a page from Dr. Beattie.

"Llanstephan Castle—one of the oldest in Wales—crowns a bold eminence projecting into the bay of Carmarthen, and defends the entrance of the river Towy, which falls into the sea at this point. It is a military fortress of great strength and antiquity, but by whom founded—whether by Roman or Briton—or to what precise era it belongs, are questions which have never been satisfactorily answered. Yet the very obscurity which hangs upon it imparts to its dilapidated walls, mouldering turrets, and grass-covered courts, an interest that is seldom or never felt in the survey of those castellated ruins which make a prominent figure in the pages of history. All that has yet been advanced by archæolo-

gists regarding the founder of Llanstephan, is only based on plausible conjecture. It is not improbable, however, that the present castle occupies the position of a Roman fort; for it is not to be supposed that, during their occupation of the Silurian territory, a situation presenting so many natural advantages, and commanding the embouchure of the Towy, would be neglected by a people so prone to conquest, and so

LLANSTEPHAN CASTLE, CARMARTHEN.

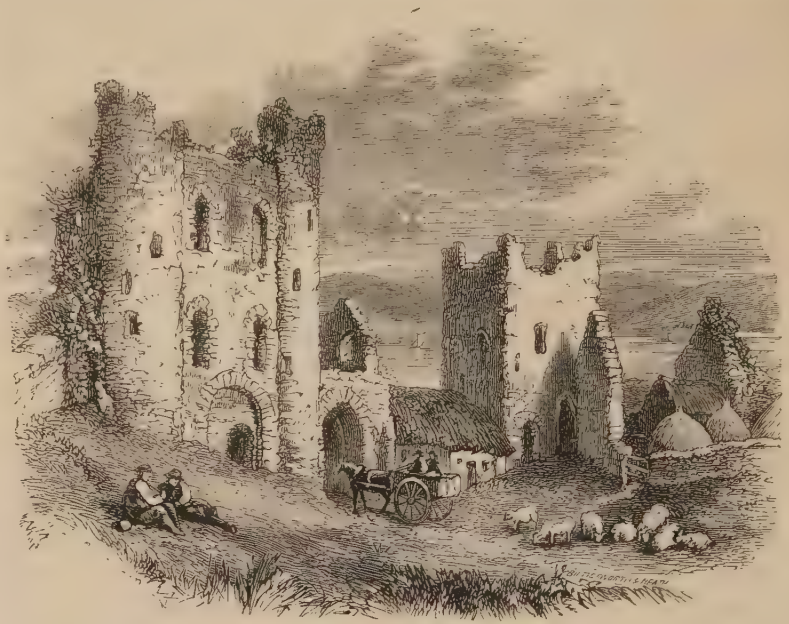
circumspect in all the means that could secure and fortify them in their new possessions. Nor were the Normans—who were equally observant and expert in the distribution of their military posts—likely to lose sight of the advantages which a castle on this promontory would afford in facilitating their operations, and widening their encroachments beyond the Welsh frontier; and in the citadel which now covers the steep, we have ample testimony, that whatever hands may have raised the

first structure, that which now occupies our attention is of Norman architecture.

"The historical details of Llanstephan are meagre and unsatisfactory; we would desire to learn the circumstances of siege and storm and surrender, the acts of fortitude and valour which mutually distinguished the besieged and their assailants, their patient endurance of privations, their resolute and determined resistance, the nightly assault, the treachery of professing allies, the regular investment by open enemies, the daily skirmishes, the nightly advance, the scaling of the walls, the final struggle, the throwing open of gates, the dismantling of towers, with mingled traits of personal prowess, magnanimity, and fortitude. But of these, history observes a mysterious silence. We learn, however, that Caddell, Meredydd, and Rhys, sons of Gryffyd ap Rhys,* having, in 1143, succeeded in their enterprise against Carmarthen Castle, were induced to make a similar attempt upon Llanstephan, and, directing their march to that point, invested the walls, and summoning the Norman garrison to surrender, were answered by a message of contempt and defiance. This, however, served merely to stimulate the Cambrian leaders into immediate action; for, after a spirited resistance, they carried the fortress by storm or stratagem, and planted their own countrymen within its walls. This daring exploit was instantly reported to the Norman legions beyond the frontier, who made all possible haste to vindicate the tarnished honour of the garrison; and mustering all their available strength, soon made their appearance under the walls of Llanstephan. The consequence of this movement was a protracted siege, in the progress of which everything promised a successful issue to the Normans. At last, while the Cambrian garrison within did little more than regard their operations with passive indifference, the signal was given to scale the ramparts, and at the word every Norman flew to the assault. Meredydd, however, was well prepared to give his unbidden guests a Welsh welcome; and while the Normans, like swarming bees, were covering fosse and rock with their numbers, he ordered

* These and most other of the native patronymics are variously spelt by different writers.

a wedge to be struck home, and no sooner was the hammer at work than an avalanche of rocks, suddenly let loose from the highest point of the ramparts, overwhelmed the invaders, and hurled the scaling party and their ladders into the ravine below. A shout of derision followed them from the garrison above; operations on both sides were suspended; and with their ranks thus suddenly thinned by a catastrophe as unseen



LLANSTEPHAN CASTLE.

as it was disastrous, the Normans sullenly withdrew. But it was only to return with increased strength and whetted vengeance. They had sworn to extirpate the garrison at their next visit, and the Norman leader was not a man to break his word whenever stimulated by a thirst of revenge or plunder.

"The siege was afterwards conducted in a more regular and systematic method; the Normans had recourse to all the appliances of

military art. The warlike engines employed against stubborn fortresses were now called into perpetual action, and night and day the *butting* of the battering-rams continued to shake the ramparts, until here and there a stone dropping from the mason-work, the whole ramparts began to shake under the feet of the besieged. At length, a breach being effected, the Normans poured in their best troops, and for a time the conflict was maintained with desperate fury. Foot to foot the assailants met, fought, and fell where they stood. Too proud to ask quarter, the fiery Cambrian rushed upon his adversary with a blind impetuosity that often placed him at his mercy; while the Norman, adroit in the management of his weapon, and bent on revenging his countrymen, was only stimulated to indiscriminate slaughter; and long before sunrise the Norman banner waved on the Castle of Llanstephan.

"In 1216 the fortune of war was again invoked. The Norman sway, so intolerable to native independence, had extended its influence and territory; and with these had inspired into the heart of every reflecting Cambrian a deep sense of the wrongs inflicted upon his country. With an irrepressible and Wallace-like determination to crush or expel the invader, he rushed to the conflict. This, as far as regards Llanstephan, was partly effected by Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, who, after a successful attack, entered the fortress, slew or captured the garrison, and then, to prevent its being again turned against the peace of the country, dismantled the walls, threw down the gates, filled up the ditches, and left its towers for a habitation to the owls."

The castle is, indeed, a rare old place for study and for thought: easy will it be for imagination to re-people those broken walls—the busy throng of men-at-arms within and without, keeping perpetual watch and ward against a foe in whom cunning frequently supplied the place of strength, and depending upon discipline for that power which was in the stead of numbers. Mr. Coleman presents two views of it, the one near, the other distant.

Between the castle and the beach is a path leading along the cliff to one of those sainted wells that abound in Wales, and to which "superstition has attached" miraculous properties. It was dedi-

cated to St. Anthony, and the niche in which the figure of the saint was placed still remains over the well. We recommend artists who are bent on a summer tour in search of the picturesque to resort to this full volume, of which every page, so to speak, supplies subject for a

FERN CAVE.

picture: it will add much to their enjoyment to visit any of the fern caves that abound in the neighbourhood, and of which the artist has copied one, as an example of the many to be found in the district.

The ruins of old castles are, as we have made our readers aware, very numerous throughout the Principality; they are generally of prodigious extent, containing evidence that provision was always made within, not only for the immediate army, but for the retainers and followers of the Norman chieftains by whom they were erected—an arrangement rendered necessary by the perpetual warfare in which they were engaged with their restless, watchful, and brave enemies, the Welsh. The lands wrested

from the princes of Wales were generally the fruits of conquest; but in many cases they were the results of unequivocal robbery; and force was at all times needed to retain what fraud had acquired. Little mercy was, therefore, manifested on either side; there was seldom any safety for the invaders except within stone walls; and then only by being continually on the watch for the assaults of adversaries, who were ever ready to "pounce" upon them at any unguarded moment. Thus, from necessity, the castles of Wales are strong in position, and of such size as to furnish some grounds for the sarcastic remark of Johnson—that the courtyard of a castle in Wales is capable of containing all the castles in Scotland. But it is not on account of their great size that these structures are chiefly interesting. Crumbling into decay, they form pictures of surpassing grandeur, and are, for the traveller of to-day, visible representations of mediæval times, and of a phase of human existence never, we hope, to return. As he contemplates these ruins, he is reminded of a state of things long since past. Looking back in imagination, the visitor will recall that day when the baron was lord paramount over his domain; when war and rapine desolated the land; when might was right; and when to be poor was to be oppressed. He will, however, at the same time, remember with joy, that since these castles were in their strength new interests and new circumstances have arisen; developing new feelings and producing vast changes in the constitution of society; and he will see cause to be thankful that feudal privileges have given way to equal and universal law, and feudal subservience to civil equality; that religion has become more pure, and men's consciences are no longer fettered by the bonds of authority; that knowledge has been everywhere disseminated over the land; in a word, that the darkness which characterized the period when these fortresses were the home of "barons bold and ladies fair," has been succeeded by the light and happiness of the times in which we ourselves live.

The railway road from the peculiarly pretty village of Ferryside all the way to Carmarthen runs beside the Towy, which is here rather an arm of the sea than the river. Rich pasture-lands gradually slope to its banks, and high grounds, all cultivated, look down upon them. As we

near Carmarthen the town is seen to much advantage: it covers the side of a steep hill, church steeples rising from amid closely packed houses, the ivy-clad fragment of the castle conspicuous among them. Carmarthen is said to have "been named after the famous magician Merlin, Caer Merdin or Merlin's town," although other authorities consider the prophet to have "derived his name from the town." He was born there, but the time of his birth is not revealed either by history or tradition.*

FERRYSIDE.

Merlin, who flourished about the fifth century, is the great prophet of Wales. For centuries he powerfully influenced the minds of the people,

* Bale speaks of two Merlins, the one living in the time of King Arthur, the other in the time of Aurelius Ambrosius. "There were two of the name: the first, called Merddyn Wyllt, was born in Scotland; the other, Merddyn Emrys, was born at Carmarthen."—*Humphry Lhwyd.*

and he has, even yet, his disciples in many parts of the Principality. According to Spenser—

> "He was not the son
> Of mortal sire, or other living wight,"

but a "faderlesse ssrewe," "the Prince of British Seers," who was born in the town of Carmarthen, and flourished in the time of Vortigern. Although his history is a mass of fable, there is little doubt that such a person did actually exist, and that his prophecies revived for awhile the declining fortunes of the Britons during their struggles with the invading Saxons; and that his prophecies acted long afterwards in stimulating the valour of the princes and people of Wales in all their wars with the Anglo-Normans; being "immensely valuable" to the brave Owen Glendower in his heroic struggle with Henry IV., for the mastery of the Principality. "That such a man existed, we think certain; that he was possessed of extraordinary wisdom is admitted; and the full exercise of his talents was called forth on a glorious occasion to support the declining fortunes of his country. But he was compelled to assume the guise and character of one deeply versed in the powers of magic, to give due effect to his advice, the dictates of a sound judgment. The invincible attachment of the Welsh to the prophecies of Merlin, to this day, is astonishing; there are thousands, even now (1805), who are firmly persuaded that, sooner or later, his prophecies must be accomplished." So writes Donovan; and other historians agree in this view of the character of the great magician of Wales. Of him it is said and believed that however much fable may have augmented his renown, he must have been a man of marvellous acquirements for his age, a star in barbaric times, when magic was another name for knowledge.

Upon the north side of the Towy, about three miles out of the town, is Gallt Fyrdden, or Merlin's Hill—

> "Where the wise Merlin whylome wont (they say),
> To make his wonne, low underneath the ground,
> In a deepe delve, farre from the vew of day,
> That of no living wight he mote be found,
> Whenso he counseld with his sprights encompast round."

The rocky chair near the summit of the hill, from whence he is said to have delivered his prophecies, and the cave in which he is reported to have made his incantations, are supposed to have their existence only in the fictions of poetry and romance. At all events the tourist will seek in vain for any place that can answer the description of Spenser, when Britomart visits the cave under the conduct of her nurse, Glauce :—

> "That dreadful place;
> It is a hideous hollow cave (they say)
> Under a rock that lies a little space
> From the swift Barry, tombling downe apace,
> Emongst the woody hilles of Dynevawr."

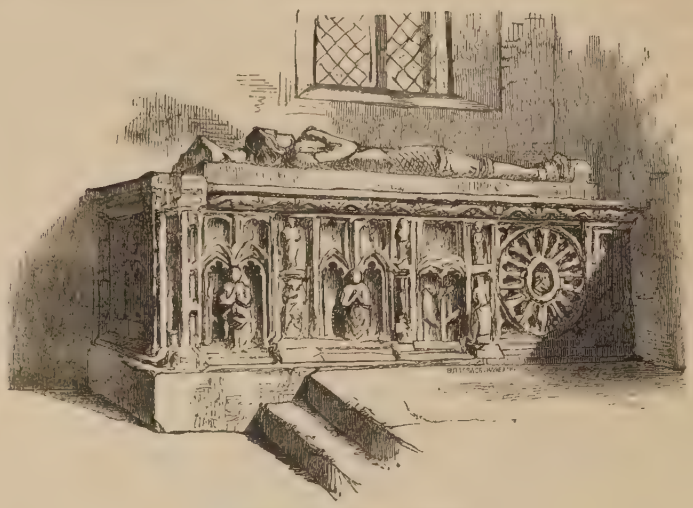
The poet warns against entering "that same banefull bowre," and tells us we may "heare gastly noyse of iron chaines, which thousand sprights, with long-enduring pains, doe tosse."

The death, or rather departure, of Merlin was as romantic as his birth. He sailed away in a ship of glass, and was never more heard of—except in his prophecies, which during centuries after were the watch-words of liberty and the stimulants to victory in many a descendant of the ancient Britons in the kingdoms and princedoms of Wales. The prophet took with him the "thirteen precious curiosities of Britain:" among them were the "Corn Braugaled," a horn which furnished any liquor desired; the "Maudry Eluned," a ring which rendered the wearer invisible; and the "Cadair," a chair which carried a person seated in it wherever he wished to go. There are other accounts, however—but these being recorded by the poets are not to be depended on—which assert that he fell in love with a beautiful lady who was a witch, and that she wiled him into a cave, which by some magic words she hermetically sealed up for ever, and so the magician-prophet perished. Of this legend Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, has made pleasing use in his "Idylls of the King."

Carmarthen is the Maridunum of the Romans ("Maridunum, that is now, by change of name, Ca'yr Marrddin call'd"). In later times it became the residence of the princes of South Wales; but when, on the division of Wales in 876 by Rhodri Mawr, into the three dominions of

North Wales, South Wales, and Powis, the seat of government of the princes of South Wales was removed to Dynevor, then a place of greater strength. At one time it was considered the capital of all Wales, a "distinction that was recognised after it was annexed to England as a Principality, the exchequer and mint being kept here." The castle, which was dismantled by order of parliament in 1648, is said to have been erected on the site of the Roman station. It endured all the "wild vicissitudes" incident to periods of continual war, but part of it is still in existence, having been incorporated with the county jail. In 1644 we find "the towne of Carmarthen was fortified with a mud wall;" but that did not prevent its being "gotten by the sword of Pembrokeshire men" in the same year. Five years afterwards a worse enemy than even the "Pembrokeshire men" was at its gates; for "in July, 1649, that bloody Oliver Cromwell was at Carmarthen, upon his way to Ireland, where he committed many bloody massacres in Tredagh and Wexford." The shells of two priories yet remain to indicate the former greatness of the place. Some broken walls still bear the name of the "Nuns' Walk," and in "Friars' Park" some relics of the old structure may yet be traced. There are two churches; that dedicated to St. Peter is a very interesting structure, less for "architectural pretensions" than for its monumental records, of which the edifice is full, the most remarkable of them being a tomb, on which recline the effigies of that Sir Rhys ap Thomas, of whom we have spoken in describing Dynevor. The brave knight is clad in plate armour, and at the feet of his lady, who lies beside him, is placed her emblem, the dove. Near the south door is a monument, erected so recently as 1843, to the memory of Dr. Robert Farrar, Bishop of St. David's, who, in the reign of Queen Mary, "was burnt in the markett place where the conduit is." The stone that was the pediment of the stake at which the martyred bishop died, now forms, we were told, the apex of the spire of Abergwilli Church. Carmarthen, however, has monuments to more recent worthies. At the western extremity of the town, a plain obelisk of grey limestone has been erected to the memory of the gallant Picton, in lieu of the more elaborate monument to that hero, which formerly occupied the site. In "Nott" Square, occupying

the spot where the old market cross used to stand, is a bronze statue of the military hero, after whom the square is named;* while a tall pillar records the names of officers and soldiers of the 23rd Regiment—the



THE TOMB OF RHYS AP THOMAS.

Welsh Fusiliers—who perished during the war in the Crimea, in 1854—55.

Although Carmarthen is an interesting town, clean, well built, and well ordered, auspiciously situated, and prosperous—its prosperity having been largely augmented by the South Western Railway—it is from the country adjacent that the visitor will derive special enjoyment. We have partially described that which borders the river down from Llan-

* Neither of these heroes was a native of Carmarthen, though both were connected with it, and had much esteem for the town. Picton was a native of Pembrokeshire, having been born at Poyston House, near Haverfordwest, in 1758. General Nott was born at Neath, in Glamorganshire, on the 20th January, 1782. His father shortly after removed to Carmarthen, where he kept the "Ivy Bush Inn." General Nott died at Carmarthen, after a four months' residence, on the 1st of January, 1846. There are three monuments to his memory—indeed four, for his portrait in the Town Hall may be considered as another.

deilo, but from the church tower, or from any of the heights, he will note a spot, to which he may make pilgrimage. It is the White House (in Welsh, Ty Gwyn), the residence of Sir Richard Steele, to which he retired in age, when weary of the turmoil of the Metropolis.* An Irishman by birth, an Englishman by long residence, it was in Wales he drew his latest breath. Just before his death he removed to Carmarthen; there he died, and there in St. Peter's Church was buried. But it is in Llangunnor Church, the parish in which is the White House, that a tablet has been erected to his memory. This monument of regard was raised by an eccentric Pembrokeshire squire. We give the inscription, which is one of the most singular we ever recollect reading:—"This Stone was erected at the Instance of William Williams, of Ivy Tower, owner of Penddaylwn Vawr, in Llangunnor, part of the Estate there once belonging to the deservedly celebrated Sir Richard Steele, Knight, chief Author of the Essays named Tatlers, Guardians, and Spectators. And he wrote the Christian Hero, the Englishman, and the Crisis; The Conscious Lover, and other Fine Plays. He represented several Places in Parliament. Was a Staunch and able Patriot. Finally an Incomparable Writer on Morality and Christianity. Hence the ensuing Lines in a Poem called 'The Head of the Rock.'

"'Behold Langunnor leering o'er the Vale
Pourtrays a Scene, to adorn Romantic Tale,
But more than all the Beauties of the Site
It's former owner gives the mind Delight,
Is there a Heart that can't affection feel
For Lands so Rich as once to boast a Steele;
Who Warm for freedom, and with Virtue Fraught,
His Country dearly lov'd and greatly taught,
Whose morals pure the purest Stile Conveys,
T' instruct his Britain to the last of Days?'"

To visit this church and country churchyard will be a pleasant morning's

* According to Donovan (Excursions through Wales, 1805), he had acquired a small estate, by marriage with a lady of the Scurlock family, his income, "though small, proving sufficient to support him in his infirmities," being enabled to "keep two men-servants to carry him about the town in his open chair;" he was buried at midnight, "no less than four-and-twenty attendants, each carrying a branch of lighted torches, forming part of the retinue in the funeral parade." Donovan adds that he was buried in the family vault of the Scurlocks, on the south side of the church, but his name is not inscribed upon the tomb.

work. Situated on the extremity of a ridge alongside the river, the church commands an extensive view of the pleasant vale of Towy, including Merlin's Hill; the not inelegant tower raised in the vale to the memory of Nelson; Grongar Hill; the abrupt eminence on which stands Dryslwyn Castle; and, down the vale, peeping out from amongst the woods, the ruined towers of the once stately pile of Dynevor.

At Carmarthen station, a mile or so from the town, we rejoin the railway.

The train passes along the bridge that crosses the river Towy, and, at a distance of a few miles, halts at St. Clears. This little town—situated at the confluence of the Gynin and Taff—is now of small importance; in times past, however, it possessed a priory and a castle of some note. During the period of that strange uprising, the Rebecca riots, St. Clears was one of the chief rendezvous of the "daughters of the gate." Here, at nights, mobs congregated, and hence proceeded to do execution upon any of the neighbouring "pikes" which had been marked for destruction. Suddenly and unexpectedly the children of Rebecca—some on foot, but the majority on horseback—demolished the gate, destroyed the dwelling of the affrighted keeper, and disappeared to enact the same scene elsewhere. As often as a gate was restored, so often did Rebecca appear before it. After a time not only toll-bars, but union workhouses, became obnoxious, and it was found necessary to place detachments of troops in them to protect them from violence. At length, to such an extravagant pitch did the conduct of the rioters reach, that they ventured to enter Carmarthen in broad day, with the avowed intention of destroying its "Union." From the accomplishment of this undertaking, however, they were fortunately prevented by the opportune arrival of a troop of dragoons, who at once dispersed the rioters and took some prisoners.

These extraordinary practices were continued, with slight intermission, during the years 1843—44, and were not confined to Carmarthenshire, where the insurrection originated, but were pursued also in the counties of Pembroke and Cardigan. Secrecy and dispatch characterized the movement. All rewards offered by the authorities for

information were offered in vain; none betrayed his accomplice. False alarms continually harassed the military: matters became serious. Houses of persons supposed to be unfriendly to the movement were destroyed; incendiarism was becoming more and more frequent, and even murder was threatened. A division of metropolitan police was sent to the aid of the military. At length many of the rioters were taken prisoners in the several counties, and, in Carmarthenshire, seventeen rioters, "including Shoni 'Scybor," were transported for life, and one, "Dai y Cantwr," for twenty years. The force of law in the end prevailed over "divine right of insurrection," and, at last, completely crushed it. Rebecca, after exhibiting a curious phase of Welsh character, ceased to exist. The subject is, however, remembered by the peasantry, and also by those who feel the severity of the tax on travellers, turnpikes being both numerous and costly in South Wales.

Three miles to the south of St. Clears, where the Taff becomes an estuary of the sea, is Laugharne, a small seaport, which, although containing no more than about 1,500 inhabitants, has a mayor and corporation of its own, and possesses a comparatively large and valuable amount of property to divide amongst its freemen. Laugharne has the reputation of being a cheap place, and consequently has been fixed on as a residence by many whose purpose is economy; but the principal attraction for tourists will be the old Norman castle and the parish church. "The ancient appellation of this town and castle" (we borrow from Dr. Beattie), "according to the native writers, appears to have been Llacharn. Its still more ancient name is Abercoran, or Cowan —the 'Castle on the banks of the Coran'—which, at a short distance below the castle, empties itself into the sea. Local tradition says that the parish church formerly stood upon a farm, in an island called Craseland, that is, Christ's land; but of the sacred edifice not a vestige remains to support the tradition—

"'Not an arch or nave or aisle,—
Not a relic marks the pile;
Shrine and monumental stone,
Floor and fretted vault are gone

The corporation consists of a portreeve, a recorder, an indefinite number of aldermen, two common attorneys, four constables, and seventy-six burgesses, who have shares in lands and commons which were given to the corporation by 'Sir Guido de Brian the younger, lord marcher of the said town and lordship of Laugharne,' in the reign of King John."

The church is surrounded by a churchyard, which we found a perfect

LAUGHARNE CASTLE.

model of beauty and repose. The graves were kept distinct and in good order, and were adorned with flowers; the paths, shaded with evergreens and yew-trees of great age, were in excellent condition; and the tombstones, regularly cleaned and painted once a year, tend to show the affection of the living for the memory of the dead. Altogether the church and churchyard of Laugharne are among the most pleasing spectacles we

have witnessed in the Principality, and are such as to tempt visitors to prolong their stay in the quaint and ancient village-town. In this neighbourhood, also, tourists will find many of those singular DRIPPING CAVES, which abound on the hill-sides, forming admirable subjects for the artist, and one of which Mr. Coleman has pictured.

DRIPPING CAVE.

Having again reached St. Clears we re-enter the railway-carriage, and in a few minutes pass Whitland station, to the right of which is seen Whitland Abbey, situated in a sequestered spot; surrounded by steep and wooded hills; a lonely but pleasant place, occupying the site of the ancient abbey founded by Paulinus, a pupil of St. Illtyd.

When the train draws up at the next station, that at Narberth Road, some of the carriages are in Carmarthenshire and some in the county of Pembroke—through which latter county the remaining portion of our journey lies.

Pembrokeshire, which Giraldus Cambrensis, himself a native, calls "the most pleasant country in all the world," forming the extreme west of South Wales, is the first object that offers itself as a resistance to the waves of the Atlantic, which, rolling in between Cape Clear and the Land's End, there precipitate themselves against the lofty cliffs, and become broken into two divisions, named respectively the Bristol and St. George's Channels. Its coast, more than a hundred miles in extent, is extremely irregular, and, especially towards the south, presents a bleak, wild, and gloomy appearance; and in foul weather is ever a terror to the approaching mariner. But nature, as a compensation for this inhospitable coast, has bestowed upon the county the magnificent estuary of Milford Haven, which intersects it, and justly forms its chiefest boast. The country possesses no very prominent features; no rivers of any great length, no lakes, no extensive plains; but its surface is generally undulating, and in the north swells up into the Precellau mountains—a slaty ridge ten miles long—which attain an elevation not far short of eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. From its exposure to the south-west winds, and consequent deficiency in trees, the character of its landscape scenery is for the most part barren, but almost always picturesque.

Pembrokeshire anciently formed part of the territory of the Demetæ, and received its present name from its position—being derived from two Welsh words (*pen, bro,*) which may be translated, as in England, by Land's End, or, as in France and Spain, by Finisterre. It is exceedingly rich in remains of antiquity. The mysterious cromlech, watching the course of ages, still occupies the station assigned it by its primeval builder; watch-towers and Danish encampments are frequent along the coasts, where they crown almost every other steep; whilst of mediæval times there are domestic, military, and ecclesiastical relics, noted for their number, magnificence, and extent.

Speaking generally, a line drawn through the centre, from east to west, would divide the county into two districts. To the north of this line we encounter a people speaking the Welsh language, and having the well-defined features of the Celtic race. On the south there is a sensible difference. The inhabitants use the English language alone, whilst their physiognomy, wholly distinct from their neighbours of the hill-country, proclaims them to be of a different race.

The county is, according to an old historian, "partly Dutch, partly English, partly Welsh," a colony of Flemings being there planted, of whom a circumstantial account is given by Selden, in a note on a passage of Drayton ("Polyolbion"), which describes the Flemings as emigrants, in consequence of inundations that "swamped" their land. It was during the reign of Henry I. They were "kindly received" by the king, "in respect of the alliance which he had with their earl, Baldwin, Earl of Flanders," and settled chiefly in Northumberland; where, however, they were found so unruly that "King Henry was under the necessity of driving them into Wales." Other historians assert that it was by persuasion, and not compulsion, they became "settlers" among the Welsh; the Anglo-Normans finding them brave and valuable allies, while their habits of thrift and industry made them useful examples, as well as auxiliaries, to the conquerors. The second Henry gave them direct encouragement, and considerably augmented their numbers, recommending them to his knights as ready and powerful partizans, the more to be trusted because so thoroughly isolated in the midst of merciless enemies, against whom they were perpetually compelled to keep watch and ward. Of their domestic architecture—strong houses, easily and readily fortified against bands of marauders—there exist picturesque remains in many parts of the country, the massive chimneys being those that have best withstood the assaults of time. It is by no means certain, however, that these ruins are what tradition affirms them to be—remains of *Flemish* architecture. Some architects and archæologists have recently promulgated opinions that they are of a date much later; that no structures resembling them exist in Flanders; and that they were probably erected by the Welsh, who borrowed their character from

Brittany. Giraldus, speaking of these Flemings in his time, says they were a stout and resolute nation, "and very troublesome to the Welsh by their frequent skirmishes; a people skilled in the business of clothing and merchandize, and ever ready to increase their stock at any pains or hazard, by sea and by land—a most puissant nation, and equally prepared,

NARBERTH CASTLE.

as time and place shall require, either for the sword or for the plough. And, to add one thing more, a nation most devoted to the King of England, and faithful to the English."

Pembrokeshire has produced many celebrated characters. Amongst these may be mentioned St. David and St. Teilo; Giraldus Cambrensis; Henry VII.; General Laugharne, who in the last attempt made during

the civil wars to support the rights of Charles was entrusted with the command of the royalist troops; Robert Record, the inventor of the sign of equality—the first writer in English on geometry, astronomy, and arithmetic—the person who first introduced the knowledge of algebra into England—and the first who adopted the Copernican system; the Lady Nesta, who for her beauty and fate has been named the "Helen of Wales;" Mistress Lucy Walters, mother of the "unfortunate" Duke of Monmouth; and last, but not least, the gallant Picton, who was a native of the county and at one time one of its representatives in Parliament.

Such is the county and such are the people by whom we are surrounded when we leave the train at NARBERTH ROAD.

Our purpose in alighting here is to accompany the tourist to fair and fashionable TENBY; one of the prettiest, pleasantest, quietest, and in all respects the most attractive of the sea-bathing towns that adorn the coasts of England and Wales. The distance is fourteen miles, and coaches are ready to take passengers from almost every train. At Narberth, which is more than three miles from the station, we halt to examine the fragment of its old castle, which, although of no great extent, is well worthy a visit. From the commanding site it occupies, and its hoary aspect, this ruin has a picturesque and imposing effect when viewed from the base of the hill on which it stands. In those stirring times, when the Anglo-Normans contended daily with the former masters of the soil, it was of much importance—strong, and situated so as best to defend "one of the most frequented passes in the country." Henry VIII. granted the castle to Sir Rhys ap Thomas, "in recompense for his good services in the wars." In the civil wars, siding with the king, it was sadly injured by the troops of the parliament; but afterwards, in 1657, it was the residence of a Captain Castell, an adherent it would seem of the usurpation of Cromwell; for in the archives of the corporation of Tenby we have seen a document which notices an order by his Majesty (Charles II.) respecting a petition of the inhabitants of Tenby, which complained that Captain Castell had, "during the times of usurpation," presumed to set up a market at a "village" called Narberth, which market the petitioners prayed may be ordered to be discontinued, or its

continuance would lead to the ruin and impoverishment of the king's town of Tenby.

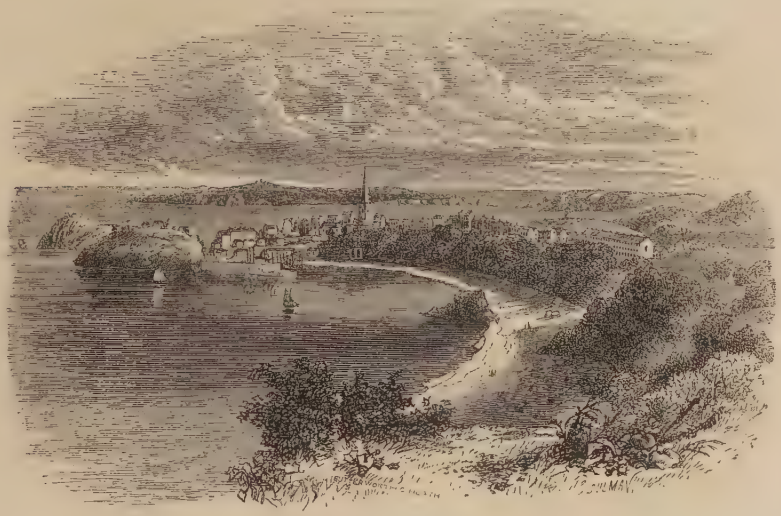
Before leaving Narberth, we made an excursion to LLAWHADEN, another castle, three miles off, now a ruin, but at one time a magnificent pile, and the residence of the Bishops of St. David's, to whom it belongs: and hence it is the occupant of that See derives his right to a seat in the

LLAWHADEN CASTLE.

House of Lords, being Baron Llawhaden, in the peerage of the United Kingdom. "At St. David's," it has been said, "the prelate appeared as bishop; at Lamphey as a respectable country gentleman with an ecclesiastical turn; but at Llawhaden as baron." The fine old ruin was rebuilt at one time by Houghton, a Pembrokeshire man, who was bishop of St. David's from 1361 to 1389. Situated upon an elevation on the

left bank of the Eastern Cleddau, it appears to best advantage from the hills on the opposite bank, whence the view is one of the most beautiful of its kind we have anywhere seen; the artist has, however, given a nearer view, picturing it so as to represent the gateway, which is the most remarkable and characteristic feature of its existing remains.

The road from Narberth to Tenby is not one of the most agreeable. We pass the ancient and picturesque village of Templeton, founded long ago by those Knights Templars whose residence was at Slebech on the



TENBY, FROM THE NORTH.

banks of the Eastern Cleddau; cross the "King's Moor" at Begelly; and as we approach Tenby, obtain more than one delightful peep at the sea, to which every step is bringing us nearer.

Not till we are close upon it, however, do we view the town—finely situated—occupying a steep which the tide "peninsulateth," with the Castle Hill as its huge sentinel—St. Catherine's, an island at high water, its advanced guard—and the tall tower of St. Mary its

beacon and protector. On one side all appears bare—the artist has so shown it—while, on the other, trees grow in luxuriant beauty, under the shadows of cliffs, and sheltered by near hills, where those who are delicate have pleasant promenades, leaving the side opposite to the more hardy and robust. The artist has pictured the town from both points: into the sketch from the north he has introduced the pier, where

TENBY, FROM THE SOUTH.

small vessels are protected from all winds, on which formerly stood the chapel of St. Julian, where mariners offered up prayers, and left their dole for the priests, whose duty it was to make perpetual intercession for the seamen and fishermen of Tenby who were labouring on the perilous ocean.

In truth, Tenby is "beautiful" from whichever side approached, and

very agreeable when entered. It contains several hotels, a circulating library, a reading room, and lodging houses in plenty—the major part of them, of course, facing the sea; the markets are well supplied; carriages are numerous, and not dear; boats are at all times ready; the warm baths are good, and the bathing machines in abundance; while the sands, the *great* attraction of this charming sea-town, are very extensive—becoming so hard, almost instantly after the tide is out, that the thinnest shoe may be worn by walkers who tread them—and, on one side or other of the town, there is, at all times, shelter from winds to be avoided.

It is clear, therefore, that, as a "watering place," Tenby has advantages second to those of no seaport in the kingdom: to our minds, it is a recommendation, and not a drawback, that a railway does not run right into the houses, although sufficiently near to give help without encumbrance.

We shall show presently how many attractions it has to induce walks and drives—temptations to exercise, the source of health. Before we do so, however,—before we even take our ramble round the town,—let us visit the old church, and the venerable walls, the castle, towers, and battlements, on which the curious eye has been fixed, from the moment sight is obtained of Tenby.

Tenby Church is dedicated to St. Mary; it is situated in the centre of the town, and is the largest in Pembrokeshire. It consists of a nave and chancel, with side aisles, and has a square battlemented tower, surmounted by a spire of Bath stone, rising from the south aisle of the chancel to a height of one hundred and fifty-two feet—a notable landmark for mariners. Looking down the High Street upon the three gables forming the west front, the exterior has no peculiar feature, excepting two fine perpendicular windows—the only two alike throughout the structure. Entering the interior through the low arch that forms the western entrance, and passing under the middle gallery, the fine flight of altar steps at the opposite end has a grand effect, and the great size of the building is at once perceptible. The extreme length is one hundred and forty-five feet, and the breadth proportionably large; but this extensive area is broken, and the flatness relieved, by two rows of

pillars and arches that separate the aisles from the centre, and serve to support the lofty, overhanging roofs, of great width, from which hang

TENBY CHURCH.

the not inelegant chandeliers. The greater portion of the floor is encumbered with close fixed pews, that rise in galleries against the walls of both aisles; but the chancel, which has had its magnificent roof

recently repaired, and a fine monumental window inserted in the east wall, is furnished with appropriate open seats. The north aisle presents a goodly store of monumental antiquities. Not far from each other, under richly ornamented niches in the wall, are two very ancient tombs—the greater part of both hidden by the pews. On one is the effigy of a naked, emaciated monk, with a winding-sheet thrown partly over it. The other contains a female figure, robed in well-executed drapery. Both these we have engraved. A little way further up is an extensive and ambitious monument, bespattered with paint and gilt: it was erected by Thomas Rees, of Scotsborough, "armiger," to the memory of his wife, who died in 1610. The husband, bare-headed, in plate-armour, stately-ruffled, and trunk-hosed, is on bended

EFFIGY OF A MONK, TENBY CHURCH.

EFFIGY OF A FEMALE, TENBY CHURCH.

knees before a *prie-dieu;* the wife, in all her frilled finery, is extended

on her side at his feet; whilst the boys and girls of the deceased are represented on the base, with features in which the sculptor has evidently laboured to flatter the living parent. Against the east wall is the kneeling figure of William Risam, dressed in his red aldermanic gown—a good specimen of a well-to-do tradesman in 1630. Near the head of the worthy alderman is a break in the wall, *said* to have been caused by

TENBY CHURCH: INTERIOR.

Cromwell, who fired at the figure, supposing it to be a living being! Here, too, is the tomb of Walter Vaughan, the last of the family of the Vaughans of Dunraven, who, having exhausted his means by high living and excessive hospitality, and found by experience the instability of friendship which depended upon the possession of worldly wealth, suffered

his noble mansion to fall into decay, took possession of a ruined turret that overhung the wild cliffs, and occupied himself in exhibiting lights along the shore for the purpose of bewildering mariners, and enticing them to certain destruction, so that, as lord of the manor, he might become possessed of the property. But he suffered a just and terrible punishment, as we stated when visiting his seat at Dunraven. After this he resigned his manor and castle, which thus passed into other hands. He is buried here, and, according to his epitaph, here "awaits a glorious resurrection!" The tomb which Fenton supposes to be the tomb of Tully, Bishop of St. David's, who, it is well known, was buried at Tenby, is on the north of the altar steps. The finest of all the monuments, however, is that erected to the memory of a portion of the White family. It fills the arch at the left hand side of the altar steps; the base, of alabaster, divided into compartments and filled with *bassi relievi*, supports two male figures, dressed in a style characteristic of the time. The Whites were extensive merchants of Tenby for several generations. It was one of this family, John Griffith White, who aided in the escape of the Earl of Richmond after the battle of Tewkesbury. He concealed him for a time in his house at Tenby, provided a ship for his accommodation, and took him off to Bretagne. After the accession of Henry VII. to the throne, he rewarded his strenuous adherent and great benefactor with a lease of all the crown lands about Tenby,—"a good recompense," to use the words of George Owen, the old historian of Pembrokeshire, "done to one man for a good deede done to the whole realme." After this the Whites ranked for a long time with the first gentry of the county.* A branch of the family, we are told, continued on the banks of Milford Haven, as ship-owners and merchants, up to the present century, when, in 1813, Captain Henry White was accidentally drowned by the upsetting of a boat, near the spot on which

* The Whites, amongst other things, were wine merchants, and it is a singular circumstance that a descendant, Mr. George White, grandson of Captain Henry White, at the present day follows the same occupation, lives nearly on the same spot, and occupies the cellars at Tenby used by the Whites when the wars of the Roses were at their height.

his ancestor, upwards of three centuries before, had landed the Earl of Richmond.

This is the only church in Tenby—if we except the Cemetery Chapel, which has recently been erected in the outskirts of the town. In summer

CEMETERY CHAPEL, TENBY.

time it is always full; seats, however, are reserved for strangers, who are consequently expected, or rather required, to contribute to the cost of repairs.

A morning at Tenby may be pleasantly and profitably spent in

examining the old walls, the tower on the Castle Hill, the remains of the castle, and the towers and gateways that yet defy the inroads of time. If left to themselves by the "authorities," that is perhaps their good, rather than their ill, fortune; for if little has been done to protect them from decay, nothing has at all events been attempted with a view to their

TOWER, TENBY CASTLE.

"restoration." There are few walled towns in the kingdom so easily examined, or so fruitful of reward.

Tenby is a very old place. So far back as 1150 it was strongly fortified, its inhabitants being fierce and warlike; it was twice taken by the Welsh before the close of the twelfth century, and twice "reduced

to ashes." Its castle was then a large and strong building—it is now a shapeless ruin; but some of the walls are undoubtedly seven hundred years old. During the reign of Henry VIII., according to Leland, "the towne was strongli waulled and well gated, every gate having his port collis *ex solido ferro*." To trace these walls, some of which are still perfect, and to enter these towers, two or three of which continue in very

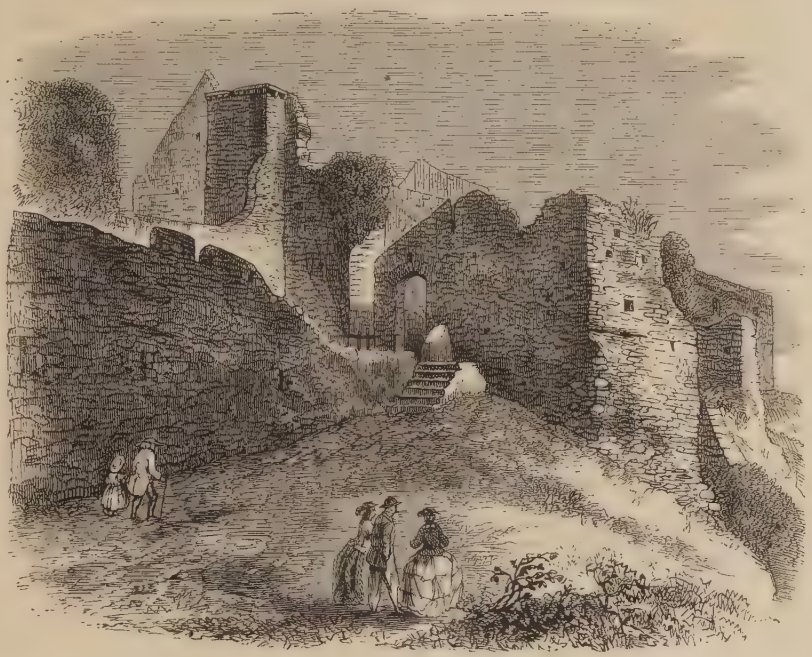
NICHE IN THE TOWN WALL.

tolerable preservation, is therefore an enjoyment not often to be obtained in England.

Tenby,* as we have intimated, was for a long period one of the

* The Welsh name of Tenby—"*Dynbych y-Pyscoed*, the place of fishes"—leads us to believe it was a fishing town at a very early period; and it is still famous for fish—oysters in particular, which, however, are used chiefly for pickling: "being eaten rawe, they seeme too strong a meate for weake stomackes, and must be parted in two, three, or foure peeces." Tenby is supposed, by good authorities, "to be a name which, under the appearance of Danish, is really Welsh: the southern form of that which in the north is called Denbigh, *i.e.*, little hill, or little fort."

strongest and most important fortresses of South Wales.* On the two sides that face the sea, the fortifications needed to be of no great strength:



REMAINS OF GATEWAY, TENBY CASTLE.

nature was its protector; the huge cliffs and the wild sea were its best guardians. All that now remain are a small circular turret, and the

* As a proof of the estimation in which Tenby was held, in the "Mirrour for Magistrates," Owen Glendowr, who is reciting his misfortunes, says—

"Twelve thousand more in Milford did arrive,
And came to me, then lying at *Denbigh*,
With armed Welshmen, thousands double fyve,
With whome," &c.

Cromwell (1648), in a letter to the House, gives his opinion that the castle and town of Tenby "are equal to any in England."

Henry VI. is said to have built or rebuilt the walls, in the thirty-sixth year of his reign, "but," says

watch-tower; part of the gateway, and a few fragments of the outer walls that surrounded the Castle Hill: the gateway and fragments are pictured in our engraving. The Castle Hill is an immense limestone bastion, that projects into the sea (dividing the North from the South Sands) at the point where the sides meet. The other two sides were defended by

TOWER, SOUTH PARADE.

thick, lofty walls, that ran at right angles with each other, and terminated both ways on the edge of the precipitous cliff. These are still in tolerable preservation, and beside them, for a considerable portion of

Fenton, "it was left for Queen Elizabeth, who was a great benefactress to the town in general, and whose initials are still extant over part of the town walls, to contribute that strength and perfection to them which the present remains are a striking proof of."

their course, a pleasant walk, shaded with trees, occupies the site of the ancient moat. The best view of these old walls is from the north-west corner, from whence it will be seen they are of very unequal length. One ceases at the distance of a hundred yards, leaving a space of about fifty, between its termination and the cliff, as an entrance to the town, where the fine North Gate used to stand; the other runs in a straight line to the south, and is strengthened by frequent towers of various sizes

TOWER, SOUTH-WEST GATEWAY.

and shapes. This at the angle is round, and "batters" for about four feet from the base. A flagstaff rises from the tower, and over the broken battlements hangs a rich mantle of ivy, clasping the corbels in its creeping course down the sides. A little way on is seen another almost similar; and, farther still, the walk terminates, and the view is bounded by the south-west gateway—a huge semicircular bastion, seamed with vegetation and entered by a circular arch, which contained the port-

cullis. The battlements and lancet-holes have been walled up, and the sharp-pointed arches that supported the lower part of the wall and the walk above, have been broken through.* The space between this and the next tower is known as the "South Pool," and is occupied by yards and sheds. For about eighty yards the wall here appears to be of more recent date than the rest, and a stone inserted therein tells us it was erected when the Armada threatened our shores, when—

> "From Eddystone to Berwick's bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
> The time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day."

Hence, the wall runs through a green meadow, that gaily contrasts with the old grey limestone, and terminates in a little square turret—much resembling the church towers of the district—that overhangs the sea, and seems to grow out of the solid rock from which it springs.

The fortifications were defended through two rows of lancet-holes: the lower can be reached from the ground; to command the other a succession of pointed arches supported the archers' path leading round the battlements, from sea to sea.

In one of the houses perched on this cliff, and here pictured, we resided during our pleasant stay at Tenby; the group is not inappropriately called "Belmont;" and so near, as to be almost part of the dwelling, is the OLD SQUARE TOWER—one of the seaward defences of the town. Hence there is a wide-spread and very beautiful view: immediately underneath, at the foot of that huge rock, the firm sands extend to St. Catherine's Isle, seen to great advantage from this point, in combination with the Castle Hill. Immediately fronting us is Caldy Island, joined at morning, perhaps, with St. Margaret's, to be, at evening, separated by a sea, in depth "full fathom five;" looking landward, a round tower, of very doubtful age, but which, we believe, is by no means "venerable," first meets the eye; while beyond are the Burrows, pretty

* About twenty yards from the gateway, between the embrasures, is a pretty little niche, which probably held an image of St. Margaret, or some other patron saint of Tenby; this niche we have pictured, *ante*, p. 410.

Penally, the trees encircling Gumfreston, the steep on which is Hoyle's

TOWER ON THE SOUTH CLIFF.

Mouth, and other objects that promise interest, where genial breezes

blow, and wild flowers grow, in rich luxuriance, by green hedges, and in fallow fields. These we shall describe presently. From the higher rooms of the house, or from the summit of the tower, a fine view is obtained of Giltar Point, and, further off, "Proud Giltar," one of the most picturesque of all the sea cliffs of the district; while in the extreme distance is seen the land that encircles Carmarthen Bay, and, on clear days, Lundy Island, and the coast of Devonshire. It is difficult, indeed, to find anywhere a prospect at once so extensive, and so beautiful, as that we obtain from this house—outside of which there are no buildings, for it stands beside the old town wall, the boundary of the present town.

From this tower, gentle reader, we have watched (as you may, and we hope, will), at all hours of the day, the thousand things that make a sea-side dwelling a supreme delight; often, too, during portions of a summer night, when every wave sparkled with those phosphoric lights for which the coast is famous. The sands were alive always. When the tide was full in, the contrast between the foam, and the cliffs up which it dashed, was a glorious study for the artist; and, when the tide turned, it seemed as if its halt was stayed by the horizon. Beneath, upon the hard sands, were troops of laughing children, tripping ladies—(many in search of the different *actinæ* that fringe the picturesque caverns of St. Catherine, and which that gentle-hearted and patient naturalist, Mr. Gosse, has so faithfully depicted in his beautiful book of "Tenby")—and gentlemen with telescopes, or opera-glasses, phaetons, and horses, "promenading" The sands are alive with company; the bathing-machines, like overgrown bandboxes, are drawn up on the shingle, while the "washed-out" bathing women sit in the sun, beneath the shadows of the ruins that crown the Castle Hill. Presently a steamer comes in sight, and all the glasses are directed to her; the gentlemen, and some of the ladies, rush off, some round the Castle Hill, others through the town, to see the strangers disembark at the pier, by the baths—that is, the sheltered and *west* end of the quaint little town.

We do not suppose the Tenby boys are more tormenting than other boys, except that in inland towns the *gamins* are limited in mischief; at the sea-side they command another element, and keep you in a state of

nervous fever lest they should be drowned, which you consider would be a blessing, although you warn them to "take care," for which they reward you with elfin laughs. We cannot say when Tenby boys eat, drink, sleep, or go to school: when the tide was in, they hung over from the rocks like barnacles, screaming and shouting to each other; when it was out, they were in the water from daybreak until after moonrise—now on the crest of a wave sticking to an old hen-coop, or chair, or broom-

ST. CATHERINE'S ROCK.

stick, or anything; then buried under the sand, from which they scrambled covered with shreds of sea-weed. But they were all angels of peace in comparison with one particular little water-fiend—a Jimmy Cadwallader, as lithe as a willow-wand, with long spindle shanks, and arms much longer than they ought to have been; his head, in the water, was like a huge *Anthea cereus*, and on shore, the hair hung in strips over his eyes. He always passed under our tower (when it was low water), leading by the

hand a venerable-looking blind man, who sat during a portion of the day on a stone near one of the neighbouring caverns, where Jimmy left him, to enjoy a scramble among the precipitous rocks, a hunt into the sea-pools for *Actiniæ*, or a wild dash among the waves, making his grandfather believe he was going to "school," or "in a message for muther." We must admit, however, that Jimmy was in general faithful to his trust, and always "fetcht" his grandfather before the tide came too near his seat.

Jimmy's grandfather had, in his early days, been a smuggler of renown, and the firm expression of his mouth, his knotted brows, his large and well-formed head, gave evidence, even at his advanced age, that he must have been a man of courage and determination. Some said, that at times his intellect was clouded, or wandering. We met him occasionally on the sands, walking rapidly with his little guide, his head elevated, his "sou'wester" hat thrown back in a manner peculiar to the blind. He once said to us, "I should die in a week, d'ye see, if I couldn't scent the sea-breeze, and I wunder often how any one can live without it. I can tell the turn of the tide, when it's ever so far out, by the sound; and Jimmy knaws that when it's in, I'm always on the cliffs when I can't be on the sands. I can tell what rocks it dashes against by the sound—there's great language in sounds; though it's not every one can understand them. I likes best to sit near the cave, when my little boy goes to help his muther" (oh!) "or to school," (oh, oh!) "and just hear the ripple of the waves—it is so sweet; it tells me so much of past times, and of them that lies, some in the churchyard, others under the sea. Once, along this coast, they us'n't to launch boat or beam without coming to me to tell the signs of the weather; but since they took to steaming—setting, I med say, hot water agin cold—they don't mind the Almighty's laws a bit, but run against wind and tide, and don't care the snap of a rope for old Joe Jones's word." After a pause, he added, "But the place is dead, sir—regular dead; no life in the place; I med sit here from first to last bells, and never hear a gun fired—nothing louder than a boy's shout, or a girl's scream or one sea-bird screamin' to another. The Stack Rocks is the place for the birds: if you've a mind to go there, Jim would get you any amount of eggs,—wouldn't you, Jim?" Jim was

turning somersaults on the wet sand, varied by a bound after a large black water-spaniel, named "Bem," who owned no master but Neptune; for he spent half his life in bringing sticks out of the water, cast in by friends or strangers, and scratching up and barking at huge stones that were too large to carry.

One particular evening, Jimmy and his grandfather came to the sands in a very high wind; the tide was driven rapidly in, as the wind was *on* shore. It was a grey, cold evening, and every moment increased the roughness of the sea, for suddenly the wind chopped round, and inclined to try its strength against the very power it had assisted so short a time previously. Old Joe understood it in a moment, his colour mounted, as he fixed his back against a rock, and grasped his staff more firmly in his hands. "Waves and wind are at it now," he said, talking rapidly, half to himself, half to his wayward guide. "When I was a little lad, about your size, Jimmy, we used to call 'em French and English —the waves English, the bragging wind French; for, d'ye mind me now, however high and blustering the wind, lad, and however hard it tries to keep the tide out, the waves gits the best on't; they'r' bothered a bit, and may be don't keep time as well—they may not swell round St. Catherine's as fast as if the wind was at their back; but what do it signify?—they conquers, lad—they *conquers?* and their broad crests and curled heads laugh at the wind; they raises their great backs, and comes stidily on, with a roll and a roar, like an English line-of-battle ship, and then hurrah in their deep music round their own island: and where do the wind go to then? who knaws—who knaws? Can yah see the Worm's Head now? No, we're too law for it, and the breakers too high. Are the gulls in-shore? Bless the Lord for your eye-sight, Jimmy—what would I not give to *see* the sweep of the wave I hear!" Several persons passed old Joe and Jimmy, and warned them they had better go home—it was wild weather for a blind man and a little boy; but the grandfather and grandson were alike excited by the storm; and while one gentleman, who knew them well, was remonstrating earnestly against their remaining, the old man's hat blew off. Here was a chase after Jimmy's own heart. Knowing how the wind lay, the old man had no

idea of its drifting to sea; nor did it, at first, but was whirled towards the cliffs: there was a sort of bay running in between two ledges of rocks that joined the cliffs, and over one ledge went the hat, followed by the delighted Jimmy. The gentleman called to the boy to take care; and his grandfather laughed, while the wind tossed his long white hair, at the notion of Jimmy "taking care" of anything. The gentleman did not laugh, but sprang to the nearest ledge, for he saw a huge wave coming, and knew that a portion of it would run up between—not, he hoped, sufficient to suck the little lad away into the surge, but sufficient to make him very anxious. Just as he scrambled up, so as to overlook the hollow, he saw the brave little fellow, with his grandfather's hat between his teeth, struggling manfully, while the remorseless wave swept shingle, and sea-weed, and boy away, away, away: he could see him tossed in the white foam, just as a shuttlecock is tossed in the wind. He looked back, and saw the old man still laughing at the idea of Jimmy's "taking care." With the true courage of kindness and sympathy, the gentleman rushed amid the foam. The next wave would, he knew, toss the child back; but if against a rock, there would be little chance of safe limb or life for Jimmy. On it came, that monster wave, and the little head, with occasionally a long arm or leg perceptible above the water: the brave man himself was hurled down, overwhelmed for a moment, but he grasped the mannikin, just as he was lifted with a certainty of being dashed on the spiked rocks, that bristled through the surge. All this struggle of life with death was the work of little more than a minute. Jimmy never let go the hat—though stupified and stunned, he held it fast between his teeth. At last, after giving himself a good shake, he said,—

"Well, that was the rarest *go* I ever had—I think gran'father 'll whop me for lettin' his hat get wet; but *you* knaw I couldn't help it—could I? you're wet too, and *you* couldn't help it, neither." Then, seemingly from a sudden impulse he could not control, the little imp clutched the gentleman's hand, and looking up at his face, burst into a roaring fit of tears!

We spent the best months of a delicious summer in the pleasant

house—Belmont—that stands on the brink of this ocean-rock, and forms almost a part of the venerable tower that once protected the old town. The view hence is always fine, sometimes magnificent. Caldy, and its caverned sister, St. Margaret, opposite our windows; "proud Giltar," that noble headland, standing out far on the right, washed by the pure sparkling waves of the Atlantic, as they rolled into the bay. On the left, set like a jewel in the waters—surmounted by the ruins of a religious house—arose with firmness and dignity the rocky island of St. Catherine, showing patches of verdure, and blushing here and there over the deep and caverned fissures, with the abundant blossoms of the sea-pink; while a little beyond, was the Castle Hill, with its ruin—forming a commanding boundary between the south and north sands. Beyond that, stretched out the noble bay of Carmarthen; and beyond that again, there were dim outlines of mountains, as if they were the exhalations of brilliant waters. Often, as we stood in the window of that house, the only object that reminded us of man's "handywork" was the remains of the old tower, crowning the projecting rock; it had evidently been the turning-point where the old city wall was continued as a sea-wall. It was to us a new delight to step out between those aged battlements, starred by innumerable wild flowers and mosses, and enwreathed by small-leaved ivies, where the botanist would find sufficient interest and occupation for hours, upon a few yards of this enriched masonry. It was like standing on the threshold of a new world, to enter that old tower from the battlement-walk, and seated safely on the top, to enjoy the sea and the landscape. Climbing up and down the dark rocks, are the ruins of the grey sea-wall, now altogether lost amid the rubble, and now emerging from behind a natural pinnacle, as if resolved to do brave battle with time. Nothing can be more picturesque than the inequalities of these "remains"—here a bastion; there, further on, another mural tower; then up and down, a long broken line of ruin. We discovered from our "look-out," that our house rested against a very perfect portion of the wall—perfect to the second story. One of the towers had absolutely been beguiled into it, so that the drawing-room boasts of a nondescript sort of oriel recess, whose cell-like window, imbedded in the substantial masonry of old

times, commands a half land-view of the "burrows," and the lovely village of Penally, sheltered amid trees and flowers.

All this beauty is set to the music of the waves, now sonorous as an organ, now dying away on the sands in whisperings, soft as the breeze amid the corn. We never attempted to resist the fascination of watching the receding tide, giving as it did every moment fresh interest to the scene—exposing the base of some gigantic cavern—retreating from ledges of rock over which the waters danced in the sunbeams half-an-hour before as calmly as they did above the silver sands—exposing the rocky bridge upon which, at low water, you can pass from St. Margaret's to Caldy Isle, and enabling you to cross the sands, which are as firm and hard as marble—too firm and pure to emit an exhalation—to St. Catherine's Rock, and explore its caves. The north sands are preferred by many to the south ; and they are, as a pretty descendant of the ancient Flemings assured us, "more lively" than the south, "which are cold and grander, like ; but it's so pretty to see the boats round the pier, and the bathing-machines, and the trees down to the water's edge, and the flower-gardens, all just under the principal street, and the shops so beautiful, and the elderly gentlemen so quiet in the reading-room."

It was in this comparative solitude—for none but the inmates of the dwelling can obtain entrance to the tower—that we made acquaintance with an interesting set of neighbours, whom it was most agreeable and most amusing to watch during their labours, at morn and at eve : these neighbours were neither more nor less than a nest of sparrows. The little creatures had seized upon a fissure in the old grey tower, and converted it into a home ; it directly faced our drawing-room window, was protected by the parapet, and was far above the reach of the amphibious Tenby boys, who prowl continually after fishes of the sea, and birds of the air. We had to be the protectors of these birds, notwithstanding : we can tell our readers how and why, if they have patience, and will listen to another "illustrative anecdote" of the urchin we have just been describing.

Our feathered friends of the old tower had reared their brood, at least, in so far as to justify certain embryo attempts at flight. The young

birds had grown bold; first peeping from the nest, then bobbing their heads forth, then thrusting up their shoulders, bristling with stiff stubby little feathers, to which the down still adhered.

One morning we had been watching them as usual, when the servant of the house opened the door and entered:

"I begs pardon; thought you was out."

"What did you want?"

"I wants a nothin'; olly Jimmy Cadwallader wants to have a try at taking a *nestis*, that he says is in the awl' tou'r; and he could get en, he says, out of tha winda'; hang over the towr, he says, and take en easy."

Jimmy Cadwallader was close behind, and we recognised him as the urchin who had been washed out to sea, and had caused us more alarm than all the Tenby boys put together. Of course, we read him a lecture on the iniquity of bird-nesting, and endeavoured to touch his feelings by asking him how he would like to be torn from his parents. He answered, with a grin of delight—

"I'd be precious glad—they flaps me so, and keeps me to schooling."

His broad sunburnt forehead overshadowed his little sparkling eyes; his head was surrounded by tufts of what looked like scorched grass; his nose was nothing, but his broad mouth turned up at the corners, so as to give his face the expression of a juvenile Momus. We told him he was a very bad boy.

He answered, with his dirty finger in his mouth, that "everybody said he was."

We told him it was very likely that some day he would fall, and perhaps break his neck and die; and what did he expect if he died in such wickedness?

The corners of his mouth ran up under his eyes, and he answered, "Double lessons."

We could not get on at all with our visitor, so we said at last that he should not go near the tower; and if he made any attempt to take those young birds, we would have him punished.

He answered that "he'd seen us watching 'em many times; that he knew we wanted 'em ourselves, but we could never take 'em ourselves; but

he'd giv us the fawr for 'tuppence,' or 'too' for 'nothin',' if we'd let him have 'em." There was something so Puck-like and comic in the little fellow's impertinence, that we forgot to be angry, but still lectured and reasoned with him; however, he did not heed a word we said, but looked round the room, his eyes returning to the prohibited window. When we had said all we could think of, he observed: "Gau! nobody would think so much of a cupple of sparras!"—and with an expression of supreme contempt on his absurd little round-about face, he stumbled out of the room. In less than ten minutes he was breast-high amid the wavelets that were frolicking on the sands, advancing one after the other, stealing on surely, but imperceptibly, so that in another hour we saw him scrambling up the rocks, while the wavelets swollen into waves, dashed and foamed at their base.

Tourists will find no sea-coast more interesting than that at Tenby, or adjacent to it. The lofty peninsula on which the town is built is itself worthy of attention—much in shape like a note of interrogation, the concave side, towards the north, incloses within its cliffs the small bay and harbour. In this direction it is we meet with the coal measures, which abound in fossil ferns, *equiseta*, and the so-called beetle-stones, which are polished and carried away by visitors as mementos of their visit. Here the cliffs crumble down to the sea, covered with vegetation almost to the water's edge. On the southern and opposite side again, the rocks are composed of the mountain limestone, and are bare and precipitous; in some places the strata is smooth as a wall, in others contorted. On this side there are several caverns of various shapes and sizes; one not far from the town, and known as Merlin's Cave, is much admired. We visited it just after the retreating tide had smoothed the fine sand that forms the flooring, and felt it to be a cool and agreeable retreat from the heat outside. What connection it has with the bard and prophet whose name it bears is to us unknown, but the place, from its solitariness and seclusion—from the interior nothing to be seen but the sea and Caldy bounding the horizon—would certainly offer a satisfactory refuge from the pains and fears of worldly-mindedness. It is of large size, and is seen to best advantage at noon-day. The top, thickly patched

with the *Asplenium marinum*, is composed of immense masses of stone, which seem so insecure as to make us wonder they do not fall every moment; and the sharp and angular sides present the appearance of polished red and green marble, shot with veins of white, caused by the constant dripping of water from above.

Certainly Tenby is quaint: of course it believes in the pleasantness of picnics—in the reality of much that towns with a "terminus" know to

MERLIN'S CAVE.

be untrue; but what of that? it is all the happier in its simplicity. A most useful and ingenious assistant, William Jenkins, who "helped" Mr. Gosse, and greatly aided us, is ever ready to attend you to gather sea-weed, to collect *Actiniæ*, to show you where grow the best mosses, orchids, and ferns; and in short, to make you like Tenby the more for the

boons which nature offers so freely and so lavishly to the naturalist. Anybody will tell you where Jenkins lives, and you will as readily find his neighbour, the saddler, of whom you may hire horses or ponies; his name is—Jones! But that fact gives you little information, for it may be the name of every second man you meet. His son, a smart and intelligent lad, is his charioteer; he is not "smart" only—he is bright-eyed and clear-headed, and you are safe under his guidance, for well he knows every

"Dingle and bosky dell,"

of the interest and beauty of which he has not only full knowledge, but also keen appreciation: a better guide you will not find; he will be sure to make you pause at every point of import. His store of legends if not voluminous, is real; and, though without any botanical knowledge, when he found we admired the wild flowers that rendered the lanes a "*hortus siccus*," bewildering in their beautiful variety, he always stopped and gathered, with taste and skill, whatever we required. There is a close woody copse, about a mile from Tenby, of considerable extent, through which runs about the *worst* road to be found even in Wales; but it is over-arched at intervals by interlacing trees, with vistas opening into strips of grassy meadow, or ponds rich in—

"The green mantle of the standing pool;"

it is a treasure-trove of wild flowers. We were greedy gatherers—still crying "More, more;" but the boy, seeing those he had culled in such abundance already flagging beneath the sun's rays, said, "If you please, you have specimens of all now, and, I beg pardon, but isn't it a'most a pity to cut any more off in their youth and beauty—*for nothing?*"

Tenby, one hundred feet above the level of the sea, and partially surrounded by high lands, that are a protection against the obnoxious winds that occasionally prevail, is not only everything that can be desired by the summer tourist, but is by no means ill adapted as a winter residence for the invalid. The climate, for the greater portion of the year, is warm, dry, and bracing; the air is so mild that the myrtle,

fuchsia, and verbena, flourish in the open air all the year round. Walsh, in his "Manual of Domestic Medicine," recently published, says, that "Tenby is by far the most delightful watering-place in the West of England and South Wales, being mild in its winter temperature, and free from autumnal vegetable decay. It is one of the best climates in England for the general run of invalids who require sea air, and is only inferior to Undercliff and Torquay for those who are afflicted with pulmonary complaints." In one of the guides to Tenby, however, a local physician holds that Hastings, Ventnor, and Torquay—the three watering-places in England most frequented by invalids during winter—are all inferior to Tenby in this respect; "the climate there, although mild, being excessively relaxing. Tenby, on the contrary, equally mild, is nevertheless invigorating. The average temperature is about 50° of Fahrenheit; extreme cold is seldom experienced, and snow rarely lies upon the ground. Sir James Clark is of opinion that a cold, damp, and variable climate gives a predisposition to consumption. The temperature of Tenby being the reverse, cannot be an improper place for the residence of persons with tender lungs. The climate of the whole of South Pembrokeshire is remarkable for its mildness, and in parts, as at Stackpole, plants which in most other parts of Great Britain require the protection of green-houses, thrive in the open air. The following table gives the result of a careful analysis of the temperature of Milford Haven, kept by Sir Thomas Pasley, at the Dockyard, which, lying exposed to breezes from the Atlantic on the west, and keen winds from the Precellau mountains on the north, is by no means so warm as the neighbourhood of Tenby:—

MEAN OF MAXIMUM AND MINIMUM, 1850-53.

Years.	Maximum.	Minimum.
1850	55·70	45·60
1851	55·90	43·30
1852	56·40	44·10
1853	53·22	41·62
Means	55.30	43·65

Difference between mean summer and winter, 16·77. Mean total rain of four years, 32·761.

Thus it appears that the climate of Tenby is nearly as equable and

mild as that of Madeira, and consequently well adapted for a winter residence."

At present Tenby is distant twelve miles from a railway—the terminus of the South Wales Railway at New Milford. This may, or it may not, be a disadvantage; for the drive is a delicious drive—over the Ridgeway, or by "the lower road," through Carew; and it is, perhaps, a refreshment to inhale pure sea breezes, for a couple of hours, after the steam and scream of a railway carriage. Ere long, however, the train will be carried into the town, and Tenby, with its multifarious advantages, will probably become the most popular sea-bathing place of the kingdom.

Its several attractions we have endeavoured to exhibit in this work; they may be repeated in a brief "summing up." The sands are singularly hard and dry—dry within a few minutes after the retreating tide has left them, and so hard, that those who walk—even those who ride—leave scarce the impress of a footstep in passing; they extend also between two and three miles north and south. Here the breezes are always "hearty," yet they may be comparatively mild or invigorating, according to the quarter in which they are sought; thus persons with delicate lungs may breathe freely in one direction, while in another the robust lover of nature may rejoice in the boisterous strength of winds that from any of the "four quarters blow." It is for these reasons, amongst others, that we have recommended Tenby for a winter, as well as a summer residence.

It is needless to refer again to the many sources of enjoyment here supplied to the naturalist, or to those who seek useful pleasures in green lanes or among rocks on the sea-shore. The charming volume of Mr. Gosse will show how abundant is every hedge-row and sea-cliff "hereabout." They must be idle in heart as well as in mind who lack amusement or occupation here.

To the antiquary, the archæologist, the ecclesiologist, and the historian, there is a treasure-store in this vicinity, as—aided by the artist—we have shown. The castles of Pembroke, Carew, and Manorbeer, are within easy reach; the venerable palace of Lamphey is not far distant;

while, as we shall hereafter explain, a day by railway will convey the tourist to many of the most beautiful, the most interesting, and the most instructive districts of the kingdom.

The lodging-houses in Tenby are, of course, numerous, and, for the most part, good, and not dear. On the other hand, the "hotels" are indifferent; they offer no inducement to "a stay" beyond a single night. Carriages, open and close, are in sufficient number, and at moderate charges. The markets are well supplied: *fish* being the article most in request. Tenby, however, depends rather on "foreign" supplies than upon the activity of its own fishermen, whose boats are often sleeping at the quay. The oysters of Tenby are famous "all the world over."

There are warm baths sufficiently convenient and comfortable, and machines on the shore, although by no means enough. Of public rooms it is sadly deficient. There are two assembly rooms, limited in size and inconvenient; and a reading room, neat and well arranged, but scarcely so big as an hotel parlour. The church, an impressive and interesting structure, does not afford sufficient accommodation to both visitors and parishioners; but the excellent and respected rector is arranging for the substitution of seats for pews, by which ample space and verge enough will be obtained,—at all events for some time to come.

But the evils that exist in this pleasant and attractive watering-place are in process of removal. If Tenby had the "luck" to find a single person of intelligence and energy to render available all its resources, it would become ere long—what it unquestionably may be—the most popular, as it certainly is the most abundantly endowed, of the sea-bathing places of Great Britain.

As it is, however, its attractions are many and manifest.

Let us take a morning walk, and visit Hoyle's Mouth; nay, let us enter the cave and see its wonders, speculating, on our way, as to how it obtained its name: whether "Hoyle" was but an easy change from "Hole," for tradition is silent concerning any derivation; and whether it be a work or art or a freak of nature, for we are cognizant of the ancient rumour that its exit is at Pembroke—that it is a passage of eight miles long, leading to the "mervellows cavern"—the Wogan—under-

neath the old castle. Hoyle's Mouth is seen from afar off; it is on the side of a hill, just where the "Ridgeway" begins. The entrance, high up, far above the level of the sea, is hidden from below by tangled brushwood and trees of stunted growth; a narrow winding path conducts to the spot, and the visitor finds himself on firm earth in the cavern. Standing under the arched roof of solid mountain limestone, we look out

HOYLE'S MOUTH CAVERN: EXTERIOR.

upon the landscape: the picture from this secluded spot is surpassingly beautiful, taking in, as it does, many of the best points of the surrounding scenery.

The interior of the cavern is of singular interest, whether we advance far into it, or are content with inspecting merely the title-page of the book: the roofs and walls, "veneered" by time and weather with a thick coating of grey, are closely crusted with stalactite matter, which, when

chipped, is quite white; while all around, some distance in, grow luxuriant ferns and kindred plants. At the further end is a small arch—the entrance to the interior. A low passage of thirty feet conducts, over sharp rough stones, to an apartment large enough to contain half a dozen persons in a crouching position. To proceed one must "wriggle" through a small tunnel,* several feet above the bed of the cave, over a mass of stalagmite protuberances, with a risk of the light being extinguished by the bats, or by drops of water oozing from above. The remaining openings and passages are lofty and spacious. The sides and roofs throughout are beautifully adorned by stalactites; in some places clustering like grapes and acorns of frosted silver, or pendent from the roof like huge icicles; in others, meeting the stalagmites beneath, it forms pillars and arches that seem to support the roof. In one place the dropping of the water has formed a miniature chapel, with a flight of steps leading to its high altar, the whole shut out from the cavern in which it is situated by an almost perfect arch. In all, there are eight compartments, and as many passages. At the extremity of the most remote is an aperture too narrow to admit a man, but, from observations made, it is thought that it very probably leads to another series of these curious cells.

How far man has aided nature to produce this singular work it is, as yet, impossible to say. That it was used in old times is certain, for relics of a remote age have been found there: it may really have been a passage by which, in perilous times, communications were kept up with Pembroke Castle; at all events, there can be little doubt that it was often a place of secrecy and security to the wild Welshmen when hovering about their Norman foes, or harassing the Flemish intruders on their soil and their rights; or that, during later periods, many a band of smugglers, when all along this coast illicit trade flourished, must have there sought, and found shelter, dividing their cargoes, and sending them hence throughout the country. What tales these rugged walls

* Since our visit the cavern has been much altered, and the narrow passage widened so as to admit visitors with ease. The effect, however, has thus been destroyed.

could tell! Many a gentle tourist will sit at the entrance we have pictured, and call imagination to aid, while gazing over the lovely landscape

HOYLE'S MOUTH CAVERN: INTERIOR.

and the blue sea, to behold successive warriors, from the piratic Danes to

the Ironsides of the Commonwealth, all with one common purpose—to subdue and spoil a people hardy, brave, and energetic, yielding inch by inch to the invader, fighting as gallantly and as continuously in their thin cloaks of coarse wool, as did the knights and squires clad in panoply of steel. Reader, if your fancy be not dull and lifeless, you will linger and muse here! Here, perhaps—nay, probably—assembled the early Britons, watching the Vikings, Inguar and Halfdene, brothers and chiefs, crossing from Caldy Island to plunder and to kill; here may have hidden the sturdy Welshmen who dogged the footsteps of the Normans whom Arnulph de Montgomery led along the Ridgeway to occupy lands that William Rufus gave him—the bear's skin before the bear was slain; here may have gathered those who slew the soldiers of the king, when "the unevenness of the country and bad weather" aided "rebellion;" hence may have issued the "tall men," who spoiled the Flemings, breaking down their stone walls as fast as the strangers built them, "making verie sharpe warres upon them, sometimes with gaine, sometimes with losse;" here unsubdued bands of fierce Welshmen may have seen invaders, under Mac Murchadha, with his "seventy heroes dressed in coats of mail," proceeding to make "the king's town of Tenby clene Irish," there "to commit many great riots, routs, and unlawful assemblies, as is their wont, against the king's peace, crown, and dignity;" here may have been secreted Meredith and Rhys, sons of Griffith Prince of South Wales, who sacked Tenby, "falling foul" upon its garrison at midnight, in revenge for wrong done to their brother Cadelh; here, perhaps, Maelgwn, son of the Lord Rhys, gathered his followers, and again sacked and burnt the town, although a person of "civil behaviour and honesty in all his actions," who became very terrible to his enemies, and, "like a lion hunting, slew all the Flandrysians who came against him;" and here, no doubt, assembled the heroic remnants of the defenders of Trefloyne House, close at hand, when the soldiers of the Commonwealth drove forth its loyal master and his brave household, converting his home into a ruin. It is easy, indeed, to associate this wild and secret hiding-place, concealed from sight, and difficult of approach, with all the stirring incidents of ages, from the war-prows

of the pirate kings, ten centuries ago, to the transports of the French "invaders," who, in 1797, sailed by this coast to land and become prisoners in a dell at Pencaer, near to Fishguard.

Before we return home, let us retrace our steps, and walk through a charming lane that leads to pretty PENALLY. It is a sweet village, inclining upwards from a glen, and receiving into its bosom the sea-breezes, that seem softened as they approach it. We may have more to

PENALLY.

say of this place hereafter: at present we must content ourselves with asking the tourist to examine the venerable church, with its peculiar and interesting antiquities, and, if he may, the old ruin in the grounds of yon graceful dwelling, in which a good, and kind, and generous lady resides—the consoler of all poor neighbours who need help. The village is little more than a mile from the town; a pleasant walk it is, and fruitful of instruction as well as enjoyment: whether the teachers be old

stones that have endured for centuries; Nature, that here revels in abundance, freely and liberally shared; the eloquent though silent monitors found in every hedge, clothed in "all their glory;" the open sea, the cliffs, or the ever green fields, teeming with fertility on hill-sides crowned with trees that love the winds of ocean, under the influence of

ST. DANIEL'S CHAPEL, PENALLY.

which they flourish. Surely, "if there's peace to be found in the world," it is in this sweet village—pretty Penally.*

* Government has recently established a rifle range near Penally—one of the finest in the kingdom. Detachments of soldiers are sent from Pembroke Dock for rifle instruction; the huts being constructed to accommodate about 200 men: we fear, therefore, the solitude and repose of the pretty village will be partially interrupted.

If the reader be not one of those who are content to visit only what can be reached in a carriage—if he feel an interest and an enticement in grand and refreshing scenery, let him, after he has examined the caves, and inspected the numerous rock pools on the South Sands, with the treasures they contain, come with us to visit Giltar Head, and thence to Lydstep, crossing a little stream that glides down the vale of St. Florence, and discharges itself through flood-gates into the sea. We traverse the valley up which, at one time, the sea used to rush, and has left many perceptible traces in the old shores that may be seen on either side; now, however, a long line of sand-hills, that have accumulated across the mouth, serve, with some aid from Art, as a picturesque and insurmountable barrier to the waves. Seaward, these hillocks assume a graceful form, and are clothed with only a scanty covering of tall, coarse tufts of grass; further in, however, they are carpeted with a fine, thick, bright moss. It is an enchanting walk, in which all our senses are gratified more or less. The moss on which we tread is tapestried with wild flowers of delicious fragrance, conspicuous among which are the tiny Burnet roses, clustering together in shrubberies, and scenting the air with their delicate perfume. Numberless rabbits lying in the sun, or frisking about in the hollows, prick up their ears as we approach, and rush into the holes they have burrowed in the sand, while the larks hovering above inundate the air with their sweet song. We pass close under the pleasant village of Penally, that clusters round its ancient church, rich in memories of St. Teilo, and looks out from amidst groves and gardens upon a fine view of the bay and distant coasts, and shortly we arrive at the foot of the lofty projection that runs out to a headland, and bounds the horizon from Tenby to the south. The summit reached, a wide and most commanding prospect is obtained. We are on Giltar Point, the extremity of Carmarthen Bay. On one hand, close by, separated from us only by a narrow sound, are the isles of Caldy and St. Margaret, and away, like a gauzy mist in the distance, is the coast of Devonshire. To the left, the bay sweeps into the land, washing the coasts of three counties. For many miles the land is high and bold, but it gradually begins to sink, and soon appears but a swampy fog in the horizon; again it swells high up in

Gower Land, and finally terminates in the Worm's Head, nearly opposite the spot on which we stand. Hence to Lydstep Haven the coast runs parallel to the Ridgeway, and is of romantic beauty and wildness—bluff headlands, caverns, and chasms of gloomy grandeur; and, indeed, with very partial interruptions, this is the character of the whole coast round to Milford Haven. In our course along the cliffs we pass over many caverns; none of them are very interesting; but one called the Bear's Cave, from the fancied resemblance of the rock to that animal, is the object of numerous water-excursions. Three or four times we came abruptly upon a dark, gloomy funnel-hole running from the surface to the sea beneath. In one of these we liberated a timid bird, that sat crouching with fear on one of the ledges, crying piteously, and fascinated by a hawk that was torturing the little creature preparatory to the final pounce. All the way the scene is gay with beds of little hyacinths, tufts of sea-pinks, and luxuriant banks of wild thyme, to which the bees are resorting—

"Spreading their drowsy murmur far and wide;"

and more than one butterfly of the most delicately-tinted "clouded yellow" flitted by to attract our admiration. At last we reach "Proud Giltar," a lordly cliff that towers on high, and seems to feel his own importance as one of the chief buttresses to the swelling Ridgeway behind. It affords a fine example of wonderful stratification, the direction being regular, and quite perpendicular. The face of the rock is cross-hatched, and wrinkled with scraggy ledges and jagged peaks, that are resting-places for the sea-gulls and glossy daws that make the place their home, and in which samphire, privet, and glistening ivy grow in great abundance. The colour of the water was delightful, and far out, fathoms deep, could we see, through the clear, smooth water, patches of sand illuminated by the reflection of the sun's rays, the rocks decked and darkened with sea-weeds of gorgeous hues, undulating with every motion of the waters; whilst below us, close at our feet, the waves, so soft and musical, seemed to be chaunting funeral masses for the gashed and stiffened corpses they had made in the howling winter time.

The cliffs now begin to sink, and at a short distance are succeeded by

the pebbly beach of Lydstep Haven. This secluded harbour is shut in on one hand by the steep and magnificent cliffs over which we have passed, and on the other by Lydstep Head, a lofty promontory scarped and defaced by the quarrymen, who have unconsciously converted it into all manner of curious and fantastic shapes; while in front, low-lying and broad, are the isles of Caldy and St. Margaret turning towards us their western sides, on which brooding shadows indicate the positions of their lofty caverns. We have not yet reached the limit of our excursion, having to see the fine Caverns for which Lydstep is noted; they are on the opposite side of the head, and to reach them we pass by Lydstep House, which lies at one end of the bay, at the foot of a romantic dell, through which the carriage-road leads from this out-of-the-way residence to the highway. We ascend this road till we arrive at the lodge, whence a path leads down to the caverns, through a steep and winding ravine, so narrow that the sides, in places, almost touch each other. We scramble over a waste of huge boulders and *débris* of rocks, and emerge upon the firm, trackless sand—a shallow bay which the sea but for a short time exposes. We are here literally encompassed with most exquisite scenery—beauty is all around; scarce shells, lovely as precious stones, are scattered on the sands; and the sea-pools, washed over by every tide, are gardens of delight, in which grow miniature trees and flowers—green, red, and olive-brown; some large, waving, tropical-like plants; others minute and fine as the finest silken tassel. How truly may the undisturbed wayfarer enjoy the scenery all around him!—enjoy the fresh breeze, enjoy the sea, sparkling under the sun, and falling on the solitary shore with a musical plash; enjoy the huge mass of grey cliffs, with their grand group of gloomy caverns—here, even the discordant shriek of the sea-bird, floating on the calm, is not unpleasing to the ear.

The first thing that strikes the spectator when he reaches the beach is an elegant natural arch, to the right, of immense span, and springing like a flying buttress with airy lightness out of the yellow sand. It forms the side of a spacious cavern, with a lofty roof tinted deliciously with rays of the sun. Beyond, in a recess in the rocks, is an exceedingly fine cave of vast size, which penetrates for a long distance, the flooring composed

of stones of every size and form, rising in steps towards the interior. Beyond that, again, is a glorious cliff, perpendicular, and with strata as straight as "a plummet-line." It rises like an enormous watch-tower to an imposing height, whereon we may imagine the timid sentinel used to watch from morn to night the advent of the dreaded Dane, who, in the dark and troublous times, were a perpetual terror to these coasts.*

In the little bay adjoining, a new geological formation commences, and the old red sandstone succeeds the limestone. The first point is the Old Castle Head, full of ancient interest, whereon is the Danish camp sleeping in the sunlight, and looking so calm and *fresh* as to prompt us to the belief it has been untrodden since the founders left it.

To the left of the "Valley of Caverns," as we descend, is a cavern much secluded, but well worthy of any trouble it may cost to be seen; it is called the Smugglers' Cave; its title tells its tale. On the right is a "through hole," into which the light pours with singular and fine effect. We have given a sketch of this cave, as also of the Beach at the Valley of Caverns; but the most accurate sketch would supply only a faint idea of the scene—it defies alike the author and the artist.† Indeed, it will be obvious that our limited power over Art can do but little to picture a district so full of natural beauties, where the sublime in

* The following Sonnet on these caverns is from the pen of the Author of "Proverbial Philosophy."

"An hour of peril in the Lydstep caves:
Down the steep gorge,—grotesquely boulderfill'd
And tempestworn, as Ocean, hurrying wild
Up it in thunder breaks, and vainly raves,—
My haste hath sped me to the rippled sand,
Where, arching deep, o'erhang on either hand
The halls of Amphitrité,—echoing clear
All to the mournful music of the waves;
Ten thousand beauteous forms of life are here.
And long I linger, wandering in and out
Among the sea-flowers, tapestried about
All over these wet walls:—a shout of fear,—
The tide, the tide!—I turn'd, and ran for life,—
And battled safely through that watery strife."—M. F. Tupper.

† It is only at low water of spring tides, and not always then, these caverns can be visited. Ever since their existence was made known to the public by Mrs. Gwynne, in her interesting "Sketches of Tenby," they have been much frequented by visitors.

coast scenery is found in such abundance: our hope is, however, that the reader will be induced to see and judge for himself, and we may guarantee him against disappointment. Our return shall be over the road, when we

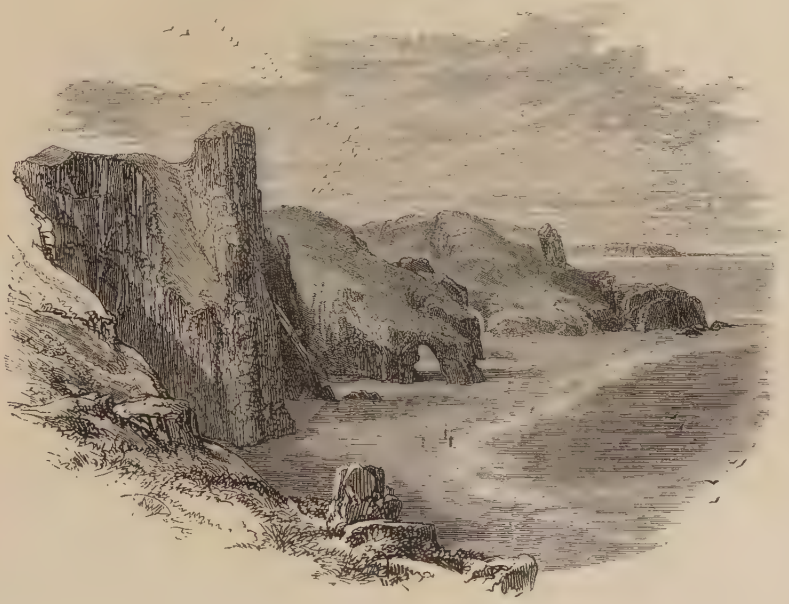
SMUGGLERS' CAVE, LYDSTEP.

pass through Lydstep village, have an opportunity of examining the old ruin, locally known as "The Palace," and proceed thence by Penally to Tenby.

Let us devote another day to another Walk, and visit the old house of Scotsborough, and the pretty hamlet and venerable church of Gumfreston; the one little more than a mile, and the other scarcely two

miles, from Tenby; both will repay us well, for we traverse a pleasant road, by the side of the little river Ritec.

Scotsborough—whence its imported name we cannot say—is merely the picturesque ruin of an ancient house, which belonged to the honourable and far-descended family of Ap Rhys, whose monuments are in Tenby Church. The ruin consists of a number of crumbling walls, many



BEACH AT THE VALLEY OF CAVERNS, LYDSTEP.

of them held together by twisting bands of ivy—the ivy being remarkably fine. As an example of the strong dwelling of a period when, although defences of domestic buildings had become less a necessity than they had been, it was still a policy and a duty to be always prepared for attacks, the old house of Scotsborough will be examined with interest; its numerous small rooms, its rambling and "incoherent" architectural

character—evidences of additions from time to time—may tempt the tourist to a somewhat careful scrutiny; but, at all events, the neighbouring trees, the green lanes all about it, the pleasant dell in which it lies, and the soft breezes that seem to have settled here, without a wish to wander,

SCOTSBOROUGH HOUSE.

hill-way or seaward, cannot fail to lure the resident at Tenby into many a health walk at morning or at noon.

Leaving Scotsborough, and crossing a long and narrow causeway bridge, observing the mill that stands beside a broad sheet of water, into which falls the stream, where boy-anglers are often seen watching "the quill down float," we soon reach the little Church of Gumfreston, which slumbers on the inner slope of the high land that for miles overhangs the vale of St. Florence on the north, as the Ridgeway does on the side

opposite. Shut in by trees, and covered with vegetation, it can scarcely be distinguished, at any great distance from the surrounding foliage; and

GUMFRESTON CHURCH.

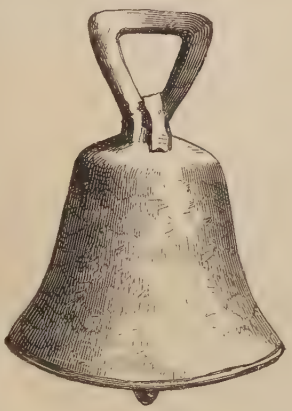
not before the gate of the quiet churchyard is reached, can this picturesque

remnant of the past be seen in its venerable beauty and unadorned simplicity. Although within a stone's-throw of the highway, the situation is so retiring that, were it not for the occasional lowing of cattle on the opposite hill, and the continual twitter of birds fluttering among branches of luxuriant ivy that cover sides and roof, it would be almost a perfect solitude. The church, which dates back for six hundred years, con-

THE STOUP.

sists simply of a porch, and of a nave and chancel linked together on the south by a small mortuary chapel, and on the north by a plain square tower, the ivy-crowned battlements of which lift their heads just high enough to catch the rumblings of the ocean, or the quick strokes of the curfew, wafted, on wintry nights, over the hill from Tenby, two miles

away. The porch, which contains a stoup, and is furnished with a cold stone bench on either side, forms the entrance to the "darksome" interior. We found it decorated with ivy, giving to it a character beautifully picturesque; it had forced its way from the outside through crevices in the wall, and was flourishing as we have shown in our engraving.* The walls and low vaulted roof are whitewashed throughout; and on the narrow, concrete floor about a dozen dark, rickety pews serve to accommodate the rustic congregation. With the exception of that in the chancel, the windows look to the south; the ivy, that veils the whole of them on the outside, answering the purpose of stained glass in mellowing the beams of the noontide sun. Among architectural features worthy of notice, in addition to the stoup, are the curious baptistery that bellies out from the wall of the nave, and the decorated piscina in the chancel. In this piscina is deposited a plain, bronze hand-bell, seven or eight inches in height, which was used in times past as the *sancte bell.*† By the records of the parish, we find an instance during the Commonwealth of the mayor of Tenby performing a marriage in this church.



THE SANCTE BELL.

At the bottom of the churchyard are three clear bubbling wells, bordered with tall grasses and wild flowers of various hues; they have been analysed, and two of them are said to contain certain medicinal

* "Stoup, stoppe, a basin for holy water, usually placed in a niche near the entrance door—sometimes in the porch, sometimes within the door—for the purpose of aspersion on entering the church; sometimes standing on a pedestal or short pillar, and detached from the wall."—*Archit. Dict.*

† "So called because it was rung out when the priest came to these words of the mass, '*Sancte, sancte, Deus Sabbaoth,*' that all persons who were absent might fall on their knees in reverence of the holy office which was then going on in the church." (Warburton.) The congregation were to fall on their knees at the ringing of this bell. In later times it was frequently used to announce the arrival of the clergyman, and also to precede a corpse on its way to the final resting-place; then called the *banger bell.*

properties. Hence a wicket-gate opens into a long green lane that re-conducts to the road; the trees growing on the side twist their over-

CHALYBEATE WELLS, GUMFRESTON.

hanging branches together to form a shady roof; the hedges are pro-

fusely covered with graceful ferns and beautiful mosses; and on one side there is a little brook, bridged over by the roots of many trees.*

A lonely, yet tranquil and pleasant "place of rest" is this isolated churchyard, far away from the bustle and business of life. Here, as in many other parts of South Wales, the graves are, in several instances, planted with flowers. The custom is, unhappily, falling into disuse; and in the neighbourhood of Tenby these indications of the love of the living for the memory of the dead are becoming rare. They have, indeed, long been so, and we lament to say are growing less and less. Although we have elsewhere commented on this peculiar and pleasant custom, we may be permitted to add some remarks from Donovan's "Tour," written so far back as 1805.

"Too much praise cannot be due to the becoming attention the inhabitants bestow upon the very soil that covers the remains of their deceased friends and relatives.

"According to the superstitious notions tenaciously retained in almost every district in the Principality, the custom of never interring the dead on the north, or *wrong side*, of the church, is generally most scrupulously observed. The graves lie invariably on the south side, or at the east and west extremity of the church, where the burial-ground displays all the neatness and simplicity of a rustic flower-garden. Some of the graves are surrounded with a bordering of box, others with basket-work, and the enclosed spaces bedecked with a pleasing variety of plants. With the exception of the various kinds of evergreens employed on this mournful occasion, those plants whose flowers exhibit the greatest diversity of colours seem to be preferred. The deep purple of the aconite

* We borrow a passage from our friend, the naturalist, Gosse, whose valuable and deeply-interesting volume—"Tenby, a Sea-side Holiday"—should be continually in the hands of visitors to the sea-side—especially everywhere "hereabouts:"—"The wells are so contiguous that a child with his wooden spade could have made them all but one. The upper contains pure spring-water; the next has been built up by Art into the quadrant of a circle—this is chalybeate, found to be exactly similar to that of Tonbridge Wells in its sensible and chemical properties; it deposits a floccose red sediment of oxide of iron, and, as it bubbles up among the gravel, discharges great volumes of gas now and then. Below this is a third spring, also a chalybeate, but less impregnated; steps of worn masonry lead down to it, indicating its former reputation; but now it is never drunk; people have a notion that it springs out of the churchyard."

being artlessly contrasted with the livelier hues of the expanded rose, the pink, and variegated pansy; daisies are profusely intermingled. The corn-bottle and the wallflower, with many others that are distinguished for the gaiety of their blossoms, appeared among the humble tributes of grateful memory. There is something sweetly expressive of the innocence of primeval manners in the observance of this ancient custom. The practice of thus adorning the graves of the departed with flowers prevailed in the earliest days, to which the poetical compositions of the Cambrian bards advert. The fugitive remains of their ancient poesy afford many very beautiful allusions to it. Who can read the lamentations of *Davydd ab Gwilym* over the grave of the illustrious Ivor, without admiring the appropriate tenderness of expression with which the custom is described?

"Such a rite appears to have been solemnly observed among the northern tribes of Britain in times of remote antiquity. The planting of trees over the graves of the deceased owes its origin to the same source. How pathetically is this alluded to in the lofty strains of Ossian, when the bard 'pours forth his soul in song,' mourning the death of Oscar, and his faithful Dermid:—'By the brook of the hill their graves are laid; a birch's unequal shade covers their tombs. Often, on their green earthen tombs, the sons of the mountain feed, when mid-day is all in flames, and silence over all the hills.' Nor are the tender effusions of the immortal Shakspere to be forgotten, in testimony of its observance at a much later period:—

> "'With fairest flowers while summer lasts,
> I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
> The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
> The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
> The leaf of eglantine, whom, not to slander,
> Outsweetened not thy breath.'

"We are much inclined to regret, that a custom so innocent in its origin, so conducive to the moral happiness of the people, and congenial with the sympathetic feelings of human nature, should have become, in a material degree, if not entirely, neglected in many parts of the Princi-

pality; for, contrary to the commonly received opinion in England, founded on the erroneous assertions of English tourists, the practice of planting the graves with flowers is rather local, and prevails only, in a partial measure, in certain parishes. This neglect is attributable to the impolitic, I had almost said the unbecoming, conduct of the clergy, in enforcing their claims to the right of pasturage for their horses within

ST. FLORENCE.

the precincts of the burying-ground. Wherever this privilege has been assumed, as it must naturally be imagined, this ancient custom has been unavoidably laid aside. When a person is buried in such grounds, the ceremony of bestrewing the grave with flowers is oftentimes observed, more particularly when the deceased happens to be of an early age, whether male or female; but these, not being planted, very soon decay,

and are seldom replaced by others after the expiration of a month from the time of burial."

The pretty village of St. Florence, about a mile and a half beyond Gumfreston, occupying a dell in the centre of a rich valley, of the same name, is a charming object, when seen from any of the adjacent heights; it is here pictured, and also an ancient mill—one of those venerable relics

OLD MILL, ST. FLORENCE.

of the picturesque which never fail to lure the artist from a beaten track. The church consists of nave and chancel, with north and south transepts. It is therefore cruciform; and at the extremity of the south transept rises the lofty tower, corresponding architecturally with those of the district, and containing four finely-toned bells. The chancel and south transept are vaulted, and the whole structure is in good repair, and

worthy the attention of the antiquary. There are still standing, in different quarters of the village, arched doorways, and old round chimneys, in good preservation; one of them we engrave.

ROUND CHIMNEY.

It is a long walk, but an easy drive, to the very beautiful ruin of Carew Castle, distant six miles from Tenby, and four and a half from Pembroke, and lying directly in the road—the "easiest," but not the most picturesque—from one town to the other. We must compress the matter we might extend into a volume, for every portion of the old castle will bear detailed description; while its history is so closely interwoven with that of the district, and its most memorable rulers, that to relate even the leading incidents associated with it, is a task beyond our reach.

An intelligent guide will conduct the reader through the ruins,—the

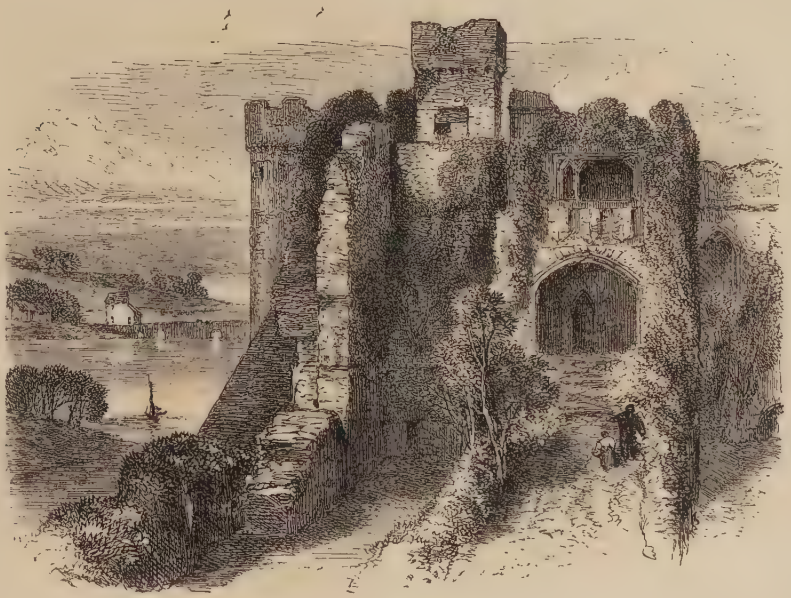
older parts, those of middle age, and those of comparative youth, that date no farther back than the reign of "good Queen Bess." He will pace slowly, and we hope reverently, over the sward that carpets the fine banqueting-hall. He will be shown the breaches made by Cromwell's cannon, and those that have been produced by the less fierce though

CAREW CASTLE: EXTERIOR.

more irresistible destroyer—Time; and he will occupy a morning of intense enjoyment, though of melancholy thought, in rambling up and down the broken stair-steps, into chambers rude from the first, and those once richly decorated; into the venerable chapel, and the deep, dark dungeons; to peep through lancet-holes, and sit beside oriel windows; to grass-covered courtyards and ivy-clad towers; and he will receive a

lesson as to the stupendous strength and surpassing grandeur of the olden time, such as no printed book can give him.

But before he passes under its still substantial gateway, the tourist will be called upon to examine an ancient cross, "fashioned out of a single stone," close to the entrance. It is of a remote period, but not, perhaps, older than the ninth or the tenth century, and has an interlaced



CAREW CASTLE: INTERIOR.

pattern precisely similar in character to those of which so many examples exist in Ireland, and of which there are the remains of several others in this county. On the east side it is inscribed with a cross, each limb being formed of three incised lines. Neither the inscription, nor the purpose for which it was erected, is known. The neighbouring church, also, will amply repay a visit; it contains sepulchral effigies of several of the castle's lords.

The district was originally one of the demesnes belonging to the princes of South Wales, and was given as a dowry with Nesta, daughter of Rhys ap Tewdwr, to Gerald de Windsor, who was appointed "lieutenant of these parts of Henry I." By one of his descendants it was mortgaged to Sir Rhys ap Thomas; and here the gallant Welshman received and lodged the Earl of Richmond, on his way from Milford to

CAREW CROSS.

Bosworth Field, placing, to commemorate the event, the royal arms over a chimney-piece in one of the apartments, probably the chamber in which "the hope of England" slept. The piece of carving is there still, in good preservation. Here, too, some years afterwards, when the sovereign remembered his debt to the chieftain, and accorded to him the distinction of the Garter, was held "a tilt and tournament" for the

honour of St. George, "the first show of the kind that had ever been exhibited in Wales." A full account of this "princelie fête" has been preserved, setting forth how "manie valerouse gentlemen" then made trial of "theire abilities in feates of armes;" "the men of prime ranke being lodged within the castle, others of good qualitie in tentes and pavilions pitched in the parke;" the "festivall and time of jollitie" continuing during the space of five days, commencing on the eve of the day dedicated to the "trustie patrone and protector of marshalistes." The first day was spent in "taking a view of all the companie, choosing out five hundred of the tallest and ablest;" the second in "exercising them in all pointes, as if they had beene suddenlie to goe on some notable peece of service;" the third in visiting the bishop at Lamphey, in regaling at his charges, and "in commemorating the vertues and famouse atchievements of those gentlemen's ancestors there present;" the fourth was the day of tournament, Sir William Herbert being the challenger, Sir Rhys "playing the judge's part;" the fifth being devoted to hunting and feasting, the bishop bestowing a sermon upon them, "tending to all loyall admonitions, obedience to superiors, love and charitie one towards another."

What a brilliant romance it is, that record of high festival held within these now broken walls, "ever and anone seasoned with a diversitie of musicke;" the "justes and tournamentes for the honoure of ladies;" the "knockes valerouslie received and manfullie bestowed;" wrestling, hurling of the bar, taking of the pike, running at the quinteine; while—a thing especially note-worthy—"among a thousand people there was not one quarrell, crosse worde, or unkinde looke that happened between them."

Ay, imagination may people these ruins with "faire ladies" and "gallant knyghts;" may restore its tapestried halls and gorgeously furnished chambers; may hear the harper and the troubadour recalling its reign of chivalry,—its "festivalls" and its "tournamentes,"—while the wind whistles through its long corridors, or moans among broken rooms of state, and from ivy-mantled towers—

"The moping owl doth to the moon complain."

Four miles and a half further and we reach the busy and bustling town of Pater (or, as it is now generally called, Pembroke Dock), in Milford Haven, where we may, if we please, spend an hour pleasantly and profitably in visiting the dockyard, garrison, and encampment. It was a village not long ago, and the ruins of an old castellated mansion may still be found there; happily, superintendents of government works

PEMBROKE DOCK.

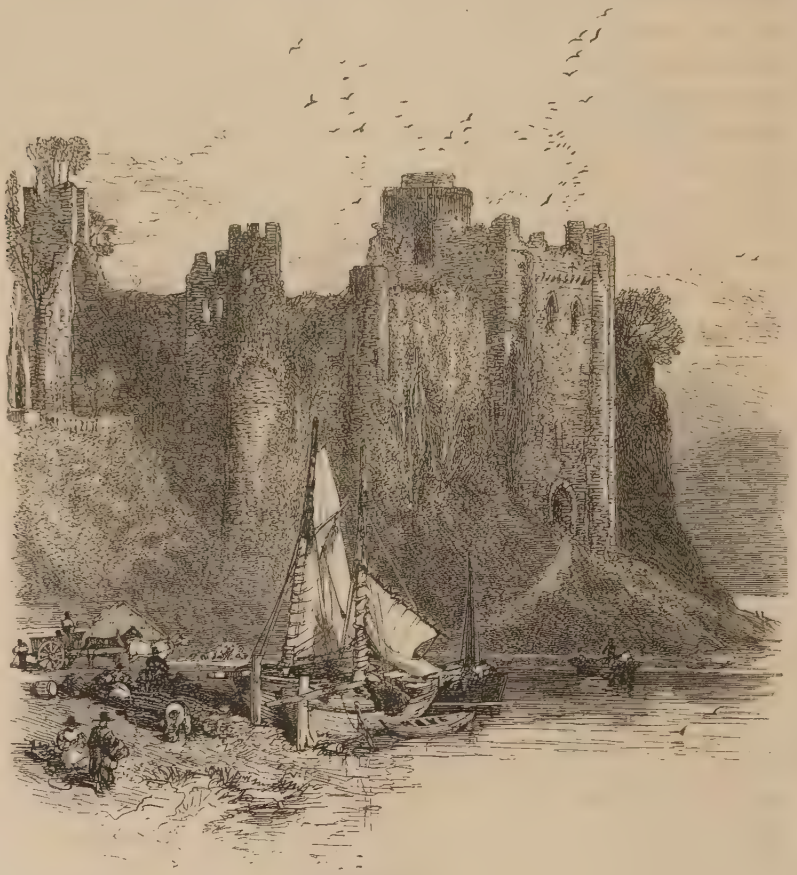
did not remove this relic and reminder of old times, and it looks, among barracks and storehouses, much as a grim and grey veteran of many battles would look in the midst of raw recruits at drill. The old dockyard was at Milford, whence the establishment was removed "further up" in 1814; the consequence is, that an insignificant village has become a large and flourishing town, where a thousand artizans are always busy, and whence

issue so many of those noble war-ships that are, as they ever have been, and ever will be, the "wooden walls" of our islands. On the opposite side of the haven is the terminus of the South Wales Railway, to reach which we cross the ferry: we shall, however, visit this place when we resume our route by railway from the Narbeth Road Station. For the convenience of the public there is now a steam ferry-boat, which, every quarter of an hour, crosses the Haven. This accessory is but a recent introduction, and it is a valuable one, for at times the winds blow and the sea rolls fiercely into this harbour, and the timid may dislike even so short a passage in one of the small boats hitherto alone available for the purpose. But now, all idea of danger, or even inconvenience, at any time or tide, is removed.

We are here on the high road to Tenby, from Pater; conveyances are sufficiently numerous, and there are omnibuses that meet all the London trains. We may return to Tenby either by the road along which we came or by that which passes through Pembroke town. Selecting the latter, we ascend a steep hill, whence is obtained a fine view of the opposite shore, and soon arrive in sight of PEMBROKE CASTLE. This magnificent fortress occupies a bold rocky eminence that projects into an arm of Milford Haven; for more than eight centuries it has been renowned, not only as the seat of the famous earldom "to which it gave name," but as of historic interest, from the time of the Conquest to the wars of the King and the Parliament.

Its appearance is "inexpressibly grand," surmounting a rock, out of which it seems to grow, so that it is "hard to define the exact boundaries of Art and Nature." It is, indeed, a wonderful group; and, considered in connection with the remains of a priory on an opposite hill, and which, seen from a distance, seems part of the stupendous structure, there is, perhaps, no object in Great Britain so striking, or so exciting, as a remainder of ancient days. A description of its details, and especially an abstract of its history, would demand larger space than can be afforded in these pages. The guide, a kindly and intelligent woman, will point the visitor's attention to the Wogan, a "mervellows" cavern underneath the castle, of which tradition and superstition have

tales to tell; to the chamber, or rather the relics of it, in which



PEMBROKE CASTLE.

Henry VII. was born;* and, above all, to the noble round tower—the

* This chamber is now a ruin. When Leland visited the place, it must have been in a very different condition. He writes: "In the utter ward I saw the chambre wher Henry the 7th was borne, in knowledge whereof a chymmeney is now made with arms and badges of the King." The "chymmeney" is still there, but the arms and badges were probably destroyed by the soldiers of Cromwell.

keep—in which a small army defied all the resources of the Commonwealth, kept the Lord Protector at bay, and yielded only when a traitor enabled the besiegers "to cut off the supply of water."* It is a day's work, and a pleasant work it will be, to examine this ruin; for although decay is now arrested, and the courtyard is a smooth green sward, there is ample to stir the fancy into peopling it in its strength, restoring its prodigious bulwarks, its inner and outer wards, its towers, gateways, barbicans, bastions, and embattled walls,† and greeting its successive lords, from that Arnulf de Montgomery to whom the son of the Conqueror gave the land, to those descendants of the Herberts who, to-day, keep the title and the name inherited from a race of men illustrious alike in war and in peace.‡

Our road lies through Pembroke town; of antiquities it has none after we pass the bold entrance to the castle; it consists mainly of one long street, and there is nothing to detain the tourist until he arrives at a village, on the outskirts of which, along the banks of a small stream, are the ruins of LAMPHEY PALACE.§ Here the Bishops of St. David's

* The three leaders—Laugharne, Powel, and Poyer—were expressly excepted from mercy. They were sentenced to death; but the Parliament having resolved to punish only one, three papers were placed before them; on two were written the words, "Life given of God," one was blank. A child drew the lots; the blank fell to Poyer: it was his death-warrant.

† The keep is computed at seventy feet in height, the interior diameter at twenty-four feet, and the walls are from fourteen to seventeen feet in thickness. One of the many accomplished archæologists of Wales (E. A. Freeman, Esq., in the *Archæologia Cambrensis*), thus describes the stately and venerable pile:—"It remarkably combines elevation and massiveness, so that its effect is one of vast general bulk. It is another conspicuous instance of the majesty often accruing to dismantled buildings, which they could never have possessed when in a perfect state." The best account of the Earls, Earldom, and Castle, is that by G. T. Clark, Esq.

‡ The records of the several lords of this fortress are fertile of interest akin to romance. That of Strongbow, the Anglo-Norman invader of Ireland, is well known. A story, even more romantic than his, is told of his predecessor, Gerald, who in 1108 was the King's Lieutenant in Pembrokeshire. He had a beautiful wife, whom a Welsh chieftain, Owen, the son of Cadwgan ap Blethin, coveted. At midnight this profligate, aided by youths as unprincipled as himself, obtained entrance into the castle, and carried the lady off, her lord narrowly escaping with life. Such was the lawless state of the times and the condition of the country, that during eight tedious years Gerald vainly sought to regain his treasure—the lady as earnestly desiring to rejoin her lord—and to be revenged on his base and perfidious enemy. The day of reckoning, however, came at length: the betrayer was, after long and patient waiting, but always with the one purpose steadily in view, slain by the betrayed.

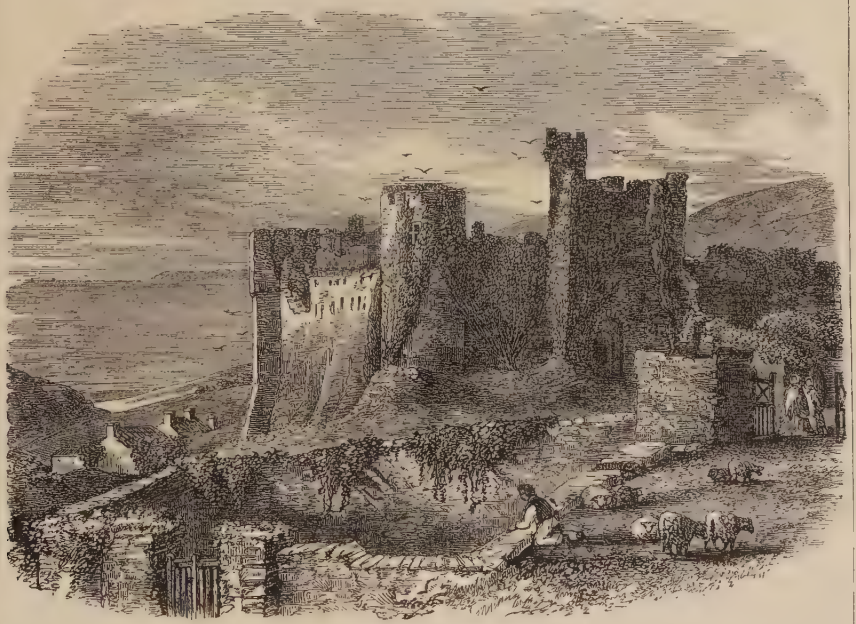
§ "The real name was undoubtedly Llanfydd—the Welsh for *Fanum Sanctæ Fidei Virginis*—dedicated to St. Faith."—"The first instrument I have seen dated from this place is one of Bishop Richard de Carew, A.D. 1259; and from that time the occasional residence of almost all the bishops there in succession may be traced, particularly of Gower, Adam Hoton, and Vaughan. To Gower principally may be ascribed its grandeur and extent."—FENTON.

had their "country seat." Whether "built by Bishop Gower," or at an earlier or later period, many prelates, no doubt, contributed to augment its graces, internal and external; and its interest is enhanced as having been some time the residence of "the unfortunate Earl of Essex." The

LAMPHEY PALACE.

ruin retains evidence of much architectural beauty, affording, by its calm and quiet character, its site in a pleasant dell, and the absence of all offensive and defensive remains, a strong contrast to the castle we have just left, and the castle we are approaching. Lamphey is distant but

eight miles from Tenby; visitors to this attractive spot are, therefore, numerous; and few places in the kingdom are so productive of recompense to those who either walk or ride thither. The ruins are entered over a pretty bridge that crosses the streamlet, and a modern mansion and grounds adjoin them; the owner, who, we presume, owns also these venerable walls, freely permits access to all comers. The neighbouring church too, will claim a visit, although, neither within nor without, does



MANORBEER CASTLE: EXTERIOR.

it contain much that need delay the tourist. He pursues his onward route, along a ridge of high land, and, midway between Pembroke and Tenby, arrives in sight of the majestic ruins of Manorbeer.*

* A visit to this castle, within four miles of Tenby, supplies one of the leading delights presented by that charming sea-town. Picnic parties are met here almost daily during the summer, and "helps" are afforded them by "care-takers" of the ruin.

Manorbeer, or Maenor Byrr, is "so called from its being the manor of the lords, or the mansion or manor of Byrr." Its situation, about two miles off the high road, is charming; "standinge between two little hillettes," the rocky bases of which repel the fury of an ever boisterous sea, "with its sheltered green park on one hand, a bare hill, with the slender tower of the old Norman church, on the other, and the whole

MANORBEER CASTLE: INTERIOR.

mass suspended over the sea-beach, that takes its angle and curve from the protruding rocks, the scene presents a combination of features that never fail to impress the stranger with mingled sentiments of picturesque beauty, solitude, and desolation." Occupying a large site, irregular in plan, and fantastic in build, the Castle of Manorbeer, since it was never sacked or taken, and has undergone but few changes, except those that

have been marked by the finger of Time, gives one a distinct idea of what a Norman baronial residence really was.

Crossing the fosse where the drawbridge used to be, and entering the building through the gate-house, you are in the long oblong court; opposite were the inhabited apartments, with the great hall, the sleeping rooms, and huge kitchens; on the eastern side were the offices; whilst along the northern ran a series of battlemented walls. Plain, ponderous, and strong (but from the absence of a keep not strikingly so), it must altogether have been no unsafe or comfortless retreat in those days when men followed the good old rule,

> "The simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."

Not far from the castle are the church and mill; and surrounding it, at no great distances, may still be seen the round tower, with its dove-cots, and the ponds; whilst the park and the grove, "where children used to play, and lovers used to meet," may still be traced. A De Barri was the founder of the castle. Antiquaries are at issue as to the date of the present structure; but all agree that no part reaches as far back as Giraldus, commonly called Cambrensis, who was born here in 1146, and who so dearly loved the place of his nativity, that he styled it, with pardonable pride, "Maenorpyr, the Paradise of all Wales."*

* Giraldus de Barri, commonly known by his patronymic of "Cambrensis," was descended on the maternal side from Rhys ap Tewdwr (or Theodor), Prince of South Wales. His uncle was Bishop of St. David's, and his early education was there received. After a prolonged tour on the continent, he took orders, and was presented with the archdeaconry of St. David's. On his uncle's death the chapter selected Giraldus as his successor, but the king, Henry I., refused to gratify their choice, fearing danger to his power from the abilities and influence of a man so closely allied with the native aristocracy of a country which England held by a very questionable tenure. His literary reputation rests mainly on his book—"The Itinerary of Bishop Baldwin through Wales, A.D. MCLXXXVIII.;" having accompanied that eminent prelate as his secretary and adviser through Wales, to "preach the Crusade," he gathered information, and the result was the far more valuable legacy to posterity than all the gains obtained in the Holy Land. The first edition of this Itinerary was printed in 1585; it was translated and edited, with copious notes, illustrative and explanatory, by Sir Richard Colt Hoare, in 1806. Giraldus died at St. David's, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and was buried in the cathedral church. Sir Richard Colt Hoare thus sums up his character:—"Noble in his birth and comely in his person, mild in his manners and affable in his conversation, zealous, active, and undaunted in maintaining the rights and dignities of the Church, moral in his character and orthodox in his principles,

Within a short distance of the castle may be seen a curious and interesting Druidic remain—a CROMLECH—of which so many examples exist in various parts of the country. Those who have visited Ireland, or are familiar with the views of Irish archæologists, will be content to attribute these singular remains to the Druids. They abound in Ireland, and are not uncommon in Wales; their origin is, undoubtedly very remote; we do not here notice the several controversies concerning them. That they long preceded the introduction of Christianity into our islands

CROMLECH, MANORBEER.

is certain, and it may be sufficiently safe to consider these huge masses of stone—always untouched by tool, and invariably placed one above another, as in our engraving—

"The work of Druid hands of old."

The tourist will visit the church, a very aged edifice, beautifully situate on a high slope that overlooks the sea; it is of Norman origin, and

charitable and disinterested, though ambitious, learned, though superstitious." When young he was tall, well-formed, and so remarkably handsome that, one day, being seated near the bishop, a Cistercian abbot, who sat on the other side, having eyed him for some time, exclaimed, "Do you think it possible so beautiful a youth can ever die?"

is, perhaps, on the whole, the most singular and picturesque even in this district, producing so many structures laying claim to that epithet. Near it is another interesting structure—a chantry, or collegiate building, erected, probably, by a De Barri, who, in 1092, was one of the twelve knights of Fitz Hamon, among whom the lands, plundered from the Welsh princes, were divided. The chantry is now a parish school; it was pleasant to see there so many earnest and healthy faces under a roof that was new eight hundred years ago, and is still vigorous, as well as useful, in age.

A little inquiry in this isolated district will supply the tourist with some information concerning the peculiar superstitions of the locality—a locality in which they abound. Although we have already made some comments on the subject, the reader will permit us to introduce a few other legends and stories gathered in the neighbourhood.

Wales has ever been noted for the strong religious feelings of its inhabitants, and also for their tendency to superstition. In the diocese of St. David's, where we now are, this tendency is stronger than elsewhere. Ghosts, and corpse-candles especially, are very generally believed in. The reason is thus satisfactorily given by one Edmund Jones, who, more than a hundred years ago, was a Dissenting pastor at Pontypool. These are his words:—"The prevailing opinion is, that it is an effect of St. David's prayer; some will say of some other bishop, but the more intelligent think it of St. David, and none, indeed, so likely as St. David. St. David was the most famous saint of Wales, who did great things in his time; for he put down the Pelagian heresy in the latter end of the fifth century, and it was owing to his presence, prayers, and direction, that King Arthur and the Britons overthrew the Saxons in a great battle at Bath, &c. Being a very spiritual man, and living under a sense of eternity after this short life, as all very spiritual men do, and observing that the people in general were careless of the life to come, and could not be brought to mind it, and make a preparation for it, though he laboured much to bring them to it, he prayed God to give a sign of the immortality of the soul, and of a life to come, a presage of death and a motive to prepare for it; and that God, in answer to his prayer, sent the

corpse-candles, and likely the Kyhirraeth, to answer the same pious end. This is the tradition of the country about it."

Spirits not at rest, or having somewhat to communicate to mortals, are said to be seen here very frequently, They haunt a house for years, for centuries even, till such time as a worthy recipient of the intelligence they wish to communicate, or the secret they wish to divulge, is found. In the night, when all the family is in bed, a noise is suddenly heard: tables and chairs seem vivified, and fly about the house in all directions; crockery is heard to be smashed with a great din, and the building shakes as if from the effects of an earthquake. The member of the family for whom the message is intended must speak and demand the business of the departed, when the noise ceases, and the intelligence is communicated by some means or other, and peace again reigns in that household. Very often, however, the party to whom the communication is addressed fears to speak; and then the terror and the noises are redoubled, and the apparition "grows so strong" as to appear visibly in the daytime. When at Haverfordwest, we heard of an instance of a man whose residence was in the neighbourhood of Narberth. He used to be so haunted and tormented that his life became a burden. He feared to go to bed; he could procure no rest. When he did, the spirit would approach, call upon him by name, and compel him to leave his room. He could hear, but it was only a shadow he beheld. At one time he slept between two farm lads, but they were no protection to him. At a certain hour he would be called. He would quake with fear, but he must rise. At last he was bold enough to interrogate the apparition, and to follow it to a place where it is supposed treasures had been hidden. Afterwards he was not disturbed. Sometimes when spirits are violent and become a terror, recourse is had to some learned clergyman who has the reputation of being able to "lay" spirits. It is said that at this moment, under the monument arch of old Haverfordwest Bridge, a spirit has been laid for a thousand years; at the expiration of that time—ever a thousand years to come—it will again be free to roam the earth and be a trouble to mortals.

The reign of witches in Pembrokeshire is now nearly over, and is of

the mildest nature. At one time, however, they were very powerful in this county. They could call spirits "from the vasty deep," and from a depth still lower. They could be of unspeakable service or disservice to man, and were inferior in power only to the "conjurers," who had more learning, were more feared, and were their deadly enemies. To these conjurers witches themselves had often to resort in cases of emergency, and they were frequently called upon by the general public to aid in the discovery of crime or the manifestation of innocence. Did one imagine his illness attributable to witchcraft? he went to the conjurer to learn the name of the hag and to request punishment. Did murrain seize his cattle? the conjurer was besought to stay it. Had any household or farming utensil been lost? it was to the conjurer he went for restitution. Many and various were the ways in which the "wise man" performed his work. Sometimes he would show in a glass the countenance of the individual who had worked the wrong; sometimes he would give the applicant the names of those by whom he had been injured, or inform him that it would be the first, the second, or the third visitor to his house after his return. If it was desired, however, he would put a "mark" upon the wrong-doer, so that the whole world might know and avoid him. And this was frequently done. At Cartlett mill, in the environs of Haverfordwest, a sack of corn was missed. Some one immediately proceeded to the conjurer, and requested that the thief should be "marked." On the man's return he found one of the women who worked at the mill in a sad state—an excrescence of skin resembling a sack of corn was growing on her face. Thus was the fraud detected!

Here is a strange account of a Pembrokeshire conjurer, written by the same Edmund Jones whom we just now quoted:—

"About forty years ago," says he, "there lived in this county one John Jenkin a schoolmaster, and also a conjurer; and being known to be such, one of his scholars, who was alive some time ago, having a mind to it, told his master he had a curiosity to see the devil; his master told him he might if he had courage for it, but told him withal that he did not choose to call an evil spirit till he had some employment for him. And some time after a man came to him who had lost some money, and desiring to

know who had stolen it. Now said the master to the scholar, I have some business for him to do. And that night the conjurer and his scholar went into a wood and drew a circle, and then came home. Some night after—and it was a fair, clear, moon-shining night—they went into the circle; and the conjurer called an evil spirit by his name; and presently they could see light, and some motion in the sky afar off; after that a bowl of light, which shot like lightning towards the circle, and turned about it (I suppose to see if there was any gap in it, that he might come in and destroy them both). The conjurer asked him who had stolen such a man's money? But by his answer he understood that that spirit knew not who had done it, and that he must call another; and having sent that spirit away, did call another; and presently, in answer to the call, the resemblance of a bull came flying through the air, so swiftly and fiercely as if he would go through them, and turned round about the circle. He asked him also who had stolen the money? and received much the same kind of answer as from the former. And the conjurer told his scholar, now almost dead with fear, 'This also won't do, I must call another:' this bold-hearted, too bold-hearted, Welshman not being afraid of those dreadful appearances, and dreadful voices of these terrible and dangerous spirits of hell. And after the young scholar was a little revived, and recovered from his terror, his master (for alas for it, he knew the names of several of the fallen angels of hell which he had better been ignorant of), called another of them by name; and behold, in answer to it, a spirit came out of the wood all in white, as white as a linen sheet, much shining in the moonlight, and coming towards the circle. When the conjurer saw him he told his scholar, we shall now hear something from this. And when he asked him the same question, the spirit answered he knew the man who had done this; told him who he was, and other circumstances concerning that matter which the conjurer asked him. The young man, who is still alive (1764), declares that neither of these spirits could speak and answer the conjurer till they had worked themselves into the human shape. But the man has never been well as another man since that time. The effect of the great fright, and of his presumption to see one of the fallen angels of hell, under the curse and wrath of God,

still cleaving to him; so dangerous it is to have to do, especially in an extraordinary way, with these mortal enemies of mankind, divested of all remains of their created virtue and goodness. The servants of Satan little consider this, else they would not choose the life which goes after Satan to endless misery, but the life that leads to angels and the spirits of just men made perfect, and to the God of all happiness.

"Some of the sons of infidelity affirm that there are no conjurers, nor any such thing as conjuring in the world; but here is one, though but one against them of hundreds that have come to pass in the course of time in diverse nations, yea, those who are said to use diverse curious arts (Acts xix. 19), are called 'conjurers' in the Welsh Bible. The Welsh translators of the Bible certainly believing that there were such men as conjurers, and such a thing as conjuring in the world; there being instances numerous enough to prove it beyond contradiction."

So much for witches and conjurers in Pembrokeshire.

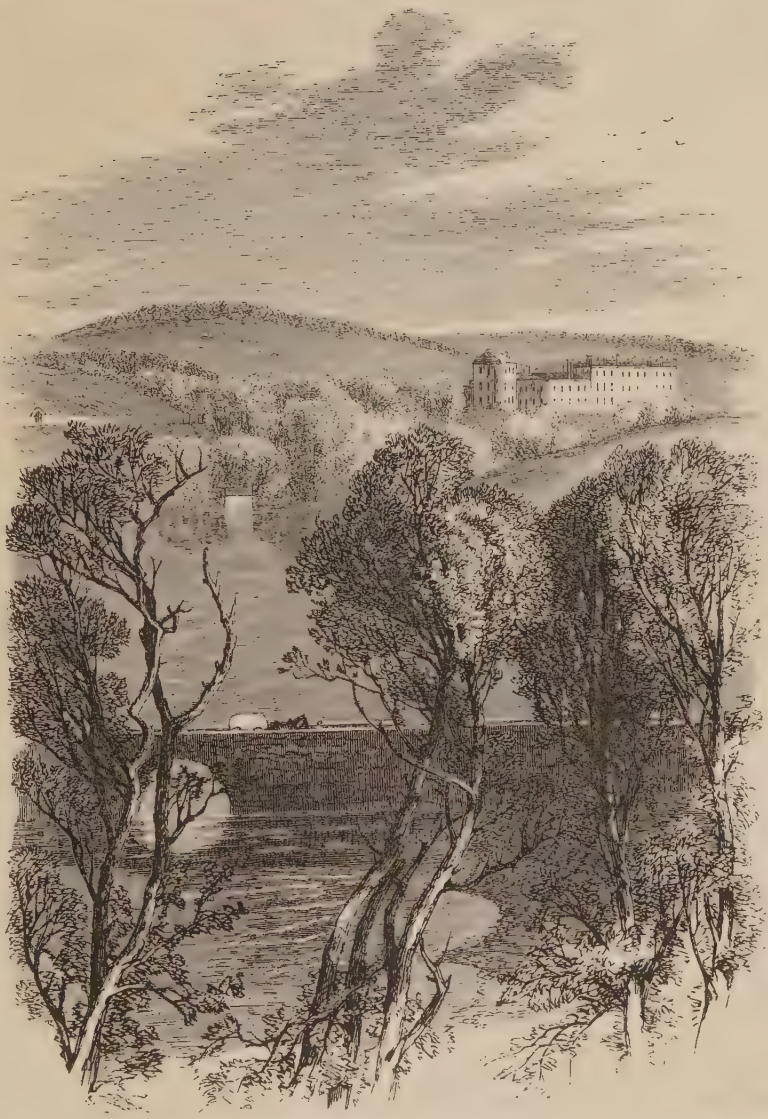
Having left this deeply interesting place—the Castle of Manorbeer—after long "musings" over terrible times, we are on the highway again, pacing along "the Ridgeway"—for so the road is called that leads from Pembroke to Tenby. How full it is of intense delights! Is the tourist a lover of nature? Let him search into any one of those hedges, and what a bouquet of wild flowers he may collect! He listens to the songs of birds that issue from every bush and tree; while the gayest of gay butterflies roam all about. A delicious air comes from distant hills, mingling with sea-breezes. Health is here: strong winds upon heights for the robust; mild zephyrs in sheltered dells for those who are delicate. The spirits are raised; the mind and the soul expand. It becomes an instinct, as it were, to laud and thank the Creator. And what a view! Look landward across that lovely valley, dotted with farmhouses,—villages here and there, marked by church towers above surrounding trees,—the well-cultivated land, green with the promise of spring, or brown with its fulfilment in autumn,—rich meadows or fertile fields. Look beyond all these, and see the mountains, among the highest in South Wales, productive almost to their summits. Or turn your gaze seaward—what a line of coast!

—ironbound!—huge cliffs against which the Atlantic dashes; graceful creeks, where there is scarce a ripple; white sails that seem aerial specks; islands, large and little, where men inhabit or sheep feed; rocks, peopled literally by millions of sea-birds; while dimly, and afar off, is seen the English coast—mild and beautiful Devonshire. Every now and then the eye falls upon some ancient ruin, such as that we have described—Pembroke, Manorbeer, Carew, and others are here; any one of which might seem to justify the often-quoted words of the great lexicographer, splenetic though they be, when comparing the size of castles in Scotland to those in Wales.

Those who have walked or ridden along "the Ridgeway," from Pembroke to Tenby, will have enjoyed a luxury "past telling;" language cannot do it justice; it can be little aided by Art: we believe neither in Wales nor in England can there be found a scene that combines so much of interest with so much of beauty.

By far the most delightful trip from Tenby (but it will occupy a long day, for the distance is nineteen miles) is that which embraces St. Govan's, the Huntsman's Leap, and the far-famed "Stacks," including also the mansion of Stackpole Court. The scenery is wild, and, if not sublime, astonishingly grand; while, as we have said, the district itself is the home-ground of many of those fanciful legends and quaint superstitions that still influence the peasantry of South Pembrokeshire. There are two roads—one, through Penally and Lydstep, follows the undulating line of coast; the other, longer, but more agreeable, is over the Ridgeway, and through Pembroke. In both cases the tourist passes STACKPOLE COURT.* Those who take the

* The mansion was built by the great-great-grandfather of the present Lord Cawdor; he was son of Sir Alexander Campbell, of Cawdor Castle, in Scotland, "the first of the name who settled here, by marrying Miss Lort, the sole heiress of this great property." The demesne is surpassingly beautiful; "not far from the sea, though no sign of its proximity is apparent, nor should we have suspected it, as we rode alternately through noble woods, pleasant lanes, with expanding prospects on either side, and verdant vales at intervals." (Gosse). "The present edifice of wrought limestone, rises beautifully at the foot of a sloping hill, in the sight of a spacious lake, the favourite resort of almost every species of wild fowl, and looks over a wide-extended park, along which herds of deer scamper in all the gladness of their nature. Skirting hills and rich plantations belt the domain on various sides, and beyond is the bright and boundless ocean." (Roscoe). The tomb of a crusader—supposed to be that of Elidur de Stackpole—is in the Church of Cheriton, "sometimes called Stackpole Elidur." The church, with several others in the vicinity, was restored at the cost of the late Earl of Cawdor, and is now a charming example of ecclesiastical art.



STACKPOLE COURT.

former road will obtain a fine view of the house and the surrounding hills, just before crossing the bridge over the estuary at the head of which the mansion is built. It occupies the site of the baronial residence of the old crusader, Elidur de Stackpole. The place has undergone many changes. It was garrisoned and "held out stoutly," in the civil wars, "for the king and the public honour;" and is at present the residence of the noble Thane of Cawdor. His lordship possesses many valuable works of Art, and many interesting relics of antiquity, amongst which is a HIRLAS HORN, or drinking cup, which our ancestors, or

HIRLAS HORN.

rather the ancestors of the Welsh, used to fill to the brim and present to their guests, who were always expected to quaff its contents at a draught. The one we have engraved is said to be the actual horn presented by the Earl of Richmond to Dafydd ap Jevan, in whose castle, at Llwyn Dafydd, Cardiganshire, the illustrious prince was entertained on his way to Bosworth Field. Passing through remote Bosheston, with its recently restored church, the carriage road soon terminates, and we draw up on

the heath upon the lofty promontory of St. Govan, which juts out to the south, and forms the termination of the county. Before us is an immense and glorious picture, in which the majesty of ocean scenery reaches its perfection. The elevation on which we stand, the open sea before us, the perfume of the wild flowers, the sea-birds shrieking overhead, and the everduring beat of the waves—to-day calm and limpid—at our feet, combine to produce a scene of inexpressible interest, grandeur, and beauty. Close by, perched across a fissure in the side of the cliffs, and unseen from above, is the far-famed Chapel of St. Govan.* A long flight of steps, well worn, and, as yet,

"Counted by none both ways alike,"

conducts to it.† It is a small rude building, with an arched roof, and has on either side a stone bench cushioned with withered sods. In the east wall a doorway admits into a cleft of the rock in which is a marvellous crevice, "that enables the largest person to turn round therein, and is at the same time quite filled by the smallest." It is used as a "wishing-place;" and the legend asserts that all who turn round therein, and steadfastly cling to the same wish during the operation, will most certainly obtain their wish before the expiration of the year. The smooth and glassy face of the rock testifies to its frequent use. No doubt some "holy" anchorite, "mistaking his road to heaven," here made himself miserable in life; and here, in after years, when a peculiar sanctity was attached to the scene of his self-sacrifice, came many pilgrims, with minds or bodies diseased, trusting in the virtues of stones the saint had trodden, and water of which he had drunk; often, no doubt, obtaining "cures,"

* "The valiant knight—the Sir Gawain, of good King Arthur's Round Table—has been transformed, by popular error, into a saint. The superstitious stories to which this singular position of a consecrated building has given rise are without end." (Malkin). Malkin here, as well as in many other of his assumptions, is not to be relied on; the name, no doubt, is a corruption of St. Giovanni, to whom the chapel was dedicated.

† "There is a popular belief that these steps, like the stones comprising the circle of Stonehenge, cannot be numbered; but in my descent I made them fifty-two—a tale agreeing with that of Ray, A.D. 1662." (Fenton). "I was silly enough to count them twice; I made the number seventy-three, exclusive of broken and fragmentary ones." (Gosse.) Our friend, Mr. Thomas Purnell, numbered them, and makes them seventy.

the consequence of faith. Tradition gives this cavity a singular history. Our Lord—so runs the tale—pursued by the Jews, sought safety in this neighbourhood. Passing through a field where men were sowing barley, he ordered them at once to go for their reaping-hooks, and, if any passed that way and inquired after him, to say they had seen such an one, but that it was in sowing time. The men, although they knew not who it was, did as they were bid, fetched their hooks, and lo! on their return

ST. GOVAN'S CHAPEL.

the field was waving with ripe corn. Whilst engaged in the reaping, a band of men accosted them, as was expected, who, having received the appointed answer, gave up the chase in despair. The Lord, meanwhile, had been concealed in this crevice, which had opened to receive him, and still bears a faint impression of his person. The little chapel has a bell-gable, but it has been denuded of its bell, for, according to the

same authority, once upon a time a sacrilegious pirate heard its silvery tones, and despoiled the sanctuary of its treasure; but God's vengeance overtook him, for no sooner had he embarked with his theft than a violent storm arose, in which he and his polluted band perished. A substitute, also, was provided for the loss in a large stone, which ever since, when struck, rings out the same note as the missing bell.* To reach the shore we pass the sainted well, said to be a sure and certain cure for "all the ills that flesh is heir to;" and having picked our way over and between immense stones, we arrive on the ledge of rocks that, at low water, runs round the base of the overhanging cliffs. The whole scene here is wonderfully grand: though we may be alone, there is no solitude, for there seems a Presence that fills the whole place, and, amidst these caverns and frowning precipices, we feel our own insignificance.

For the naturalist and the artist no district more abounds in objects of interest than the southern portion of the county of Pembroke. Year by year it attracts an increasing number of visitors to its highly picturesque scenery; and more and more frequent do we find notices of its natural beauties and antiquarian remains. Among the latest tourists is Mr. Cosmo Innes, F.S.A., who, at one of the recent meetings of the Archæological Society, communicated a short notice of St. Govan's Chapel. We quote from the *Journal* of the Society as follows:—"In one of the little bays there is a small chapel of rude masonry, half way down the cliff, known as St. Govan's Chapel; it is approached by a long flight of steps, and according to popular story it is not possible to count their number correctly. A few yards lower in the ravine is a well, covered by a roof of rude construction; it was doubtless originally used for baptism, and thence regarded as sacred, and it is still resorted to for the cure of diseases. The most singular part of the saint's dwelling is his so-called bed, possibly a place of mortification, or rather his coffin, being a vertical opening in the rock, in which a person of ordinary size may with difficulty stand; and the rock has become polished by the number of visitors who

* "I found that this ringing power was possessed by a good many of the boulders in the wilderness of stones over which I had to clamber my way down."—GOSSE.

squeeze themselves into this interstice in the sides of the cavern. Mr. Innes called attention to the existence of similar places of penance in Ireland, associated with the legends of ancient asceticism; and he pointed out a remarkable circumstance, the popular mixing up of mythical personages or characters in ancient romance, with the holy hermits of early Christianity. There can be no doubt as to the character of the place in South Wales. The cave, the place of penance, the well, still sacred in popular estimation, are all in accordance with other vestiges of primitive missionaries in North Britain and in Ireland. The name, however, here attached not only to the cave, but to the bold headland adjoining, resembles that of a famous hero of romance, who, strangely enough, has robbed the humble hermit of his identity. Sir Gawain, the renowned knight of the Round Table, was slain by Sir Launcelot, and many places claimed the honour of preserving his remains: Langtoft says that he was buried at Wybre in Wales; Caxton and Leland place his interment at Dover; whilst, according to the Brut, he was conveyed to his country of Scotland. The occurrence of a name so similar as that of Govan, associated with a remarkable site, was sufficient, it would appear, to justify a claim on behalf of Pembrokeshire. The assertion, singular as it may be, is not modern, since William of Malmesbury* relates the discovery on the coast of the province of Ross in Wales, in the time of the Conqueror, of the tomb of Gawain, fourteen feet in length; and also that the wounded knight was wrecked on the coast, and slain by the natives. Leland rejects the tale, but records the existence of a ruined castle near the shore, called by the name of Gawain; and Sir F. Madden observes that the tradition of the locality assigns St. Govan's Head as the burial-place of King Arthur's nephew.† Mr. Innes observed, however, that the local historian, Fenton, does not advert to any such popular notion; and that during his recent visit to South Wales he had sought in vain for traces of this singular tradition."

* Script post Bedam, lib. ii. p. 64.

† Introduction to Sir Gawain, edited by Sir F. Madden. Fenton seems to ignore the legend, which is not mentioned in his "History of Pembrokeshire," where Stackpole Head is noticed, p. 414.

THE HUNTSMAN'S LEAP.

At a short distance from each other are three fissures, extending a considerable distance into the land. The first has no name; the second is the well-known Huntsman's Leap, a frightful abyss, which is not seen till we are on the brink. Sea-pinks, heather, and furze grow to the edge of the crumbling banks, and the sides of the bare rocks are lichened over with many colours. A creeping sensation comes over us, as, looking to the depths below, we hear only the hollow muttering of the in-coming tide, or the chuckle of the sea-gull echoing from side to side. In one place the distance across is inconsiderable, and, half way down, the sides touch, like a collision of two huge leviathan ships: here it was the impetuous courser, in full career, plunged across, bearing on his back the terrified huntsman, to give a name to the place, and to die with fright on his arrival home. Adjoining is Bosheston Meer, a funnel-shaped chasm, sixteen fathoms deep, communicating with the sea, through which, at certain seasons and times of the tide, a great volume of water is forced up to an incredible height, and with an unearthly noise, only to be heard in wild weather. "And, which is more strange," writes old George Owen (*temp.* Queen Elizabeth), "if sheepe, or other like cattel, be grazing neere the pitt, offtimes they are forcibly and violently drawne and carried into the pitt; and if a cloke or other garment be cast on the ground, neere the pitt, at certaine seasons, you shall stande afarre of, and see it sodainly snatched, drawne, and swallowed up into the pitt, and never seene againe."

The neighbourhood has other objects of singular attraction. Not far from Bosheston Meer is a "sunken wood"—a place of great interest; "a round pit, of some fifty feet wide, yawns in the ground; it is full of ash-trees, which, springing from all parts of the bottom and sides, just reach to the summit, and no more—a curious example of the influence of the sea-spray in preventing the growth of trees." "The whole neighbourhood, from many striking traditions, and other circumstances, appears to have been the scene of frequent and bloody contests." There are, or were, when Fenton wrote his history, in 1811, in this neighbourhood, three upright stones, about a mile distant from each other. The tradition is that on a certain day these stones meet to "dance the Hay," at a place

called Saxon's Ford, and when the dance is over, travel back and resume their places. These stones are referred to by Giraldus, as having been placed by Harold to record his victories, and contained inscriptions—

HIC HAROLDVS VICTOR FVIT.

"Nothing can exceed the awful wildness that throughout characterises this solitude, amidst a chaos of rocky fragments broken into a thousand irregular shapes, with every object shut out but such as are best calculated to inspire meditation—the canopy of heaven and the trackless ocean."

As we were leaving the spot, we were saluted by an old man and a delicate little girl, his grandchild, who were crossing the heath.

"'Tis a wild place you have here," we said, pointing to the Meer.

"Ye may well say that, if ye heard 'en at work; though 'a dunna howl now half so bad as when I was a lad—people have been known to hear 'en as far as Cold Blow, up by Narberth, and that is fifteen miles, as the bird flies. 'As got a deal quieter now," he added; "some sez part of 'en is broke away; but for all that 'a do holla away main stoutly yit apon times—many and many is the times I've alay awake listening to his noise."

"Do many people visit the neighbourhood?" we inquired.

"Yis, a sight of people comes here in the summer from all parts, only out of curosity, like you, may-be,—but lots comes for the cure."

"The cure?"

"Yis, they come to St. Govan's to try the well; and it's only them as haven't got no faith that goes away without being cured. Why, I myself have had some lodging at my own cottage who came on crutches, but when they left could walk away as lusty and strong as you can."

"If the well is so efficacious, why do you not try its effects upon her," we said, looking upon the child at his side, who seemed in a rapid consumption; "she looks rather ill?"

"Ay, poor thing, she *is* ill," said the old man, mournfully. "We have tried everything we could think of, and only yesterday we had over the charm doctor, but he wouldn't try on her, as he said he couldn't do her any good. To please the mother I am now taking her to the well;

but *I* know it's no use, for—" and he lowered his voice to a whisper—"I have seen her light!"

The old man and his charge having wished us good morning, pursued their way to St. Govan's, whilst we struck off in an opposite direction for the Stack Rocks.

The path is along the summit of the high cliff, from the margin of which we are never too remote to hear the splash of the waves as they roll into the little creeks with which this coast is "notched like a saw." Here and there, in our course, we pass by some wondrous aperture with yawning mouth, that communicates subterraneously with the sea;* and, at a short distance from the "leap," we have an opportunity of examining one of those singular camps, very numerous along these coasts, remaining as souvenirs of that northern race who, in the early dawn of our history, swooped like birds of prey upon the land.† Long before we arrive, we are made aware of our proximity to the Stacks by the incessant noise and hum of the birds that occupy them, and when the spot is reached, the scene is of the most interesting description. We are on the breeding-grounds of various birds that "time out of mind" have selected this wild and little frequented place. Here they congregate in vast numbers. From May to September the two lofty isolated rocks are the homes of the Razor-bill, the waddling Guillemot, or Eligug, which gives its name to the rocks, and that foolish-looking creature called the Puffin, who possesses the humorous propensity of driving rabbits from their warrens, and hatching in the holes. Every available ledge and cranny of the rocks are covered, and the crests seem one mass of

* "The whole tract is full of what may be not improperly called sea-wells; large circular cavities in the ground, at some distance from the shore, with perpendicular sides, as deep as the height of the cliff, into which the sea finds its way with much noise and violence." (Malkin.) "At Bosheston Meer, when impelled by wind and tide concurring into it, the sea is sent up in a column of foam, thirty or forty feet above the mouth of the pit, exhibiting the appearance of a perfect rainbow."—Fenton.

† A short distance from the Stacks, on the mainland, is a large Danish camp, which occupies a neck of land, and on which is one of the greatest wonders of the coast, "The Caldron, or Devil's Punch-bowl." "The 'Caldron' is a chasm of exceeding grandeur, surpassing in sublimity anything I had yet seen. It is a somewhat circular pit, with absolutely perpendicular sides, about two hundred feet in depth. . . . . No description could do justice to this extraordinary chasm, or convey any idea of its sublimity and grandeur."—Gosse.

animated nature. Indeed, the tallest Stack has the appearance of a great unhewn monumental column, covered with *alti-relievi* alive and in motion. Some are engaged in sitting on their one egg, some in paddling it out with their feet to the sun; here may be seen a red-throated diver on the water, in the act of plunging for his prey; there a gull cradled on a wave, looking about him with entire *nonchalance;*

THE STACK ROCKS.

while, on the craggy ledge of some rock, the green cormorant, stretching out his wings to dry, is waiting to digest his last meal, preparatory to his search after another.

The reader must not suppose that we have exhausted the store of sea-cliffs which the wild coast round this shore supplies; it is very

productive of scenes and incidents such as those we describe. But we have conducted the tourist only through beaten tracks; he who is strong enough and venturesome enough to explore for himself, will encounter many other marvels that will amply recompense time and toil.

A day will be well spent at Caldy Island; a row across the bay, of two and a half miles, being one of the especial treats of visitors, to examine the walls and remains of a castellated mansion which now form parts of a modern dwelling—the residence of the gentleman who owns the old nest of the sea-kings. There are other objects here to arrest attention—an ancient tower, and an inscribed stone, still more ancient: its smaller sister, St. Margaret's, separated from it when the tide is in, and joined to it at low water by a reef of rocks, contains also objects which the antiquary will explore gladly; while the rocks and cliffs that girt either shore are fertile of matters deeply interesting to the naturalist; and the breezes, either mild or strong, are ever full of health, on those green fields which the sea environs.

The island of Caldy, a mile in length and half a mile in breadth, contains about 650 acres of land. Lying in a southern direction, it is distant from Tenby nearly two miles and a half, and during the summer months is a favourite excursion of visitors to Tenby. Hither, too, it is, from time immemorial, the residents themselves resort on Whit-Monday. On that day crowds collect on the pier, get into the various boats, land on the island, and occupy themselves in puffin shooting and tea-drinking; in the evening they return to the town and finish the day of festivity in the consumption of Whitsun ale. Caldy in old times had a priory, remains of which still exist. At present it contains, in addition to the light-house,* the mansion of the owner, a chapel, a powder magazine, and a dozen cottages inhabited by quarrymen and farm servants. A residence here in summer, when the breezes from the Atlantic temper the heat of the sun, must be extremely pleasant; but in winter time life on the island cannot but be monotonous enough. Fern, which grows in

* It was built in 1828, and the light first exhibited in January, 1829.

abundance on the island, is gathered by the inhabitants, stacked, and serves for fuel, for thatching, and for litter; it also supplies the public oven, which is attended to, for a week at a time, by each of the housewives in turn.

On market days the boat comes over to the mainland, and returns laden with whatever is required by the inhabitants for the week. As the stormy season advances, however, there is need to store up a more complete supply, as, from the violence of the sea, the communication is sometimes stopped for weeks together.

There is excellent fishing around the island; the oyster fishery, indeed, is renowned. The beds, at present, not sufficiently worked, supply those fish that, taking their name from the nearest town, are welcomed everywhere on account of their size and delicate flavour. It is of these oysters the old Lord of Kemes, in the reign of Elizabeth, says, "there is a greate kinde gathered there, which being eaten rawe, seeme too strong a meate for weak stomaks, and must be parted in two, three, or foure peeces, before he may be eaten, by reason of his exceeding bigness." And then, after explaining in his quaint style, how oysters are found by experience to breed their young "as the beggars doe, by bearing them on their backes," he goes on to say how a pleasant-minded man, imagining the worst that might be spoken of the oyster, said, "it is an uncleane meate; an unprofitable meate; and an ungodly meate: uncleane for fowling the hands in opening of them—so that alwaies you must have water to cleane the hands after them; unprofitable—for let a man eate never so good a meale at oysters, he presently sitteth to dinner and eateth as earnestly as if he had not eaten anything before; ungodly—because it is never used to say grace before oysters as before other meate."

Lobsters also are found in the cliffs. These, unlike the oyster, which has three sins to answer for, seem to have three especial good qualities; "for," saith the same authority—no doubt quoting another "pleasant-minded man"—"the lapster, sett whole on the table, yieldeth exercise, sustenance, and contemplation: exercise—in cracking his legs and clawes; sustenance—by eating the meate thereof; and contemplation—

by beholding the curious work of his complete armour both in hue and workmanship." The same may be said for the crab, with the addition that it affords as much sport in the capture as pleasure in the eating. Indeed, the rocks and ledges around Caldy will afford the visitor to Tenby at once an agreeable excursion, and a very prolific hunting-ground.

One of the pleasantest drives from Tenby is to the north, as far as Amroth, taking *en route* Saundersfoot, St. Issell's and Hean Castle, and the fragment of Bonville's Court—a ruined tower that gives its name to the colliery beside it; visiting, if the tourist pleases, one of the mines of anthracite coal, of which there are several in the neighbourhood—their "whereabouts" indicated by tall chimneys, and groups of pitmen going from or returning to their work. These places are on the north side of Tenby—the opposite to those we have been heretofore describing. The tourist who proceeds to Amroth, some five miles from the town, will, of course, stop to examine the submarine forest; he may easily procure specimens, in which he will find embedded shells, in some instances containing the living fish.*

Traditions, and orally preserved poems, combine with existing remains to indicate that, in several places large tracts of country, once cultivated and inhabited, had been swallowed up by the sea. The chief of these is the Cantre'r Gwaelod, or Lower Hundred, in Cardigan Bay. According to some accounts, this event happened in the fifth century. In "The Triads," a collection of very ancient Welsh records, the misfortune is attributed to the drunkenness of Seithenyn, who wantonly opened the flood-gates, and,

"After his festive mirth, let in the desolating ocean."

Amroth is the furthest point of this excursion. The "Castle" is a

* We obtained pieces containing several of the living fish—both the *Pholas candida* and *Pholas dactylus*. Some of the wood has been found to retain marks of the axe, "as if the encroachment of the sea had been effected since the country was inhabited by civilized man." To this interesting locality, as well as to many others, where the peculiar products of the locality are to be obtained, Jenkins is a valuable guide.

modern house; anciently it was called "Eare Wear," and is supposed to have been the feudal residence of a follower of Arnulph de Montgomery, one of "a chain of posts," which may yet be traced from Carmarthen to Pembroke. A stone's throw from Amroth is the boundary stream that divides the shires, Pembroke and Carmarthen. Many delightful bits of scenery are to be met with in the neighbourhood. Hean Castle, now

SAUNDERSFOOT.

also a modern dwelling, is, according to Fenton, but a corruption of Hengastill, the Old Castle. The whole of this neighbourhood was once a huge forest; it is now "the great natural depôt of coal," and the pretty little village of SAUNDERSFOOT, which, some forty years since consisted of about three houses, is the port at which the material is shipped for exportation; lines of tramway have been laid down from the mines to

the quays, and there is a character of active bustle seldom to be found elsewhere in the district.* There are few more delicious drives than that which leads from Tenby, over hills, to the dell in which this miniature seaport is situate. It is by another route homewards—through narrow lanes that lead into the main road from Narberth—we reach the church and hamlet of St. Issell's. The church is small, but has a tall, square tower of grey stone; a tiny stream "brawls across the pebbly road, and passes with a whispering rush through the tunnel arch of a rustic foot-bridge."

The many ancient churches that neighbour Tenby add greatly to its interest and attraction: the tourist may examine a dozen of them in a day. There are none that gave us more pleasure than that we have pictured—dedicated to a saint of whom we know nothing. It is in a pleasant dell, environed by trees; in the crowded churchyard sleep the hamlet's "rude forefathers." The rivulet, on the morning of our visit, scarcely covered the stepping-stones, but at times it becomes a fierce and rapid current, and then the quaint foot-bridge is the protector of wayfarers. A carter was watering his horses there while we lingered to admire the masses of wild flowers on its banks. He was a short, burly son of the Principality; not old, apparently—though he told us he was at the winter end of seventy. We praised the old church.

"Ah, well! the gentry thinks many a thing handsome that I don't see nothin' in. A drawin'-man, t'other day, made a pictur of my wife—an' she's a good five years awlder than I—that she is; but it was her

* The exports consist of superior anthracite coal, culm, patent fuel, pig iron, iron ore, bricks, and fine silica, used in the manufacture of porcelain. Previous to 1835 the loading of vessels was conducted on the beach, by means of carts, when it was not an unusual thing to see thirty vessels beached at a time, and upwards of a hundred carts employed in conveying the coal and culm to the vessels. The great amount of noise, "gee-wo-ing," &c., and indeed frequent accidents, was put an end to by the formation of the present substantial harbour. The exports thus brought to the harbour are shipped by means of seven jetties. The following account of coal and culm, shipped in the respective years of 1833 and 1859, will tend to show the trade of Saundersfoot to be steadily on the increase:—

Year.	Coal.	Culm.
1833	5,817 tons	5,680 tons
1859	16,755 tons	16,595 tons.

Saundersfoot now presents to the eye of the tourist the appearance of a good-sized bustling village.

hat an' jeckat he took to. She'd a been nothin' in his eyes without the hat an' jeckat. She wanted to put on her new ans, but he was such a fule that he stuck to the awld; an' I couldn't but laugh—to see how he was took in. Why, they woz her own muther's! Now there was a

ST. ISSELL'S CHURCH.

thing for a painting-man to make a pictur of! A Welshwoman touching eighty, in her own muther's hat and jeckat! Why, the hat was knockt up and down—like—like—nothin', and as high as a church steeple—and he to make a pictur of it!" There was a merry twinkle in his eyes,

while he repeated, "my awld umman, in her muther's hat an' jeckat, make a pictur! an' she, bless her awld cranky face, so proud coz she was draw'd!"

We met the old man frequently afterwards, and once, just as our ponies arrived at the outer gate of Manorbeer Castle, he was there; without invitation, he followed us, his arms crossed on his back, his head advanced, and his keen little eyes taking in everything. "I think," he commenced, "you're for admiring the awld place just as the painter-man admired my awld wife in her muther's hat an' jeckat! Ah! but we had a jolly night here, in Boney's time, when a stout-hearted smuggling gentleman took Manorbeer Park farm, an' purtended he brought ovver five Cornish men to teach our lads mining, an' our women to milk cows. It was sometimes carrying kegs over the rocks an' stones at Lydstep, an' hiding 'am in our caves there, or else taking a run with 'am up the green slopes, to the men in waiting, if the coast was clear. Many a boat have I seed upset in the surf of Manorbeer Bay, and then scramble—who scramble could! We had cellars all about the cliffs, two on Hill farm, some under the old parsonage walls, by Manorbeer Church; an', bless you! the castle itself is like a mole-hill—the earth under it is full of our *runs*. Eh! if the painter-man had but sin the smuggling cutter *Jane*, Captain Furze, pursued by a king's ship—the shot flying over us like hail in thunder—an' we bobbing like geese under an archway to 'scape it. 'Get down, my lads,' says Captain Furze, says he, 'get below; I'll balk 'em yet—the timber isn't spliced that'll run down Jack Furze—down, my lads, at once!' and as a spoke, a threw hisself flat on the deck, and so a steered lying on his back. He dodged from day till dark—when we come on deck, and, making a suddan turn in his coorse, he 'scaped. Ah! Captain Jack would have been something to paint—*he* would!"

Do you happen to be in South Pembrokeshire on St. David's day, when March is entering "like a lion," as is his wont? We may wish you there when he is going out "like a lamb." Should you be in Wales on the fête of its patron saint, if you do not yourself wear a leek, you will see many who do so. You will be told, in the words of

the historian Malkin, that "St. David is as proper to the Welsh, by whom he is called St. Dewy, as St. George to England." He was certainly of royal descent, and was born, probably, A.D. 460, somewhere in Pembrokeshire, near to the See he subsequently governed. If Selden be consulted, you will learn "that he was uncle to King Arthur; was Bishop of Menevia, which is now St. David's in Pembroke;" that "he was first canonized by Calixtus II.;" that "he was prognosticated above thirty years before his birth;" and that St. Patrick, in the presence of the yet unborn babe, "suddenly lost the use of speech," but recovering it soon after, "made prediction of Dewy's holiness, joined with greatness." This was not the only miracle that heralded his advent; to minister to his baptism, a fountain of the purest water gushed forth—"to be seen to this day." His schoolfellows used to declare they often saw a snow-white dove hovering above him. The promise of his childhood was fulfilled in manhood and in age: "Heaven was pleased to prosper all his labours; blessing him with a patriarchal longevity, to continue a shining ornament of religion, and an instructive example to the world. He ended his days amongst faithful servants of God, in his beloved retirement, and was buried in his own church, where his shrine for many ages continued to be frequented by several crowned heads, and pilgrims of every description."

The origin of the leek as the badge of Welshmen is involved in much obscurity; there is no evidence concerning it; if we except that of an old "broadside," which declares that on a certain first of March, the Welshmen "joyned with their foes," and in order not to confound friends with them—

> "Into the garden they did go,
> Where each one pulled a leeke,"

which, wearing in their hats, they were thus enabled to recognise their countrymen, "all who had no leekes being slaine." To this tradition Shakspere refers, making Fluellen say in "Henry V.," "The Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps." The more plausible supposition, however, is

that of Dr. Owen Pughe, that it was derived from the custom in the Cymmortha, still observed in Wales, in which the farmers assisted each other in ploughing their land, on which occasion every one formerly contributed his leek to the common repast. Be it what it may,

"We still remember David's day,
In wearing of a leeke."

At Tenby, we believe, the leek is seldom worn, the custom being strictly confined to the purely Welsh districts; but Tenby has other "observances" which will attract the attention of visitors.

The tourist visiting the town at the close of the year, would formerly have been told by throngs with lighted torches, and making music out of cow-horns, that "Christmas comes but once a year." On St. Stephen's day he would have encountered crowds employed in the gentle pastime of beating all passers-by with holly-bushes. On new year's morn he might have been (and may still be) greeted by boys and girls who sprinkle all they met with "new year's water," and wish them a "happy new year;" for which good service they levy contributions, singing as they go—

"Here we bring new water from the well so clear,
For to worship God with, this happy new year."

On Twelfth Night he would encounter other crowds, bearing bowls of a liquor less pure, chanting an ancient ballad—

"Taste our jolly wassail bowl,
Made of cake, apple, ale, and spice!"

If he chanced to be there on Shrove Tuesday, he might see the shop-keepers hurriedly putting up their shutters, mothers dragging their children within doors, and quiet females hastening home—not without reason it would seem; for shortly afterwards would be heard a frightful din and tumult, not unlike the war whoop of wild Indians, caused by the mustered forces of the "brave boys," and girls too, of Tenby, who are engaged in driving on the football through the streets! On Good Friday many old people walked barefoot to church. Easter Monday

was a great day of fun; and Whit Monday a day still more jovial, for clubs with bands, and banners decked with flowers, formed processions to visit church, and, in the evening, danced the old and honoured dance, "Sir Roger de Coverley." On May-eve, the King and Queen of May, tricked out with flowers, paraded the town and demanded from all candles, or money wherewith to buy—used at night in illuminating the May-bush, round which dancing was kept up whilst the lights lasted, and then an immense bonfire of furze was lighted, on which the bush was burned. All-Hallows-eve is, of course, a grand festival in Tenby, as it is everywhere.

Alas! these pleasant sports of the people are becoming daily more and more a mere history; dull facts are driving out lively fancies; labour seldom, now-a-days, seeks refreshment from healthful play; toil has its recompense only in toil anew; the May-pole on the village green is often but a sad reminder of pleasure uninherited. If we have learned to be wiser than our fathers, and more refined than our mothers, it may be well to inquire, now and then, at what price, in this "utilitarian age," our acquisitions have been bought. Tenby has "profited" less than more accessible places by introductions of modern ways. May it keep, yet a long while, its privilege unscathed! Nay, we may even regret that its "superstitions" are rapidly "dying out;" that the silent spirit appears not with her wonted frequency to indicate to some lucky swain the spot where hidden treasures have been buried; that only in remote districts now the lonely wayfarer passes the fairy circle with bated breath and averted head, fearing lest he may disturb the sports of the "little good people," and be made to assist in their mystic revels; that the services of the charm-doctor are less frequently required than of yore; that "corpse-candles" and spectral funerals have ceased to visit frequented ways; that witches are treated with less of awe than they used to be; and that the nameless one, with clanking chains, now seldom appears to affright village swains and country maidens returning from fair, wake, or wedding-feast, and has ceased, in great measure, to waylay the rustic lover, as he wanders home from a "courting" expedition to some neighbouring farm.

We bid a grateful farewell to Tenby, for the memory is very pleasant of the pretty and healthy place; we had much enjoyment in the quaint old town, and the many walks and drives that neighbour it: in reference to it we may quote the concluding lines of a very ancient poem, entitled "The Eulogy of Tenby:"—

> "There is a pleasant fort on the flood shore;
> Pleasantly is given to each his desire;
> I address thee in departing—mayest thou prosper"

We return with our readers to the station at Narberth Road, in order to continue and accomplish our journey to Milford Haven by railway. Passing the minor station of Clarbeston Road, we arrive at HAVERFORDWEST, the capital of the county. It is an admirable representative of an old county town:—"Unquestionably," says Fenton, "the largest town in this county, if not in all Wales." Sixty years have passed away since the historian wrote these words, and Haverfordwest has become no smaller; but it would be a strange assertion to make now. Swansea, Cardiff, and other of the towns we have passed, have long ago outstripped it in growth; but yet the old town is large enough to possess all the requisites of trade and commerce—small enough, too, to enable all to know and be known to each other. Its situation is highly picturesque, being built on a steep hill that overlooks the Western Cleddau, and commanding in all directions fine and extensive prospects of the surrounding scenery. The old castle which frowns upon the landscape with wrinkled brow, and forms the most prominent object in all views of the town, is ascribed to Gilbert de Clare, and was one of the most important fortresses of the Anglo-Normans in this district. It has undergone many changes; was more than once injured by the Welsh; made a gallant and successful defence, under the Earl of Arundel, against the Sire de Hugueville, who had landed with French troops at Milford Haven to succour "the irregular and wild Glendower;" and suffered considerably during the civil wars, when it was garrisoned for the king, and had Sir John Stepney as its governor. The garrison, however, hearing of the rapid successes

of the parliament forces at Milford and Pembroke, and particularly the surrender of Pill Fort, one of the strongest holds the royalists possessed, in a panic hastily withdrew. On the day after the surrender of Pembroke the commissioners appointed by parliament finding the Castle of Haverfordwest not suitable for the service of the state, and yet strong enough to be held by "ill-affected persons," authorized the mayor and

THE CASTLE, HAVERFORDWEST.

aldermen to summon in the inhabitants of the Hundred of Roose, and the people of Haverfordwest, in order that they might "forthwith demolish the walls and towers of the said castle, so that the said castle be not possessed by the enemy." To this document Cromwell appended the following short and characteristic postscript:—"If speedy course be not taken to fulfil the commands of this warrant, I shall be necessitated to

consider of settling a garrison."—Oliver Cromwell. The mayor and corporation were evidently anxious to avoid the alternative, for the following day (13th July, 1648) they addressed a letter to Cromwell, setting forth that the undertaking would exhaust "a huge sum" of money; that they would be much obliged if he would grant them a supply of powder out of the ships; and that the whole county ought to assist. Whether any powder was granted is doubtful, but the mayor and council were not entirely unsuccessful in their appeal, for by "return of post" they received this:—

"Whereas upon view and consideration, with Mr. R. Lort, Mr. Samson Lort, and the mayor and aldermen of Haverfordwest, it is thought fit, for the preserving the peace of this county, that the Castle of Haverfordwest should be speedily demolished:

"These are to authorise you to call unto your assistance in the performance of this exercise, the inhabitants of the Hundreds of Dungleddy, Dewisland, Kemis, Roose, and Kilgerran; who are hereby authorised to give you assistance.

"Given under our hand this 14th July, 1648,

"Oliver Cromwell."

Besides the castle, which now serves the purpose of a county gaol, there are other relics of mediæval times in the town and neighbourhood. In the environs—on the river's bank, near the spot where we cross the Cleddau by rail—stands the ruin of a Priory of Black Canons, which, seen from the "parade" above on a moonlight night, when the tide floods the marsh on which it stands, is an exceedingly fine spectacle. It must have been very extensive, for its remains are scattered over a large space of ground. The church was a large cruciform pile, with a tower in the centre, about one hundred and sixty feet from east to west—the tower supported by four handsome pointed arches. At both ends there was a large window, and the chancel had three large windows, "like those of Salisbury," on each side.

In Bridge Street, a lane leading down to the river is called "the

Friars," from a convent of black friars which formerly occupied the site, but nothing now remains, save the name, to indicate its whereabouts. Higher up the river, near the suburb of Prendergast, there are some fragments left of Prendergast Place, the residence from the reign of Elizabeth to that of Charles II. of the Stepney family, one of whom was the poet whose life has been written by Dr. Johnson. Haverfordwest

THE PRIORY, HAVERFORDWEST.

has three churches, St. Mary's, St. Thomas's, and St. Martin's, all of good size. The first is a very fine structure, and is much admired. In 1844 it was very admirably restored, and further improvements are now being effected. The church of St. Thomas occupies the summit of the hill on which the town is built. It is pleasantly situated in the midst of a

spacious churchyard—"in my memory," Fenton observes, "the noted arena for the young pugilistic combatants of the free school, and the lively scene of their various games." The "noted arena" has within the last few years been removed elsewhere; the churchyard has been enclosed; the old grammar school house—"sacred to many pleasant memories"—which adjoined it, has been pulled down; and a new and handsome schoolroom erected in another part of the town. St. Martin's, which is the oldest church in Haverfordwest, is in a sad state of decay, and there is little prospect, we fear, of its being at present completely renovated and restored. The parish is very poor, and the living a perpetual curacy only; the income being about £90 per annum, is far too small to justify the incumbent in proceeding with the repairs at his own cost; he has, therefore, made an urgent appeal to the public for support, and we sincerely trust the inhabitants of the town and county will respond in a liberal manner.

Haverfordwest from very early times has had ample privileges bestowed upon it by successive kings. It was here that Richard II., returning from Ireland, "performed his last regal act" in confirming a grant of a burgage to the convent. James I., too, notwithstanding his solicitude for Scotsmen and Scotland, showed his kindness to the town by granting or confirming a charter which ordained that Haverfordwest should be and "hereafter remain for ever a free town and county of itself, distinct and separate in our county of Pembroke, and from all other counties whatsoever in this our lordship of Wales."

"To Haverfordwest," says Fenton, "from its earliest period there was a degree of consequence attached which clearly proves the estimate that was made of it, and no injudicious one, if its central situation with respect to the county at large, its advantages for commerce, and the healthiness of its air be well considered. Its lordship, or barony, continued to be a gem of the crown for several centuries, and princes were not thought dishonoured by their acceptance of it." The first lord we find was Robert de Hwlford, son of Richard Fitz Tancred—the first castellan under the Earl of Clare. King John, too, was Lord of Haverfordwest. Isabel, wife of Richard II., was made Countess of Pembroke and "Lady"

of Haverfordwest, till Richard was deposed, when it was granted to a court favourite. By the gift of Edward IV. it was afterwards held by Jasper, Earl of Pembroke; but on Jasper's attainder Edward presented it to his son, "who was lord of the whole Lordship of Haverfordwest." For two years and two months it was held by Richard III., after whose death, at Bosworth Field, it was again bestowed upon Jasper. It eventually came to the crown by an Act of 12th of Henry VII., and has so ever since continued.

Haverfordwest bears a high character for the activity and intelligence of its inhabitants, who are sociably and hospitably inclined. It possesses a Grammar School of no mean note, from which, previous to the institution of the college at Lampeter, candidates for holy orders were ordained; has a literary institute, a circulating library and reading room, model national schools, schools of industry, and many flourishing private "academies," and is, moreover the head-quarters of three local newspapers. It was the opinion of one of the Dukes of Bedford that the most enjoyable sport possible for an English gentleman to procure, is to stand as a candidate at a contested election, and win by a majority of one. The duke would have been delighted with Haverfordwest. It is noted for its contested elections; and the present member owes his seat to the very majority that would have been most acceptable to his Grace.

The county of Pembroke, from the time when, in the reign of William II., the Normans first trod the land to within the present century, has sustained many descents upon its coasts. It has seen kings leave its shores for defeat—it has beheld them arrive for victory; it saw the departure of that band of warriors which first subdued Ireland, and gave it to the English crown—it beheld the return of Richard II. from Ireland, poor, dejected, and forsaken of his friends; it saw the arrival of those ten thousand Frenchmen who had come to aid Glendower, "Prince of Wales;" the Duke of Richmond leave Tenby by stealth, an exile seeking the shores of Bretagne—and his return to win the crown at Bosworth Field; and, finally, it was a spectator of the latest hostile attempt made against our country by our country's foes. The memory of this event has not yet been entirely erased from the minds of some still

living, and it was only the other day that the subject was revived in the English newspapers. We allude to the landing of the French near Fishguard, in 1797. Tuesday, the 22nd of February in that year, was "the finest day ever remembered at such a season, all nature, earth, and ocean, wearing an air of unusual serenity." Such serenity was, however, soon to be disturbed. On that day three large vessels were seen standing in from the channel. At first they were supposed to be merchantmen, awaiting the springing up of a gale. They approached so near the shore that serious anxiety was felt by the inhabitants for their safety. Towards night, this anxiety was changed into alarm: boats were seen putting off from the ships filled with armed men. At midnight the boats ceased coming—all had disembarked. It was, however, so dark that it was found impossible to ascertain the amount of the force. Fear magnified the number. The residents in the immediate vicinity flew to the interior, or hid themselves in the neighbourhood. Fishguard caught the alarm; knots of men—impatient, excited—filled the streets. They discussed matters, and resolved upon removing their wives and children to some distance: as for themselves they would face the foe! Information was at once conveyed to Haverfordwest and other places of what had happened. Next day the country people with a becoming spirit of gallantry flocked to the scene, armed with pitchforks, scythes, pistols, or whatever weapons they could snatch, determined to hold their own till the arrival of the regular troops. These, consisting of a detachment of militia, a few fencibles, and the Castlemartin yeomanry, under Lord Cawdor, soon made their appearance. The French, meanwhile, hungry and tired, and deserted by the ships that brought them, were busy foraging. They laid their hands upon everything eatable in the neighbourhood—"not a fowl was left alive; geese were boiled in butter;" they turned the fields into huge kitchens. And of drink they had sufficient. A few days before, a wreck of a cargo of spirits had occurred on the coast; every cottage was supplied with a cask: the consequence may be imagined. Intoxication succeeded to gluttony. Discipline was at an end.

As already stated, the country people advanced towards the Frenchmen before the troops arrived, when they informed the enemy that if a shot

were fired they would close on them at once. Soon after Colonel Colby and Major Ackland, with their men and seven or eight pieces of cannon, arrived, marching boldly forward, when a regular parley took place. The French officers, inquiring concerning the English force, were informed that we had two thousand cavalry, with more than that number of well-trained infantry! At this instant, a multitude of people appearing on the hills seemed to strengthen the assertion, aided by the simple circumstance of the women, according to the custom of this part of the Principality, wearing red flannels (whittles) tied over their shoulders, which had the appearance of so many uniforms. The French required twelve hours to capitulate, but our officers declined granting them as many minutes; for the reason that it would be impossible to restrain the troops, &c., under their command from commencing an immediate attack. To General Tate, the French commander, who wished to enter into negotiations "upon terms of humanity," Lord Cawdor sent this reply:—

"The superiority of the forces under my command, which is hourly increasing, must prevent my treating upon any terms short of your surrendering your whole force prisoners of war. I enter fully into your wish of preventing an unnecessary effusion of blood, which your speedy surrender can alone prevent, and which will entitle you to that consideration it is ever the wish of British troops to show an enemy whose numbers are inferior. My major will deliver you this letter, and I shall expect your determination by ten o'clock, by your officer, whom I have furnished with an escort that will conduct him to me without molestation."

At two o'clock the enemy laid down their arms. That night they were marched away prisoners. The officers, who were very desirous of being separated from their men, were sent to Carmarthen; the privates were brought to Haverfordwest, whence they were marched to Milford, where they were embarked for Plymouth. The number of prisoners exceeded fourteen hundred. Many of them appeared to have the marks of fetters upon their legs; and it has been supposed they were a set of men the Directory wished to get rid of, and had taken this means of effecting their purpose. The squadron which conveyed them consisted

of two 50-gun ships (having a complement of 460 men on board each), one ship of 22 guns, and a lugger of 14 guns. It sailed from Brest on the 3rd of February, and had caused some alarm on the south coast of England, and in the Bristol Channel, before it reached Fishguard.

We have seen it stated that an English gentlemen, resident in the vicinity of Fishguard, went among the French troops early on their landing, and assured them in the French language that there was not the least probability of success, as they had a very resolute and hardy people to contend with. They answered that they came not as enemies, but "to relieve their oppressed brethren." During this conversation, one of them took a pair of silver buckles from the gentleman's shoes, whilst two others pilfered his knee-buckles. On going further into their lines, an officer observed to him that he was undressed—to which he replied, "I am so, but through the assistance of your people." He was then desired to point out the offenders; and the man who had "relieved" him was immediately tried and sentenced to be shot by five of his comrades; but the men, one and all, declaring against it, the sentence was not carried out. The officer, turning to the gentleman, "You see, sir," said he, "the degree of authority we possess over the troops committed to our command." No wonder they surrendered so easily. Thus ended the last French invasion of England!

Continuing our journey from Haverfordwest, we pass, at a short distance from the town, at Haroldstone, the interesting remains of a house, which for three hundred years was the residence of the Perrotts, and was the birthplace of that Sir John Perrott who, in 1583, was Lord-deputy of Ireland in the reign of Elizabeth. Between the county town and the terminus of the South Wales Railway, on the shores of Milford Haven, there is one station only, that at JOHNSTONE, whence a branch railway leads to Milford town, and where the tourist will alight to visit the little village of RHOSMARKET. It is a curious straggling collection of houses, scattered along the edge of the vale of the same name, and deserves notice both on its own account and from its having been the birthplace of the mother of the "unfortunate" Monmouth, Miss Lucy Walters, whose father, Sir Richard Walters, had here a mansion, whose "remains," says the

county historian, Fenton, "speak it to have been highly respectable about a century ago, and to have possessed all the appendages of a gentleman's house." Here, too, was born Miss Williams, the blind *protegée* of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and daughter of Dr. Zachary Williams, for whom "our"

RHOSMARKET CHURCH.

doctor is supposed to have written the "Attempt to ascertain the Longitude at Sea by an Exact Theory of the Magnetical Needle." Mrs. Johnson, becoming acquainted with Miss Williams, gave her her friendship; and after the death of Dr. Williams, took her to her own home, where she

remained ever after, presiding at the tea-table of the great lexicographer, and, no doubt, often entertaining the guests with anecdotes, and with tales of "second sight" she had heard at her early home in Pembrokeshire. Boswell, indeed, informs us that he once heard her relate a tale of second sight; but he neglected to state the particulars. Before leaving Rhosmarket the visitor will inspect the CHURCH, a pretty little edifice, which since our visit has, we believe, been thoroughly repaired and restored:

NEW MILFORD.

but the bell-tower and gable, thickly mantled with ivy, remain in the state they were when we saw them, and when the accompanying sketch was taken.

Having once more entered the train the traveller, in ten minutes, arrives at NEYLAND, the terminus of the South Wales Railway. He

is on the shores of Milford Haven, at a distance of nearly three hundred miles from the metropolis. The terminus station is directly opposite the dockyard at Pater, and about eight miles from Milford town: that is to say, Old Milford, for the village that has already sprung up around the terminus, has been named New Milford.

As we have elsewhere observed, a steam ferry-boat conveys passengers from the station to Pater, or Pembroke Dock, on the opposite

MILFORD.

side of the Haven; and this route is far pleasanter than that by Narberth, to be taken by those who visit Tenby: it is not more costly, though somewhat longer, and omnibuses and private conveyances are always to be obtained. The road from Narberth is comparatively dull and uninteresting, while that from Pater is full of attractions,

passing either through Pembroke town, or by the old Castle of Carew.*

As we are now at the south-western extremity of South Wales, and are about to quit the Principality, it will be well, before we take leave of our readers, to supply them with a brief summary of its history.

Previous to the arrival of the Romans the district now known as South Wales, and the adjoining border, was shared between the British tribes, the Silures, who occupied the present counties of Hereford, Radnor, Brecknock, Monmouth, and Glamorgan, and the Demetæ, in the counties of Pembroke, Cardigan, and Carmarthen. When the greater part of South Britain had submitted to the Roman invaders these tribes prepared a desperate resistance; but they were eventually forced to submit, and the history of Wales during the Roman occupation of the island is the history of Britain during the same period. With the arrival of the Saxons began that contest between the inhabitants of Wales and the rulers of England which terminated only in 1282. Down to the Norman conquest the Welsh, under a variety of princes, each at the head of a petty principality, were engaged in constant warfare with the Saxons and Angles. The political existence of Wales terminated not, as it is mostly assumed, with the union of the country to the English crown, but with its subsequent union to the English realm. The former union marks an important era in that separate existence; by the latter Wales became politically merged in the united realm of England and Wales.

Thus the history would divide itself into three periods—the first, that during which Wales was gradually overspread by the rule of the English kings; the second, that when the English conquest being complete, a part of the country stood united in possession to the crown, while the remainder still merely owed feudal subjection thereto; the third, that period when union and feudal subjection to the English crown had been merged in an union with the English realm, a separate Welsh judicature still remaining.

* It is probable, however, that ere long there will be a railway direct from Pater to Tenby, when, no doubt, the coach road from Narberth will be abandoned.

The first period was closed by the statutes of Rhyddhan, 12 Ed. I.; the second by the act of 27 Hen. VIII. c. 26; the third, by the act 11 Geo. IV., and 1 Wm. IV. c. 79.*

The boundary of Wales, at the earliest period at which we can speak of anything like a distinct boundary, coincided with its physical or geological boundary, as laid down by modern science—namely, the line of the rivers Dee and Severn. But this was soon overstepped by the Anglo-Saxon invaders, who gradually forced the Welsh further to the westward, and established a new boundary, at first indeterminate, but at length defined by Offa's Dyke. The construction of the Dyke was immediately followed by the more complete occupation of this debatable ground. "Offa drove the Welsh beyond the Dee and Wye, and filled with Saxons the plain and more level regions lying between those rivers and the Severn."† They gradually peopled the land on the eastern side of the Dyke. The boundary line of Mercia (England) and Wales was thus established, and recognised as such by both nations during the Anglo-Saxon age as well in law as in fact. Cenwulf, the immediate successor of Offa, vindicated it on the north by his famous victory at Rhyddlan. Early in the ninth century Egbert, of Wessex, having added Mercia to his dominion, and become king of all England, adopted the same limits. The passage of the Wye by the Welsh was ever regarded as an invasion.

Such was the recognised character of the Dyke at the time of the Norman conquest of England.

Beyond the Dyke, meanwhile, the country which had been a number of petty principalities, was united under one sovereign, Rhodri, or Roderic, who, however, at his death, in the year 877, divided his dominions into three parts—Gwynedd, which corresponded nearly with the present North Wales; Powis-land, which comprised parts of Montgomery, Shropshire, and Radnorshire; and Ceredigion and Dyved, the principality of South Wales. This division did not long endure, for in

* H. S. Milman in *Arch. Cam.* Jan. 1860.
† *Ibid.*

907, Howel, surnamed Dda, or, "the Good," and grandson of Rhodri, became king of all Wales. During the thirty-five years he reigned, peace and tranquillity were preserved to his country, which was neither disturbed by domestic dissension nor foreign invasion. He died in 948. Wales was subsequently divided into two principalities, those of North Wales and South Wales.

During the reign of the early Norman kings, the Welsh, as a matter of course, constantly united with the disaffected barons, and committed devastation and outrages on the borders. William and his son Rufus had granted to their followers all lands they might acquire in Wales. Thence originated Lords Marchers. Henry II., in 1102, bestowed several other lordships in various parts of Wales upon his English and Norman barons; and, in 1108, as we have seen, even introduced into Pembrokeshire a colony of Flemings, that they might be "an obstacle to the Welsh."

South Wales was, for a time, destroyed. Powis-land also was possessed by the stranger. North Wales alone held fast its independence.

Gryffyth, eldest son of Llewellyn ap Iorwerth, rebelling against his father, the latter applied for protection to Henry III. of England. England never refuses her protection; she had just previously given it to Ireland, and was soon about to offer it to Scotland. Henry granted his protection on the condition that Llewellyn should become a vassal of the English crown. This the Welshman agreed to. David, younger son of Llewellyn, on succeeding his father in the Principality, in 1240, respected this agreement; and his elder brother, Gryffyth—who by right should have succeeded his father—rebelling, was taken prisoner and delivered to Henry, by whom he was imprisoned in the Tower. After the death of Gryffyth, Henry conferred the Principality of Wales upon his eldest son Edward, afterwards Edward I.; and when that prince succeeded to the throne, he demanded homage, as his right, from Llewellyn and David, sons of Gryffyth, the former of whom had possession of North Wales, and the latter of South Wales. Edward summoned the Welsh princes to do him homage. This they refused, except under certain conditions, with which the King of England would

not comply; instead thereof he marched an army into Wales, and proceeded to levy war upon Llewellyn. It was in the inaccessible mountains of Carnarvonshire that the Welsh prince defended himself. But Edward was too wary to be entrapped; on the contrary, he succeeded in surrounding Llewellyn, who, after being completely blocked up, and having to endure the horrors of a siege, was obliged to surrender to the English king. But shortly after Llewellyn again rose against the English king. Edward entered Wales, and having met with some reverses, had retired to Rhuddlan Castle, where he made his winter quarters, when he received the intelligence that Llewellyn had been slain in a skirmish at Builth, in Brecknockshire. The event occurred on the 10th December, 1282, and the death of the prince was soon followed by the total subjugation of Wales. David, brother of Llewellyn, succeeded in the Principality, but being unable to withstand the power of the King of England, he was taken prisoner in the June following, and sent in chains to Shrewsbury, where, being tried as an English baron, he was executed in a most barbarous manner as a traitor, for having defended by arms the liberty of his country and his own legitimate authority. The bards, it is said, were slaughtered;* the nobility of Wales submitted to the conqueror; Wales itself, by the famous statutes of Rhuddlan, passed in the 12th year of Edward's reign, was incorporated and united with England.

Thus ended the existence of Wales as an independent sovereignty.

Wales, at the present moment, consists of twelve counties: six—Montgomery, Merioneth, Flint, Anglesea, Denbigh, and Carnarvon—constituting North Wales and the North Wales circuit; Pembroke, Cardigan, Carmarthen, Brecknock, Glamorgan, and Radnor, constituting South Wales and the South Wales circuit. The Principality has four bishoprics: those, namely, of Bangor and St. Asaph in the north, St. David's and Llandaff in the south.

The division of Wales into shires can scarcely be said to have begun before the statutes of Rhyddlan. Pembroke and Glamorgan may have

* There is in reality no safe authority for this statement, which the poet Gray has made in his Ode; but, on the contrary, it is believed to be a mere fable.

been called counties at an earlier date, but the words are not strictly synonymous. The primary meaning of "shire" is a division of a realm; of "county," the district held or governed by a count or earl. Every shire implies a realm, and was usually committed or left by the supreme ruler to the government of an earl. On the other hand, every county joined to a realm became a shire, or part of a shire. But many counties were not within any realm. Long after the formation of the ancient shires of Wales, the term "county" continued to be applied to Lordships Marchers, which never even gave their names to shires, although, of course, comprised in the final shire distribution.*

Wales is now an integral portion of the realm of England and Wales.

There is no railway in the kingdom better conducted than that by which we have travelled. To those who visit the South of Ireland, it presents peculiar advantages; if the journey be longer by sea, it is shorter by land; but, in reality, although the voyage to Waterford is eight hours, while that to Dublin, by Holyhead, is but four, the former will be preferred to the latter by all who have, as we have, made both. Arriving at Holyhead, the passenger is at sea a minute after he is on board; there is no time for preparations essential to those who consider a voyage, under any circumstances, a *malheur*, and he continues *at sea* until he touches the pier at Kingstown. If he embark at Milford Haven, he has two hours, or nearly as much, pleasant sailing along a beautiful bay; he has ample leisure for all arrangements "below," and two other hours of the eight will be passed in Waterford harbour—unrivalled, perhaps, in the kingdom for natural beauties presented to the voyager. Moreover, the steamboats are of large size, with every possible convenience; they are entered direct from the terminus, and at Waterford passengers are landed on the quay at all times of tide.†

* "Archæologia."

† The journeys from Waterford to Limerick, Clare, Cork, Galway, and Killarney, as well, indeed, as those which lead north, to Dublin, are full of interest and beauty; these journeys we have very fully described in our work, "A Week at Killarney," to which we may be permitted to refer the reader who is contemplating a visit to the South of Ireland and the far-famed and ever lovely "Lakes."

Milford Haven has been renowned "time out of mind;" by Shakspere it is called the "blessed haven;" in "Cymbeline," Imogen asks—

> "Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
> To inherit such a haven?"

and quaint old Drayton thus praises it in the "Polyolbion,"—

> "So highly Milford is in every mouth renown'd,
> Noe haven hath aught good, in her that is not found."

The "lardg and spatious Harborough" has been lauded in many ways, by historians, geographers, and poets; and, we believe, its manifest advantages will, ere long, be so fully developed, now that a railway leads to it through so interesting a district, that future writers will have to describe it in terms they borrow from the past. Indeed there are at present signs of its uprising. During the past autumn, the channel fleet rode in its waters, and at this moment the *Great Eastern* is laid up there.

Four centuries have gone by since on this shore Richmond landed; marching hence to meet "the bloody and usurping boar" on Bosworth Field, receiving "great comfort and encouragement" from many of the princes of Wales—for he was their countryman, born in the old castle we can see from any adjacent height, and which we have lately visited. Yet, although Milford is in many respects unrivalled as a harbour, not alone for beauty of scenery, but for safety and security in all winds and weathers, it has been strangely neglected; and even now, so ill is it fortified, that there would be small impediment in the way of any invading force desiring to land troops on the coast, and to burn and destroy the dockyard at Pater.

Although "New Milford" is the place where passengers arrive either for Tenby, Pembroke, or for the Irish steamers—and those whose object is business will scarcely think it worth while going out of their way—there surely will be some who will find time to visit the "old town of Milford." The town in itself has not much to offer of interest. The neighbourhood, however, possesses many a fragment of mediæval times. We have pictured one, The Priory, once a religious establishment, which owed its foundation to Adam de Rupe, or De la Roche, who at that time had

vast power and many possessions in this county. The town is contiguous to coast scenery of wild beauty, and from the neighbouring heights some of the most beautiful sea views our islands supply may be enjoyed. We borrow a description of one from a pamphlet, by the late Jelinger Symons:—

"Standing at the point of the East Blockhouse you enjoy one of those magnificent scenes of which one carries the image through life. The

THE PRIORY, MILFORD.

Blockhouse is built on the the bluff summit of a rocky cliff. Immediately before you lies the splendid mouth of this gigantic harbour, with the bold promontory of Dale, now being fortified, and St. Ann's lighthouses immediately opposite. To the right the view extends over the whole area facing the entrance of the haven before it turns eastward, and comprises an extent of some fourteen or fifteen square miles. Further to the

right hand, and just within the entrance, stands Thorn Island, a towering and isolated rock, now for the first time fortified. To the left is Sheep Island, which forms a bold feature at the eastern extremity of the same rock-bound coast. Seaward looms the Atlantic, and the broad expanse of ocean, east and westward, formed by the confluence of St. George's and the Bristol Channels. Few sea views ever impressed me more intensely with depth, magnitude, beauty, and repose. May its last

THE FERRY, PEMBROKE DOCK.

attribute soon pass away, and the fleets of the civilized world give life and animation to this glorious gift of nature!"

Milford is now in decay. The removal of the dockyards, the formation of good quays, and especially the railway terminus, "higher up,' have taken away all trade from the town; it is no longer a "packet station" as it was for half a century, and cannot compete with its younger,

more active, and more robust successor, which government fosters and protects. Those who sail or steam by it, on the way to Ireland, may be reminded of, if they cannot recall, the Milford of a bygone time, when, often overcrowded by passengers waiting a fair wind "to cross," it was a scene of perpetual gaiety and amusement.

We may, however, confidently predict the revival of Milford; and have reason to believe that, in the course of a year or so, the story of its decay will have reference only to *a past:* for the eminent civil engineer, Thomas Page, Esq., is superintending a series of works that will, of a surety, restore Milford to importance and value as one of the best outports of the kingdom. Moreover, a branch railway now connects it with the South Wales Railway.

Our task is done. Our main purpose has been to act as a companion-guide to those who travel by Railway—the South Wales Line: we have endeavoured so to picture the country through which it passes as to show how large and many are the inducements to tourists—seeking pleasure, relaxation, or information—to visit South Wales. It is now, as we have intimated, the great highway to the South of Ireland, by a pleasant journey and an easy voyage; and there are thousands who annually make this tour whose enjoyment cannot but be enhanced by acquaintance with the various objects of interest that ask or demand inquiry and consideration all the way—from the moment they leave venerable Gloucester, to their arrival at the terminus in Milford Haven.

Our only remaining duty is gratefully to thank the many persons by whom we have been assisted; to acknowledge how much we are indebted to the artists who have been our fellow-workers; and to record our obligations to the Directors and the Secretary of the South Wales Railway, by whom we have been cordially aided in our pleasant task.

THE END.

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